

HOLLYWOOD ISSUE: IS HIP HOP THE NEW BLAXPLOITATION?

VIBE



VOODOO

Finally!
D'ANGELO Casts
His Soulful Spell

THE CHAMP
ROY JONES JR.

THE LOX
UNLOCKED

MAKING MOVIES

Busta Rhymes
Aaliyah + DMX
Rosario Dawson
Jeffrey Wright
Luther Campbell
Michael Rapaport
Terrence Howard
Cheech + Chong
Adrien Brody
Mos Def
Little X
Ja Rule
Jet Li

U.S. \$2.99/CAN \$3.75 APRIL 2000



www.vibe.com

TOMMY HILFINGER

INTRODUCES

(UNRELEASED CUTS)

A NATIONWIDE SEARCH FOR UNSIGNED MUSICIANS+DJ'S

BE THE FIRST TO HEAR THEM, THEN DECIDE WHO
DESERVES THEIR OWN DEMO DEAL
WITH QWEST RECORDS.

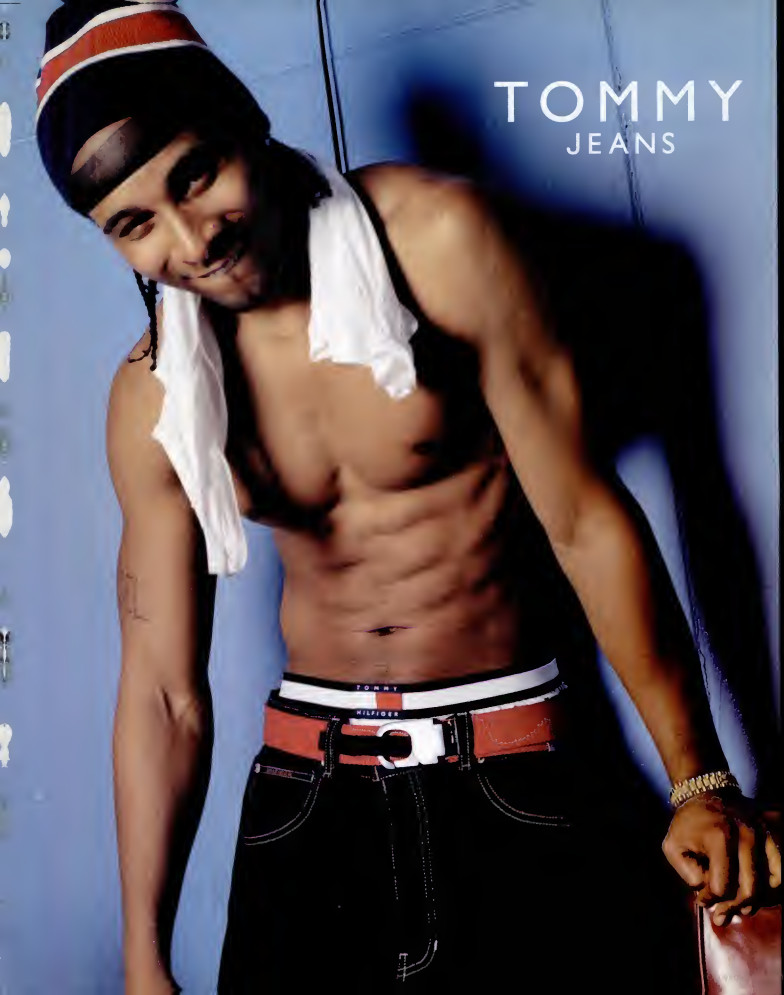
CAST YOUR VOTE AMONG THE FINALISTS AT:

WWW.TOMMY.COM

(LOOK UNDER UNRELEASED CUTS)

TOMMY

JEANS



RAY ALLEN'S BASKETBALL SHOE IS THE AIR JORDAN XV.
AVAILABLE IN SELECT STORES 4.1.00

AIR JORDAN XV





TRUNNER

MID

DEREK JETER TRAINS AND RUNS IN THE JORDAN TRUNNER MID.
AVAILABLE IN SELECT STORES \$250.00

This One



RJK1-GR7-A9RP



gorgio & salerno

WWW.SVJEANS.COM

sergio valente



Undercover, Under The Radar, Over The Top...

DECIDE +

STARRING **DECIDE AND CONQUER** PRODUCED BY **NEW YORK LUG CO.**

Lugz

www.lugz.com

CONQUER





NO LIMITS®

ON THE E



DGE

SECURITYME
©2009 Security Networks, Inc. All rights reserved. SECURITYME is a registered trademark of Security Networks, Inc.
A Verizon Company. VO wants to help you protect your business. vo.com

Copyright © 2009

A high-contrast, black and white profile photograph of a man's face, looking towards the right. The lighting is dramatic, with the left side of his face in deep shadow and the right side softly lit, highlighting his ear, nose, and lips. The background is a plain, light color.

Dayton's/Hudson's/Marshall Field's

get together with the two fragrances ...



EMPORIO  ARMANI



for him

for her

Copyright © 2004 Armani





GYVIS is a deejay. He plays records for a living. But his job is more therapeutic than systematic. If you've ever left a club or party feeling better than when you came in, you have him to thank for it. He's timely, intuitively playing exactly what we want to hear. A spin doctor of sorts, prescribing audio relief for our ears and souls alike. Last night a DJ saved my life—and his name was Gyvis.

meccausa.com
REAL PEOPLE. REAL CLOTHES.



Art Of Work®
© 2000 MECCA USA

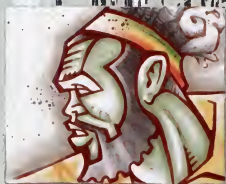


A woman with dark skin and hair is the central figure, wearing a vibrant red strapless tube top and dark denim jeans. She is posed in a three-quarter view, looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong red glow on her face and top, while the rest of her body and the background are in deep shadow.

eckōred
a sentiment from marc eckō

2000 womens collection


JERU THA DAMAJA™



eckō.complexo
mindquarters/media_lab
*Kollaboration mit eckō und mindquarters



by Marc Acks



**If Everything's
So Easy In The Zone,
Why Is It So Hard To
Get There?**



Speed training includes wind sprints, starts-and-stops and running with weighted sleds. All of these drills require a lightweight training shoe with ample support.



Strength training includes workout routines like leg lifts, curls, squats, presses, and lunges, which require a training shoe with greater support and more stability.



Endurance training focuses on outdoor workouts like long-distance trail running over rugged terrain, and requires a training shoe with superior traction and maximum durability.



**For All Your Hard Work,
A New Line Of K-Swiss® Trainers For Speed, Strength And Endurance.**

Every athlete aspires to play in the Zone, where there is no pain, and you are at your best. But getting there takes a lot. The right training. The right technology. In that spirit, K-Swiss introduces a new line of shoes for the three types of training that maximize performance: Speed (the SP400™), Strength (the ST250™), and Endurance (the E08000™). All feature Shock Spring® cushioning technology, to lend support to your efforts.



For information or a retailer near you, please call 1-800-579-4771 or visit G.I. Joe's, Galyan's, Hibbett Sports, Olympia Sports, Sport Chalet, and www.kswiss.com



RAH DIGGA

THE ALBUM APRIL 4TH 2000. IT'S OFFICIAL!!!

DIRTY HARRIET

THE FIRST FEMALE OF THE FAMPOCK SQUAD AND THE MOST HIGHLY ANTICIPATED RAP SUPERBITCH.
HERE TO SET STANDARDS FOR THE NEW SPECIES OF FEMALE M.C.



For management inquiries, contact JIVE/AR & ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, 7701 JIVE DRIVE, SUITE 100, CLOUTIER CA 94516. A TIME WARNER COMPANY. www.rahdigga.com

origins of enyce...

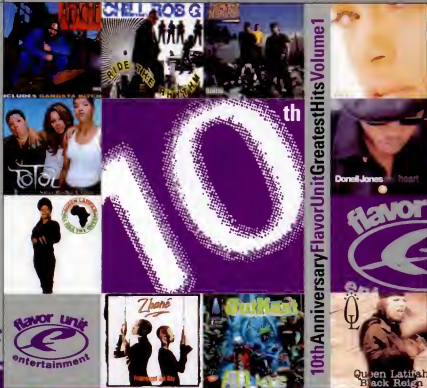


enyce
CLOTHING COMPANY

FLAVOR UNIT

10th ANNIVERSARY VOLUME 1

IN STORES MARCH 7, 2000



10th ANNIVERSARY VOLUME 1

ASSORTED FLAVORS BY: Queen Latifah, Naughty By Nature, Faith Evans,
Donell Jones, OutKast, Zhane, Latee, Chill Rob G, Total, Apache

"STUDY THIS!"

WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH VOL.2

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: ShaKim, Queen Latifah and Dedra N.Tate

A&R Richard Blair and Paul Compere





lady enyce

origins...
of
lady enyce

**THE BIGGEST HITS, THE BEST ARTISTS,
ONE BLAZING COMPILATION.**

VIBE HITS

VOLUME ONE

Executive Producer: Funkmaster Flex

BLASTING OFF MARCH 2000

FUNKMASTER FLEX



VIBE



www.funkmasterflex.com • www.vibe.com • www.arista.com

© 1999 Arista Records, Inc. A unit of BMG Entertainment.

Copyrighted music at



TRIPLE FIVE NYC

Soul

2 9 0 L A F A Y E T T E S T R E E T . N Y C
1 N F O . 7 1 8 . 2 1 8 . 9 0 6 6

AVAILABLE AT: BLOOMINGDALES, MR. RAGS, URBAN OUTFITTERS, FRED SEGALS, AVALON

PLATFORM.NET

www.triple5soul.com e-mail: trip5soul@aol.com



Gerald Levert

The new album including the debut single and video *Mr. Too Damn Good*, plus *It Hurts Too Much To Stay* featuring *Kelly Price* and *Application (I'm Lookin' 4 A New Love)*

Produced by Gerald Levert, Darrell "Delite" Allamby, Joe Little III, Edwin "Tony" Nicholas and Kelly Price
Executive Producer: Gerald Levert Management; Leonard Brooks for LB Management



AVAILABLE AT

musicland
WE GOT WHAT'S HOT.

Sam Goody
GOODY GOT IT!

on eastwest records america and cassette. www.gerald-levert.com ©2000 EMI Music Entertainment Group Inc., a Time Warner Company



Circle 7 on Reader Service Card

UNDISPUTED
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION

FUBU
JEANS

WWW.FUBU.COM



FUBU SINCE

LENNOX LEWIS

Y2K
COM

FUBU PROUDLY SPONSORS

SHIEKH'S CALIFORNIA MR. ALAN'S DETROIT EXPRESSIONS NEW ENGLAND



VIM NEW YORK CITY DR. JAY'S NEW YORK CITY MR. KICK'S JACKSONVILLE

www.stacyadams.com

© Stacy Adams Inc. 1999

Copyright © 1999

ble mingo da le's

TIKI LOUNGER

Phat Farm yellow and print shirt, open, 1-2xL, 72-80, and dark rinse cotton denim jeans, waist 28-42, 62-80. To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP, #1613

Marithe & Francois Girbaud new graffiti shirt, maxi, \$2.00, and natural canvas graffiti pants, waist 28-44, \$8.00. Both cotton. To order call 1-800-365-SHOP #0013

WRITER TYPE



SEAN
Sean Jean ice cotton twill jacket, 72.00, and sky o-printed camp shirt, polyester, 68.00. Both m-xxl.
Dark rinse cotton eyelash denim jeans, waists 32-44, 68.00. To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M613

SEAN JOHN

bloomingdale's

Triple Five Soul khaki bamboo-print shirt, s-xxxl, \$4.00, and stone cargo pants, 28-40, \$2.00.
Both cotton. Removable mess nylon waist pack, \$6.00. To order, call 1-800-555-SHOP. #M613

BAMBOOMER

bloomingdale's



urban. upscale.

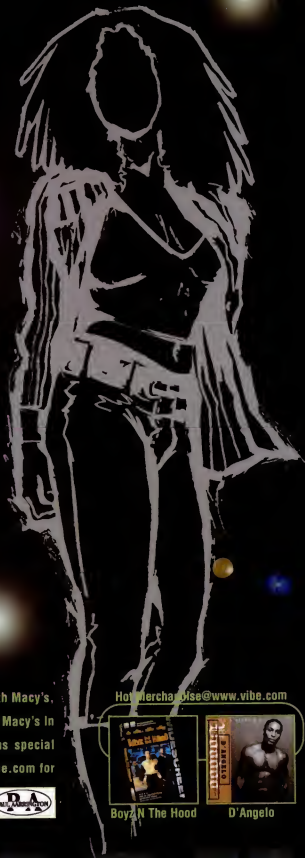
ENTRIGTM

212-268-5757

www.entrig.com

Model: Oskaler James Photography: Dorothy

IT'S ONE SHOW.
TWO INVITATIONS.
NO EXCUSES.



It's THE CONNECTION: THE VIBE ONLINE FASHION SHOW, in conjunction with Macy's, ya'll. If you're kickin' it in New York City on March 20th at 6pm, step to the Macy's in Herald Square for a look at the latest in Hip Hop and Urban gear—plus special appearances by mystery guests. If you're chillin' at home, get on www.vibe.com for an exclusive webcast of the show—starting April 10th.

So connect in person or online. No excuses.

macys



HotMerchandise@www.vibe.com



Boyz n The Hood



D'Angelo

vibe.com

Powered by

omradio
WE ENTERTAIN THE WEB™



Y2G
COM



WWW.WILLIEESGO.COM



OH SO SNUG



.....
nike.com/AirKukini

Copyright © 2001 Nike, Inc.

CONTENTS

MARCH 2000-VOLUME 8, NUMBER 3

THE HOLLYWOOD ISSUE

FEATURES

102 SOUL MAN God took six days to create the world. D'Angelo took five years to create his new album. Religion and music come together on Voodoo, and it's well worth the wait. *By dream hampton. Photographs by Dah Len. Styling by Kadi Agüeros. Plus: Roots drummer Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson asks D'Angelo about his influences—and what is going on in that video anyway?*

110 COMPETITION IS NONE Harder than steel, cooler than ice, light-heavyweight champ (and proud chicken farmer) Roy Jones Jr. is arguably the best boxer on the planet. Is it possible that he's too talented for his own good? *By Darrell Dawsey. Photographs by Dana Lixenberg*

116 FREE AT LAST First Bad, now Ruffin: then ever, the Lox have been livin' off experience only the turbulent music industry can provide. *By kris ex. Photo-illustration by Matt Mahurin*

124 ACT LIKE YOU KNOW Making the move from CDs to celluloid, hip hop's heroes are getting schooled in Hollywood's ways. But do they have what it takes to make the grade? *By Chairman Mao. Illustration by John Wilkinson*

132 THE WRIGHT BROTHER In an industry founded on the art of pretending, Tony Award-winning actor Jeffrey Wright stays true to himself. *By Greg Tate. Photographs by Dana Lixenberg*

136 TO THE EAST BLACKWARDS A new kind of jungle fever sweeps Hollywood, as Afro-Asian buddy flicks blossom into love. *By Gary Dauphin*

138 OVATION: IF THERE'S A HEAVEN ABOVE... Recently departed soul legend Curtis Mayfield was the troubadour of the civil rights struggle. *By Alan Light. Photograph by Dana Lixenberg*

ON THE COVER: D'Angelo photographed exclusively for VIBE by Dah Len; styling by Kadi Agüeros; grooming by Scott Patrick/Gerren; set styling by Michele Faro/Art Department; additional styling by Shep Hopkins; white cotton tank top and white linen pant, both by Emporio Armani

ABOVE: Rosario Dawson photographed exclusively for VIBE by Davide Demusch; styling by Angela Arambulo; makeup by Greg Vaughan/L'Atelier, N.Y.C.; hair by Ted Gibson/L'Atelier, N.Y.C.; green satin silk halter dress with front drape effect by Plein Sud; 18K white gold and pavé diamond ring by MONDERA.com.
Face & Body: Eye shadow in Mushroom, Softening Pencil in Vapor, Powder Cheekcolor in Mum, and Potent Lipstick in Full Bodied, all by Prescriptives

(continued on page 38)



EMPORIO  ARMANI





FOR STYLING INFORMATION CALL 1-877-FERRERO

CONTENTS

FASHION

140 VIBEFASHION: THE KIDS AREN'T ALL WHITE

Changing with the times, the silver screen explodes with color. *By Heidi Sherman. Photographs by Davide Cernuschi and Isabel Snyder*

146 VIBESTYLE: KEEPIN' IT REEL

Box-office memories recast as hip-hop dreams. *Photographs by Guy Aroch. Styling by Kadi Agüeros*

150 VIBESTYLE: NAME DROPPING

Fashionistas scream, "Leego my laigne!" *Photographs by Michel Nafziger. Styling by Angela Arambulo*

154 GEAR: Head trips. Oh Noel M.A.C. goes ghetto fabulous. *By Tasha Turner*

156 VIBEFACE: Casual Chic. Kidada Jones. *By Jenyne Raines. Photograph by Daniel Garriga. Styling by Angela Arambulo*

DEPARTMENTS

50 WHAT'S UP

52 CONTRIBUTORS

54 DROPPIN' DIME: VIBESTOP 10 LIST

57 MAIL

67 START

Movie-theater shout-outs. *By Nelson George. Plus: Special Cash Money Slangistics. Fatima on classic hip-hop dances. Tinseltown takeover: Will Smith, Ice Cube, Queen Latifah, and L.L. Cool J. Black and white TV. High-time drug rhymes. Busted: Whitney Houston, Puffy, and Donell Jones.*

76 SOUNDCHECK: Michael Rapaport. *By Bobbito Garcia*

78 VIBE LIVE: Mariah Carey

(continued on page 42)

D'Angelo photographed exclusively for VIBE by Dah Lem; styling by Kadi Agüeros; grooming by Scott Patrick/Garrett; set styling by Michael Fero/Art Department; additional styling by Shep Hopkins; black linen pant by Emporio Armani; black boots by Timberland

L' O R É A L[®]
PARIS

IT'S FAST.
AND IT LASTS.

QUICK STICK

LONG-WEARING FOUNDATION



L'ORÉAL
PARIS

BECAUSE I'M WORTH IT.

Kiara is wearing Quick Stick Cocoa. ©2000 Cosmair, Inc. www.lorealparis.com

Copyrighted material



FIRST SHORT SINGLE MAN COVERAGE.



CONTENTS

81 IN THEMIX: Busta Rhymes, Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes, Jay-Z, and Nie Long say, "Hooray for Hollywood." Bob Marley tribute concert, featuring Lauryn Hill and Erykah Badu.

86 DOMEPIECE: Rudy Ray Moore. As told to Shoheem Reid

88 VIBE CONFIDENTIAL: Chris Lighty and Michael Ovitz. Destiny's Child and Jagged Edge.

92 NEXT

OUTSIDAZ: Men of mystery.
KOBÉ BRYANT: Rapsketball.
MARY MARY: Heaven-sent.
LITTLE X: Big time.

159 LOOK

Saturday-Night Special: 100 essential titles for your movie library

166 QUICKIE: Luther "Luke" Campbell. By Shoheem Reid

168 TECH: Hollywood dollars. Flick-makin' picks. Digi-dreams come true.

173 REVOLUTIONS

Mya. Reviewed by Ann Powers. Plus: Ghostface Killah. Scritti Politti. Del the Funky Homosapien. Da Brat. Bone Thugs-N-Harmony. Drag-On. 69 Boyz. Steely Dan. Blackalicious. Tine Turner. Young Bleed. 3 Strikes.

175 BOOM SHOTS: Bounty Killer. By Rob Kanner

178 OH, WORD?: Big Punisher. Kelly Price. By Minya Oh

182 CHECK THE RESUME: Tommy "Tiny" Lister.

By Kenya N. Byrd

184 CHAIRMAN'S CHOICE: Defari and Barbershop

Chuck Hustle. Barbershop MC's. Turbin. Mess Influence. By Chairman Mao

187 SIGNS OF THE TIMES VIBE's guide to the stars. By Thelma Balfour.

Illustration by Glenn Hilario

192 PROPS:

Cheech & Chong.
By Gabriel Alvarez

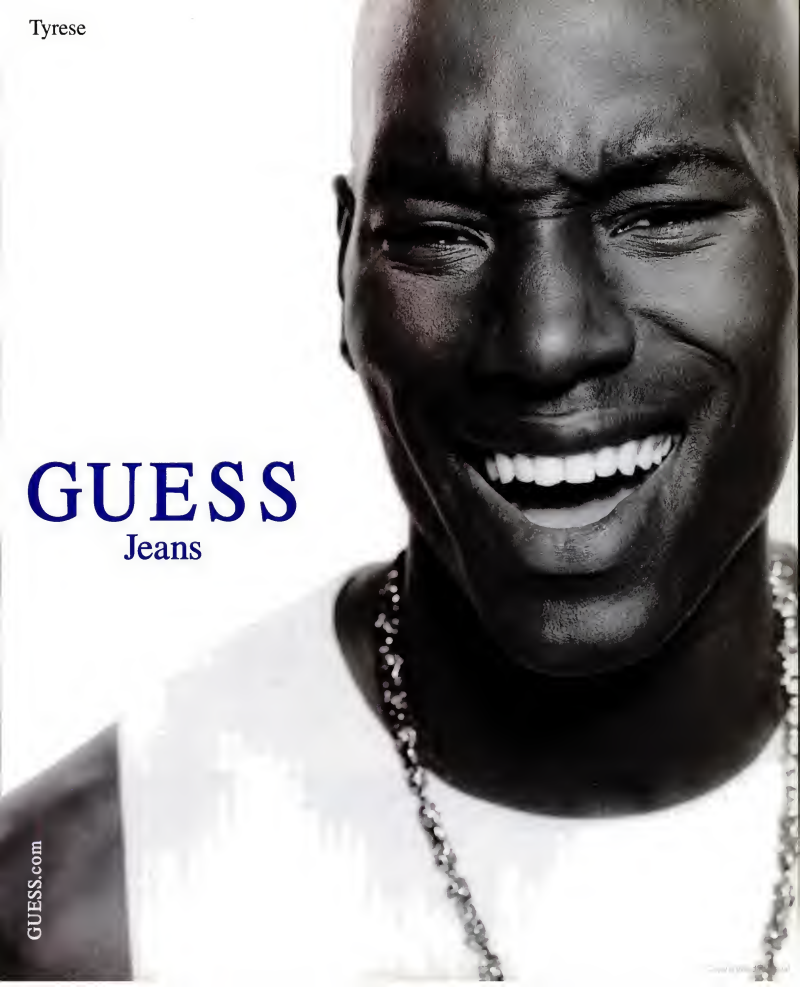
Sandra Oh photographed exclusively for VIBE by Isabel Snyder; styling by Vincent Boucher/Artist Group Management; makeup by Sharon Gault/Artist Group Management; hair by Frankie Payne/Artist Group Management; men's black silk sheer button-down shirt by Helmut Lang; black low-slung pant by CoSTUME NATIONAL; black knotted ankle-wrap sandal by Donna Karan Collection

Tyrese

GUESS

Jeans

GUESS.com



The hottest style this season is highlights! From shimmering streaks to dramatic chunks, new African Pride HiLites give you the look that'll get you noticed. For best results, relax your hair with African Pride Relaxer.

I want her



**AFRICAN
PRIDE**

"Proud To Be The Original" ®

Hilites

HIGHLIGHTING KIT

New Revolutionary Technology

hair!

**VIBRANT
COLOR HIGHLIGHTS
AT HOME**

In One Quick Easy Step



HIGHLIGHT SHADES

6

THE HILITES YOU SEE ARE THE HILITES YOU GET

VIBE

Founder and Chairman
Quincy Jones

Editor-in-Chief Emil Wilbekin

Executive Editor Carter Harris
Managing Editor Jacklyn Monk

Music Editor Tierra Mukharjee
Music Lifestyle Editor Minya Oh
Assistant Music Editor Shaheem Reid
Assistant to the Music Editor Jazmin Perez

Features Editor Jeannine Amber

Arts Editor Robert Morales
Senior Editors David Bry, Brett Johnson (Start)

Copy Editor Terri Prettyman

Research Chief Andrew Gillings

Executive Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief Eunice S. Liriano

Editorial Assistants Abby Addis, Rebecca Louie

Editors-at-Large Seche Jenkins, Rob Kenner, Miri Veldis

Writers-at-Large Gary Dauphin, Kathy Doble, Karen R. Good,

Chairman Mao, Greg Tate

Hollywood Correspondent Stephen Rebello

Design Director Robert Newman

Director of Photography George Pitts

Associate Art Director Brandon Kavulle

Associate Photo Editor Duane Pyous

Designer Ronda Thompson

Assistant Photo Editor Leslie Ann dela Vega

Production Editor Wyatt Mitchell

Fashion Editor Angela Arambulo

Style Editor Kadi Aguiaros

Contributing Style Editor Kidada Jones

Beauty and Accessories Coordinator Tasha Turner

Consulting Beauty Editors Iman, Nainha Gumbs

Fashion Assistant Mentor Kamaraki

Director of New Media Ron Richardson

Technical Manager Michael Hauswirth

Online Editor Miguel Burke

Online Video Production Gabriel Man

Editorial Director Gilbert Rogin

Contributors

Harry Allen, Thelma Balfour, Craig Barboza, Scott Poulson-Bryant, Cheo Hodari Coker, Manola Dargis, Greg Donaldson, Michael Eric Dyson, Kris ex, Bobbito Garcia, Elysa Gardner, Nelson George, Randi Glatzer, Michael A. Gonzales, Deborah Gregory, dream hampton, James Hunter, Lisa Jones, Amy Linden, Robert Merriott, Mike Sager, Stephan Talley, Cristina Verin, Marc Weingarten, Harry Weinger, Jason Whitlock, Kristal Brent Zook

Photographers

Lorenzo Agius, Guy Aroch, Marc Baptiste, Butch Belair, Davide Cernuschi, Walter Chin, Barron Claiborne, Jeff Dunes, Exum, Larry Fink, Sarah A. Friedman, Lyle Ashton Harris, Akwae Hay, Phil Knott, Diah-Len, Densi Lisenberg, Arnaldo Anaya-Lucca, Anthony Mandler, Jonathan Mannion, Robert Maxwell, Erin Patricia O'Brien, Katherine Orma, John Pano, Jeff Rasel, Nina Schultz, Piotr Sikora, Taryn Simon, Tajima, Alex, Tehrani, Mpcot Mehele Tolbert, Tony Weid, Albert Watson, Andrew Williams, Eversard Williams Jr., Dan Winters, Christian Witkin

Freelance Copy/Research

Kevin Giordano, Josh Loeb, Joe R. Mejia, Kisha Munroe

Interns

Xelena Gonzalez, Leah Rose

Digital Imaging by Icon Communications



Subscription requests, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to
VIBE, Box 95560, Boulder, CO 80322-9560

www.vibe.com





HELMUT LANG

80 Greene Street New York N.Y. 10012 tel. 212 925 72 14 fax 212 925 45 19 www.helmutlang.com
ciomese derby and classic patent leather tuxedo shoe photographed © by Anthony Ward, 1999
New York, N.Y. - S/S 2000

Big

THE BIG PICTURE

1974 R.I.P. 1999

FEATURING PRODUCTION BY DJ PREMIER, LORD FRESSE, BUCKWILD, ROC RADA, SNOW, RON BROWN



VIBE

Co-President/Group Publisher
Co-President/General Manager
Executive Vice President

John Rollins
Anne Welch
Raymond O'Neal Jr.

Associate Publisher
Advertising Director
Director of Advertising & Marketing Operations
National Music Advertising & Marketing Director
Fashion Advertising Manager
Sportswear Manager
Corporate Accounts Manager
Beauty & Fragrance Manager
Advertising Services Managers
Advertising Billing Manager
Marketing Director
Advertising Sales Development Director
Research Analyst
Creative Services Art Director
Director of Communications
Communications Assistant
Executive Assistant's Assistants

Matthew Pressman
Robin Gibson
Jeanine Triolo
Winnie Bernier
Beverly Smith
Beth Gillies
Jenny Ann Hibbert
Aigial Mercus
Jeffrey Mazzacano
Maria Raha, Jimmy Seal
Shu-Chuan Luk
Fred T. Jackson
Scott Carls
Susan Waldman
Fernando Mancuello
Audrey Addison
Cara Donetto
Jermaine Gomes, Michelle Tennant
Ada Figueroa, Tara Guillaume, Rachel St. Lager, Shirley Vasquez

VP, Consumer Marketing & Financial Planning
Associate Circulation Director-Subscriptions
Associate Circulation Director-Newsstand
Fulfillment Manager
Subscription Promotion Manager
Newsstand Coordinator
Subscription Assistant
Newsstand Assistant
Production Director
Production Manager
Associate Production Manager
Production Coordinator

Dena Sacher
Leslie Guarnieri
Michelle Sheidlower
Susan Young
Irene Burros
Mimi Hall
Anna Stein
Margaret Chaykier

Ryan Jones
Chris D'Amici
Joe Letito
Omar Rubio

Executive Vice President/CFO
Financial Manager
Accounts Manager
Accounting Assistants

Halina Feldsott
Theodore Hatwood
Dawn Labrida
Roger Milekta, Howard Pomerantz

Event Director
Assistant Event Managers

Karla Y. Redford
Ahna Biddle, Ali Muhammad

Human Resources Manager
Technology Manager
Administration Manager
Mailroom Staff
Receptionist

Ann Swenson
Harold Aris
Michael Bryant
Harry Bugas (Manager), Milton Bell, Chris Carter
Hermand Black

New York Advertising Sales

215 Lexington Avenue New York, NY 10018
(212) 448-7300; fax (212) 448-7400

Southern California Advertising Sales

1100 Santa Monica Blvd. 9th Floor Los Angeles, CA 90025
(310) 893-5300; fax (310) 893-5458

Pacific Southwest Sales Director
West Coast Music Sales and Marketing Director
West Coast Marketing Manager
West Coast Advertising Assistant

Ron Williams
Marlene Emley
Chris Gentry
Russell Gaskins

Pacific Northwest Advertising Sales

50 Osgood Place, San Francisco, CA 94133
(415) 391-8770; fax (415) 391-8772

Pacific Northwest Sales Director

Kathleen Guthrie

Midwest Advertising Sales

303 East Ohio Street, 23rd Floor Chicago, IL 60611
(312) 321-7945; fax (312) 321-7018

Midwest Sales Manager

Jennifer Hill

Classified Manager

Ann David

Assistant

F.L. McFadden, Angela White

Detroit Advertising Sales

HCL Media Sales, 17 West 3rd Street Royal Oak, MI 48067
(248) 891-1800; fax (248) 891-4531

Detroit Advertising Representatives
Sales Assistant

John Balardo, Tim Baldwin, Thomas Harte
Megan Moore

European Advertising Sales

J.B. Media Srl, Piazza Sant'Erasmo 1 Milano 20121, Italy
(39-02) 2901-3427; fax (39-02) 2901-3481

European Advertising Representatives

Jeffrey Byrnes, Christina Riccio

Miller Publishing Group LLC

CEO: Robert L. Miller; Vice President, Human Resources: Mary Duncan Macnab



MTV'S NEW FREESTYLE SKETCH COMEDY SERIES

TUESDAYS at 10:30p/9:30c

WHAT'S UP

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

When I think about the films that have framed my vision, I think of going to the theater with my grandfather and his wanting me to stay to watch *Car Wash* just one more time. I remember being completely blown away by the laser beam-wielding heroes in *Star Wars*. The glamour and drama that Diane Ross served in *Mohogany* helped shape my fashion perspective. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? Adventurous. *Carlin's Way*? Sexy. *Saturday Night Fever* evoked a longing to live in New York City and dance the night away; *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* was a great laugh. And *The Matrix* was my

Janet Jackson stars with Eddie Murphy in *Nutty II: The Klumps*, the sequel to Murphy's 1996 hit *The Nutty Professor*. Kidada Jones, ("Cesuel Chic," page 156) cameos opposite Raekwon the Chef, Oli "Power" Grant, and Method Men in James Toback's *Black and White*. Q-Tip gets vivrant in *Prison Song*, costarring Mary J. Blige and Fat Joe. Mariah Carey (VIBE Live, page 78) is doing *Double O-Soul* with Chris Tucker, following her on-screen debut in *The Bachelor*. Luther "Luka" Campbell is dropping a straight-to-video movie ("Politically Erect," page 166). And don't forget Will Smith, Ice Cube, Queen Latifah, and L.L. Cool J ("Going Hollywood," page 84), who hit the silver screen a long

trited musical backbeat to our cinematic vision: the late soundtrack scientist Curtis Mayfield ("If There's a Heaven Above...," page 138). Going way back, we channel Rudy Ray Moore, the man behind superbad Dolements ("Fraky Teles," page 86). Plus, we reflect on the contributions of Cheech & Chong (Props, page 192). In "Saturday Night Special" (page 159), our writers have compiled the hottest list of the hottest flicks. If you haven't seen these movies, you need to.

It's all about the symbiotic relationship between music and motion pictures. These days, million-dollar music videos look an awful lot like feature films, and movies—like director Hype Williams's

"JUST LOOK AT THE WHOPPING \$16.9 MILLION THAT ICE CUBE'S NEXT FRIDAY GROSSED IN ITS FIRST WEEKEND OUT. IT'S UNDENIABLE: HIP HOP IS GOING TO THE MOVIES!"



IN FOCUS: *Saturday Night Fever*, *Car Wash*, *Austin Powers*, *Mohogany*, *Belly*, *The Matrix*

crash course in Zen management when I became the e-i-c here at VIBE. Movies bring us together, open our minds, and—one hopes—offer an interesting story in the process.

When I told people that in April we'd be putting out our "Hollywood Issue," many were confused. "VIBE is a music magazine," they replied. That, I explained, is exactly the point. Busta Rhymes is starring in John Singleton's remake of *Shaft* ("Act Like You Know," page 124). Aaliyah and DMX go opposite Jet Li in *Romeo Must Die* ("To the East Blackwards," page 136). Mos Def, Charli Baltimore, and DJ Scratch are featured in Spike Lee's *Bamboozled* ("Kesp'in It Reel," page 148). And *Je Rule* teams up with Pras in *Ghetto Superstar*.

time ago—and are still winning at the box office. If all that's not enough, just look at the whopping \$16.9 million that Ice Cube's *Next Friday* grossed its first weekend out. It's undeniable: Hip hop is going to the movies!

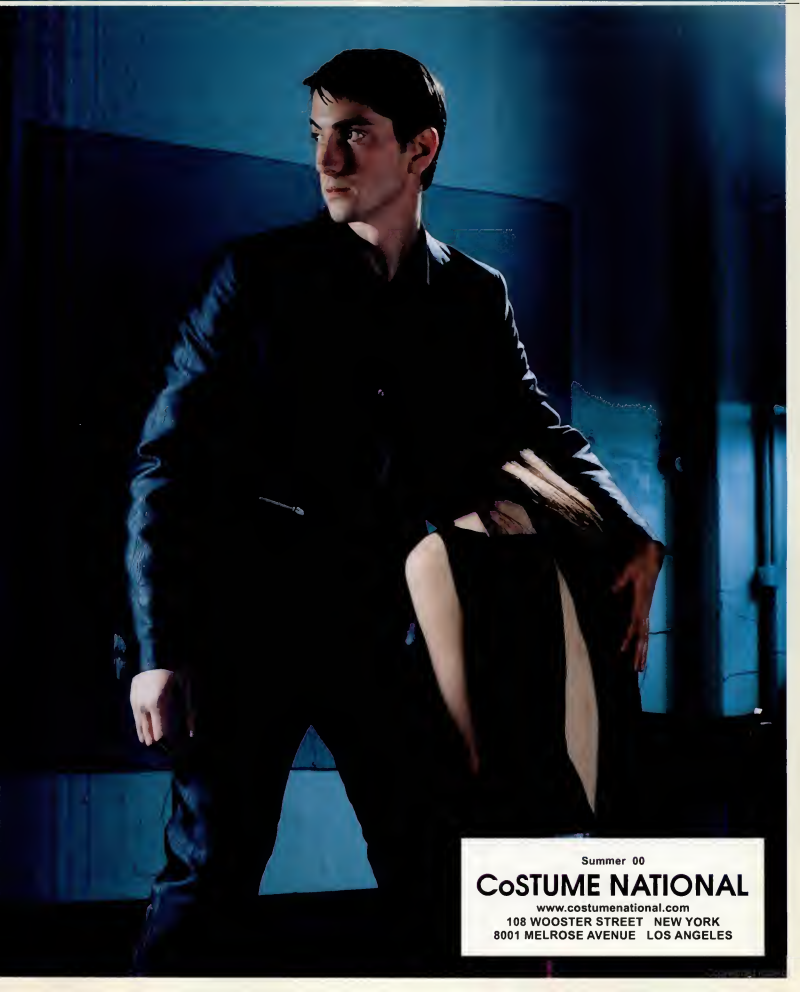
Always on the lookout for new talent, VIBE wants to introduce you to some of the newest players on the Hollywood scene. Don't sleep on phenomenal actor Jaffray Wright ("The Wright Brother," page 132). And check out Hollywood's multicultural rising stars in "The Kids Aren't All White," page 140. See Sonos Lathan, Sandra Oh, Terrence Howard, Rosario Dawson, and Adrien Brody strut their stylish stuff.

We also pay homage to the artist who con-

1998 rapper bonanza, *Belly*—seem a lot like videos. Once estranged cousins in the entertainment family, hip hop and Hollywood are getting real tight.

Speaking of videos, nothing has rocked the music-video world like "Untitled (How Does It Feel)" by our cover subject, D'Angelo ("Soul Man," page 102). The video, from his long-awaited sophomore album, *Voodoo*, has to be one of the most talked about clips since Michael Jackson's "Thriller." Women are going crazy over D—who's sportin' only sweat and a satisfied grin. That crazy reaction to this edgy video cements my case for celebrating hip hop and the moving image. So we're off to the multiplex, and we're more than ready for our close-up!

EMIL WILBEKIN
Editor-in-Chief



Summer 00

CoSTUME NATIONAL

www.costumenational.com

108 WOOSTER STREET NEW YORK
8001 MELROSE AVENUE LOS ANGELES

A Film by Jim Jarmusch
GHOST DOG
 THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI

FEATURING ORIGINAL MUSIC BY THE RZA

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN AN AUTOGRAPHED
 GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI POSTER!

Just send in the entry form below by 4/15/00. 50 winners will receive
 a Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai movie poster signed by The RZA.

IN COOP WITH POLYVIEW WITH MUSIC BY THE RZA

THE "GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI" SWEEPSTAKES

Name

Address

Telephone

Email

Age

Indicate your name, address, phone number, email address and age on a 3-1/2" X 5" card and mail to the following address: "The Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai Sweepstakes," c/o Artisan Entertainment Inc., Attn: Film Marketing, 2700 Calabazas Avenue, Santa Monica, CA 90404. One entry per envelope. Eligible entries will be submitted into a random drawing. 50 winners will receive a copy of the Ghost Dog poster. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Sweepstakes begins 3/7/00. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents (except PG-13 years of age or older). Entries must be received by 4/15/00. Winners will be drawn on/about 4/20/00. Odds of winning are based on the number of eligible entries received. Winner will be contacted by telephone or mail. Prizes must be accepted by 5/15/00. To obtain the complete Official Rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to "THE 'GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI' SWEEPSTAKES," ARTISAN, c/o Artisan Entertainment Inc., Attn: Film Marketing, 2700 Calabazas Avenue, Santa Monica, CA 90404. © 2000 Artisan Entertainment Inc. All Rights Reserved.

ARTISAN

IN THEATRES MARCH 2000

THE GUEST LIST



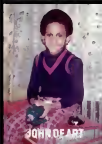
Dana Lixenberg shot this month's portraits of boxer Roy Jones Jr. ("Competition Is None," page 110), actor Jeffrey Wright ("The Wright Brother," page 132), and music legend Curtis Mayfield ("If There's a Heaven Above..." page 138). Recently, the Holland-born photographer found herself on the other side of the lens, as the subject of a documentary called *Through Dutch Eyes*. "Being filmed was quite scary," Lixenberg says. "It became a confrontation with myself."

GOING DUTCH

Ditching England for Manhattan's club-kid paradise 10 years ago, photographer **Dah Len** has since found a niche snapping portraits of performers like Madonna and our "sensual and Zen-like" cover boy, D'Angelo. Making the move from still photography to film two years ago, Dah Len has directed commercials for L'Oréal and Guess? and hopes to make movies someday. "Talk is cheap," he says of people who don't go after their dreams. "I don't want hype. I want the substance of doing it well."



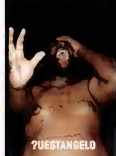
NO-DAH



JOHN DEAR?

By day, 31-year-old illustrator **John Wilkinson** moves fine art and antiques for the rich and famous. By night, this Bronx, N.Y.-brad brother unleashes pencils and paint on fine art of his own. "I've always wanted to draw to take care of myself," says Wilkinson, who took care of the *Shogt* illustration for this month's "Act Like You Know" (page 124). Does Wilkinson secretly coddle an inner Shaft? "No, good God," he says. "Not at all." Sure, John, we see that Big Jim action figure....

Roots drummer and aspiring hip hop journalist **Ahmir "Juestlove" Thompson** wrote the sidebar to this month's cover story on R&B crooner D'Angelo ("Soul Man," page 102). "While the world suffered from four years of D'Angelo drought," says Thompson, "I was there every day, jamming with him." Not only did busy, busy Thompson play drums and "copilot" on D'Angelo's new album, *Voodoo*, but he also executive-produced Common's latest, *Like Water for Chocolate*. "My grandma told me there's always work to be done."



?UESTANGELO

IN-HOUSE COUNSEL

"The love affair between the film and music industries is making nontraditional Hollywood types big movie stars," says features editor **Jeannine Amber**, who helmed our first Hollywood issue. Amber's own affair with the music industry began in high school, when she played the tambourine in a friend's garage band. She has since moved behind the music, penning articles such as the Puff Daddy cover story "Against All Odds" (December 1999/January 2000). Reflecting on her performing days, Amber says, "We practiced twice and then got really high. That was the end of the band."



TAMBOURINE GIRL

MARITHÉ
FRANÇOIS
GIRBAUD

inside



MACYS BLOOMINGDALES CARSON PIRIE SCOTT BURDINES DAYTONS MARSHALL FIELDS
HUDSONS THE BUCKLE MARITHÉ+FRANÇOIS GIRBAUD BOUTIQUES CHICAGO / BEVERLY HILLS

WWW.GIRBAUD.COM

BACARDI.
THE WORLD'S
GREAT RUM.
MADE IN
PUERTO RICO.

PUERTO RICO 
OVER 450 YEARS OF
RUM-MAKING TRADITION

THE THREE TAILS ARE THE ONLY KEY FACTOR DIFFERENTIATING
BACARDI RUM FROM OTHER RUMS. BACARDI RUM IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BACARDI & COMPANY, S.A.

DROPPIN' DIME

VIBE'S TOP 10 LIST

1 "Love Sets You Free" remix, by Kelly Price, featuring Montell Jordan, Case, and others. All proceeds from the sale of this revamped single, originally from *The Hurricane* soundtrack (MCA), will be donated to breast-cancer research.

2 *The Corner*. Friday meets *Trainspotting* in this HBO miniseries set in a drug-worn Baltimore ghetto. Series begins April 16. Can we get a hit?

3 *African American Driver Development Program* (Championship Auto Racing Teams). First golf, then tennis. Record-breaking racecar driving is just down the road.

4 Carol's Daughter beauty products. This Brooklyn, ▶
N.Y., company's sweet-smelling, all-natural, affordable skin- and hair-care goods have been purchased by the likes of Oprah Winfrey and Erykah Badu.



5 Harlem Globetrotters' Millennium Baby Lifetime Pass. Anyone born in 2000 gets to see the Globetrotters' antics free for life. A hoop dream come true.

6 *Heavy Liquid*, by Paul Pope (DC Comics). The gritty ▶
twentysomethings of this futuristic, urban comic book make MTV's Downtown crew look like the Peanuts gang. The East Village has never been so hard.



7 "Thong Song." Sisqo takes R&B from between the sheets to between the cheeks with the single from his solo album, *Unleash the Dragon* (Def Soul, 1999).

8 Mentos Cool Chews. The "freshmaker" down-
sized with tasty minimints that come in a box,
not a roll. We can't wait for the commercials. ▶



9 Memphis's Rock 'n' Soul Museum. This multimedia tribute to America's historic music makers boasts Elvis's threads and the Rev. Al Green's Bible.

10 *Savion! My Life in Tap*, by Savion Glover and Bruce Weber (HarperCollins, 1999). Tap master Glover brings da noise with his photo-biography.



TRADING FLOOR BY DAY.

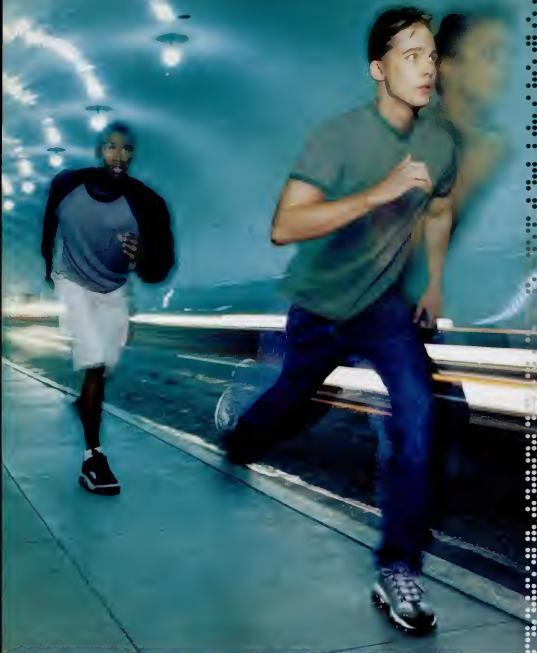


BACARDI BY NIGHT.

BACARDI. THE WORLD'S GREAT RUM SINCE 1862.

BY DAY OR BY NIGHT, ENJOY RESPONSIBLY. BACARDI AND BAT ARE TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY, LIMITED. © 2004 BACARDI & COMPANY, LIMITED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.





SKECHERS
S SPORT
FOOTWEAR

SKECHERS.COM
FREE CATALOG 1.800.201.4659

www.vibe.com

20 CLASSIC LOVE SONGS FOR 2000 • RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE: READY TO RULE?

VIBE

**HARD
ROCK**

NAS, Eve, and
Sisqo Take It to the
New Millennium

THE FUTURE OF
URBAN MUSIC

Starting in October, VIBE
will feature a new section
called "The Future of
Urban Music," which will
focus on the latest in
urban music, including
hip-hop, R&B, and
soul.

PLUS
A
FREE
CD
WITH
EVERY
ISSUE



THREE AIN'T A CROWD

Much love to VIBE for the phot cover featuring Eve, Nas, and Sisqo. These artists are going to keep it real in 2000. The articles about them ("Three the Hard Way," by Greg Tate, Harry Allen, and Scott Poulson-Bryant, Febru-

be a statement to other hip hop magazines. And Emil, you're on the right track for the new millennium.

Matthew Gillard
Greenville, SC

I loved the article on Nas ("Hard Rock," by Harry Allen). He's the

"What did Eve have on? Barely anything! I have much love for her, but if she wants to represent herself as a true rap queen she'd better start showing some class rather than showing ass."

ary 2000) were hot, and I gotta give all of them mad props for keeping the hits bangin'.

Latoya J.
Richmond Hill, NY

I was disappointed after reading ("Hard Core," by Greg Tate) because it sounded just like the interviews about Eve in other magazines. What's up? Are you saving the fact that she used to be with Aftermath Entertainment and a stripper? Those pages could have been devoted to a real interview, because this one was a waste of space.

E. Patterson
Stillwater, MN

I love the entire February VIBE: the ads, jokes, music reviews, and most of all the articles. This issue should

MAIL

No. 1 nigger and No. 1 rapper. What got me sick and made my stomach turn was when I saw Eve. Yuck! What the hell happened? What did she have on? Barely anything! I have much love for Eve, but if she wants to represent herself as a true rap queen she'd better start showing some class rather than showing ass.

Olivia Vargas
New York, NY

Eve, If you're moving toward Islam, the first thing you must do is put on your hijab from head to toe because sisters mirror one another. Allah commands us to cover our adornments. You say you like to pray, then you should love covering yourself. Remember this: Each day He wakes you up He is giving you another

chance. Walk to Allah and Allah will run to you.

Basimah Rashid
East Orange, NJ

Thank you for the article on the golden child, Sisqo ("Hard Edge," by Scott Poulson-Bryant). I've backed Dru Hill from the start; I'll also back Sisqo 100 percent. I'm waiting to put all the pieces together from the Dru World Order. I believe they all will make it big. Keep your head up, Sisqo. You can do it!

Natasha McClaurin-Blamont
Portland, OR

No disrespect to Sisqo for the comment he made about dyeing his hair because he didn't want to seem aggressive. But when you go



YOUR BEST SHOT

Struggle E. Stylez, East Orange, NJ

through life processing, dyeing, and abusing your hair, you're making a clear statement and it's a messed up one. Sisqo, instead of watching MTV all day, read a book!

*Shariff Shakir
Ionia, MI*

I'd like to give Sisqo and Eve big props on their achievements and successes—especially Sisqo because he was the real star of Dru Hill. As for Eve, she's gonna be the hottest female rapper of the millennium. She's the only female rapper I listen to day and night. I love her style, body, and grace. She and Sisqo would make a real cute, loving couple. They should at least make a record together.

*Gavain Smallwood
Wilmington, DE*

Your article on Eve was all that and a little bit more!
Eve is a young

woman who knows what she wants in life and will go against all odds to reach her goals. People say she's another version of Lil' Kim, but to me, Eve is in a class of her own.

*Smiley
Gatesville, TX*

I'm Sisqo's No. 1 fan and I'm totally in love with him. The article was written very well but I feel it should have been a little longer 'cause Sisqo is way too special for only a two-page story.

*Yasmine Hasan
Montgomery, AL*

I enjoyed the articles on Sisqo, Eve, and Nas. I'm a big fan of Eve's. She's my role model. I'm feelin' Nas more than ever. Plus, I'm Sisqo's No. 1 fan. I was excited that you put him on the cover—it made the magazine look so much better!

*Haly Barry
Tolghanna, PA*

THE DARK TRUTH

I'm an avid reader of rap magazines, but I'll only spend my cheese on VIBE because VIBE be kickin' it out there on the real tip. When I read the February issue with the article "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" [by Greg Donaldson], I said to myself, Now *this* is the reason I'm into VIBE.

*Abu Shabeed
Parchman, MS*

As a Sunni Muslim and a young black man living in incarceration, I found your article on George Skatzes and Siddique Abdullah Hasan insightful to the conditions of prisoners around the country.

*K.A.
Whiteville, TN*

I'm writing to let all of VIBE's readers know about Siddique Abdullah Hasan. He was one of my spiritual guides while I was at Lucasville Correctional Facility, and he's nothing like the media portrayed. He's one brother I can truly say is living his life for God. It brought me to tears to learn that he's now on death row.

*Abdul Qadir
Malone, NY*

ROCKIN' RENEGADES

Much props to Cheo Hodari Coker and VIBE for the great article on Rage Against the Machine ["Rebel Music," February 2000]. My wife and I were at the Mexico City show and witnessed the power of their message. Rage is Public Enemy born again for the new generation. Finally, a hip hop magazine has given Rage the recognition they deserve. Like Zack de la Rocha raps, "a fire in the master's house is set," and the fire is spreading....

*Jose Contreras
San Fernando, CA*

["Rebel Music"] did nothing but replay all of what I've heard and seen about Rage. Anybody who listens to Rage is familiar with their political

MAIL

views. What I and other Rage fans are looking for is new insight into their music—something that will show the world that Rage transcends the level of rock/hip hop genres.

*Akil Alim
Address withheld*

HOT BOYS, HOT TOPIC

Why are people hating on Cash Money ["Too Hot to Handle," Mail, February 2000]? I understand what Shaleena Smith means, but come on, let them experience their five minutes of success. Let them express their happiness. Don't hate the playas, hate the game.

*Janae Podgett
Jamaica, NY*

I totally disagree with Shaleena Smith. The Hot Boys are on fire. They have exactly what it takes. If they want to rap about jewelry, cars, and how much they cost, let 'em. And as for Juvenile, the hottest Hot Boy, he can call me to put out his fire anytime.

*Regina Sims
Detroit, MI*

I don't know why people like the Hot Boys. People are on their wood because they say they're better than

THE NEXT LEVEL

When I read that Eve will be embracing a way of life that glorifies the Creator, I felt relief. I'm so glad there are people out there who are willing to submit to a higher power. We need divine guidance in order to be successful in our endeavors. Much love to Eve, and remember to keep your heart open to Allah.

*Laylah Amatollah
Brooklyn, NY*



ECHO centric



A CENTER-MOUNTED INSTRUMENT PANEL. UNUSUAL? UNCONVENTIONAL? SURE.
AND JUST ONE OF THE UNIQUE FEATURES THAT MAKE THE ECHO SUCH A BLAST TO DRIVE.
BESIDES, EVERY ECHO HAS TO START SOMEWHERE. WHY NOT IN THE MIDDLE?

Starting MSRP \$10,480. MSRP as shown \$13,470.*

www.isthistoyota.com

CHANGING. EVERY DAY.  TOYOTA

*BASED ON MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE INCLUDING DESTINATION CHARGE. EXCLUDES TAXES, LICENSE, TITLE AND OTHER OPTIONAL OR REGIONALLY REQUIRED EQUIPMENT. ACTUAL DEALER PRICE MAY VARY. ©2000 TOYOTA MOTOR SALES, U.S.A., INC. BUCKLE UP! DO IT FOR THOSE WHO LOVE YOU.

explore the possibilities...

amel larrieux

infinite possibilities

the solo debut album
from the unforgettable voice
of groove theory.

featuring "get up" and "i n i".

www.amellarrieux.com
www.amelonline.com

produced by amel larrieux & tara larrieux
management: the lilis group



Available at all

CIRCUIT CITY
Locations Only.

No Limit. I doubt that. I agree with Shaleena Smith—they're corny.

Anthony McCall
Philadelphia, PA

WHAT Y'ALL WANT

Come on, y'all. VIBE is the No. 1 hip hop magazine, but you're not doing your job. What are you doing wrong? You're giving props and interviews to the wrong people.

MAIL

You forgot to do full-blown articles on commendable artists, such as Mase and Woody of Dru Hill. It's excellent that these two artists are channeling their talent into something spiritual. Just imagine how

20 Questions

Editor's Note: Readers have taken over the column.... **VIBE** encourages you to submit your questions (see address on page 62). We will print the best ones here each month.

20. Can somebody tell **Puffy** to stay home on the weekends?
19. Now that **Bad Boy** is slipping without **Mase** and the **Lox**, is **Puffy** still going to **Shyne**, or is he losing **Faith** and headed for a **Total** disaster? 18. When are we gonna see an **En Vogue** reunion? 17. Why is **Tyrese** ego-trippin' when he knows he's not cute? 16. Why do **ugly singers** get modeling contracts? 15. Isn't **Mary J. Blige** the worst-dressed artist? 14. Don't you wish **Tina Turner** would give **Diana Ross** some wig tips? 13. When's the **Jodeci** reunion? 12. Is **Ginuwine** just as fine when his name is **Elgin Lumpkin**? 11. In a fight between **Chris Rock**, **Chris Tucker**, and **Eddie Griffin**, who would win? 10. Why is **L.L. Cool J** jacking **Will Smith**? 9. Is it just me, or does **Steve Harvey** look like **Richard Pryor**? 8. Wasn't **Onyx's Fredro Starr** the best thing on **Moesha**? 7. Wasn't **Oprah** much better when she was fat? 6. How many damn makeovers can **Jenny Jones** do? 5. **Jennifer Lopez**: golden girl or ghetto fabulous? 4. Is it just me, or are **Mariah Carey's** album titles getting dumber? 3. Isn't **BET** color-struck? 2. If **Mariah Carey** changed her name to **Mariah Nuñez**, would she be part of the "Latin explosion"? 1. Whatever happened to **Good Times**?

Joely Baker
Minneapolis, MN



**You
changed
the game.**

We came to play. These days, you're making the rules in the hair care game. So we added top Black stylists to our team. Brought in a new player called Elasticom™ that gave us flexibility and showed us how to shine. New Clairol Textures & Tones. Because change is a beautiful thing.

Introducing

CLAIROL®
Textures
& TONES®

Designed for Women of Color. Perfected by Top Black Stylists.



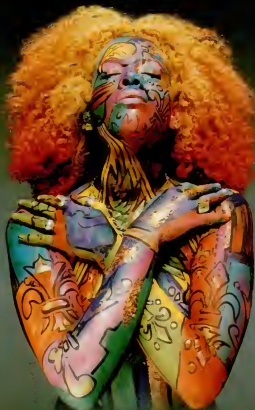
Model is wearing Clairol Textures & Tones 3M™ Plump. *With Elasticom™ for moisture, elasticity and shine.
RELAXER WARNING: Follow directions carefully to avoid skin and scalp irritation, hair breakage and eye injury.

© 1998 Clairol, Inc.

I HATE YOU
SO MUCH
RIGHT
NOW
!

KELIS

KALEIDOSCOPE



FEATURING THE HIT
CAUGHT OUT THERE

ALL SONGS AND INSTRUMENTS WERE PRODUCED, PERFORMED AND ARRANGED BY PHARRELL WILLIAMS AND CHAD HUGO (NEPTUNES) FOR STAN TRAK ENTERTAINMENT

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: PHARRELL WILLIAMS AND CHAD HUGO FOR STAN TRAK ENTERTAINMENT AND ROB WALKER FOR HOCKSOUL ENTERTAINMENT.

IN STORES NOW!
WHEREHOUSE
MUSIC
www.wherehousemusic.com



www.virginrecords.com

©1999 VIRGIN RECORDS AMERICA, INC.

different our society would be if everyone in the industry was doing something positive. There are people out there who could recite the lyrics to a popular rap song before they could tell you the name of a church song. For that reason, VIBE, you have to bring these people into the limelight. Please do more articles on artists such as Kirk Franklin, Mase, and Woody.

*Sarah Everette
Fort Worth, TX*

"We're pissed off that VIBE is the only hip hop magazine that hasn't featured the Hot Boys and Big Tymers on its cover. You should set the record straight about these up-and-coming music legends."

I'm really feeling the February issue—it's off the heezies. But I'm disappointed because I still haven't seen 112 on the cover. Y'all should do that and interview Q-Tip for this No. 1 VIBE reader.

*Chocolate Delight
Philadelphia, PA*

I couldn't believe you changed VIBE's look. How do you think you reached a circulation of 750,000? Everything about your magazine used to be different and fresh: the size, the color, the ads. It stood out among all magazines on the shelf. Change is good, but this is just a little too much too fast.

*Alvin Jackson
Annapolis, MD*

VIBE, you are some hataz, and most of your fans are hataz too! We down South don't even jam to East Coast music, not us down in Texas anyway. I don't read about anybody from this part of the South in your magazine. Let me hear about them boys outta Houston. It ain't all about Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx.

*Derrick LeBlanc
San Antonio, TX*

MAIL

We're completely pissed off that VIBE is the only hip hop magazine that hasn't featured the Hot Boys and Big Tymers on its cover. Come on, a hip hop magazine such as yours should really set the record straight about these up-and-coming music legends. We

want to read articles about how Cash Money Records came about and what they have planned for the future. Won't you please do something about this major hip hop crisis quickly?

*Lauren, Marion, and Blain
Miami, FL*

I've been a loyal reader of VIBE for a long time; I love the magazine. But will you answer one of my questions? Exactly why haven't you given Lil' Kim a solo cover yet? Give me a break. If you can feature Foxy Brown on one of your covers, *surely* you can do the same for the Notorious B.I.M.!

*Alex Edge
Raleigh, NC*

WRITE TO VIBE

VIBE encourages mail and photographs from readers. Please send letters to VIBE MAIL, 215 Lexington Avenue, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10016 (include your daytime phone number). Or send e-mail to vibe@vibe.com. Send photos to VIBE YOUR BEST SHOT (same address). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. Photo submissions will become the property of VIBE and will not be returned.

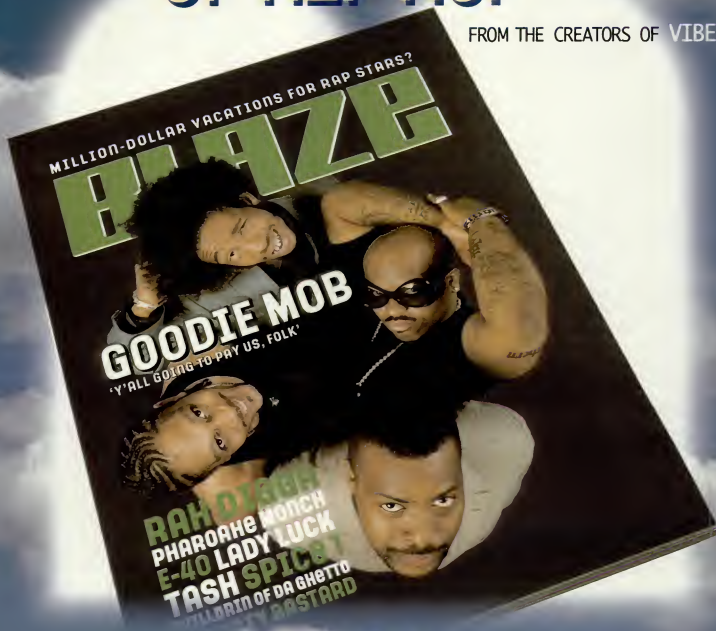


CESARE PACIOTTI

833 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF HIP HOP

FROM THE CREATORS OF VIBE



**SPECIAL CHARTER
SUBSCRIPTION OFFER**

SAVE 59%
10 ISSUES ONLY \$11.95

CALL 1-800-284-6153 OR WRITE BLAZE, PO BOX 51513, BOULDER, CO 80323-1513

SPORTSWEAR. FOOTWEAR. OUTERWEAR. ACCESSORIES

AD GALE GROUP NY



-MARKS THE SPOT.

IT'S ABOUT CREATING SOMETHING NO ONE'S
EVER HEARD BEFORE.

Craze, Turntablist



avirex.com

Avirex Stores NY & LA, Jimmy Jazz, Sea Dream, Lim's

AVIREX **USA**

Copyright © 2000



A fashion advertisement for Versus Versace Eyewear. The image features two models, a man and a woman, both wearing dark, wrap-around sunglasses. The woman, in the foreground, has long blonde hair with bangs and is wearing a dark, patterned top. The man, slightly behind her, has long blonde hair and is wearing a white, sleeveless, perforated shirt. He has a small lip piercing and a tattoo is visible on his left arm. The background is dark, and the overall mood is edgy and stylish. The Versus Versace Eyewear logo is prominently displayed at the bottom.

VERSUS
VERSACE
EYEWEAR

START

A SHOUT IN THE DARK



Anyone who has ever watched a movie with a predominantly black audience knows that African-American interactivity began way before the Internet age. Often called out through the dim light of a crowded theater, audience commentary has been a feature of black moviegoing for decades. In the late '60s, I sat in a run-down theater in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, N.Y., watching *Planet of the Apes* (20th Century Fox, 1968) and hearing kids argue over who looked more like Dr. Cornelius, a "true monkey-faced motherfucker."

More recently, I had the opportunity to watch *Scream 2* (Dimension, 1997) with a predominantly white audience one night and a mostly black crowd a few evenings later. In an early scene, a killer slides next to Jada Pinkett-Smith. The white audience, though tense, was silent. The black audience, however, erupted in a chorus of shouts, demanding that Jada "tell Will to get his ass over there 'cuz his woman's about to get stabbed up!"

From the church to the rap concert, African-American culture has always encouraged communal commentary. "Call and response" is how scholars describe it. Whether the remarks are in the form of asides to friends, appreciative hoots, or calls of derision, there's a very active relationship between the presentation and the audience. There is, on one hand, an implied challenge in the interaction: If the movie isn't going to entertain us, we'll take over. But the deeper message of the phenomenon is that there still exists a difference between white and black reality. A film like *Bulworth* (20th Century Fox, 1998), critically acclaimed by whites as a bold depiction of contemporary race relations, is, for blacks, a joke. The ultimate insult is Halle Berry calling Warren Beatty "my nigger." While white audiences often applauded when the lights came up after the film, black folks knew they'd just experienced yet another Hollywood fantasy. Their shouts of "Bullshit!" and "Get the fuck outta here!" made it clear that they weren't going to be silent accomplices.

Nelson George

SLANGUISTICS

New Orleans's Cash Money clique explain their special brand of bling-a-ling-a-lingo



Cash Money comin' thru (from left): Juvenile, Mannie Fresh, B.G., Baby Williams, Lil Wayne, and Turk

The whole world sayin' our shit now!" exclaims Hot Boy B.G. through his smiling gold grill. "We're the originators!" Since emerging from New Orleans in 1998, the Cash Money crew has been combining bubbling southern sonics with its spicy strain of local vernacular to produce a string of gold, platinum, and multiplatinum albums. This month, Cash Money Records' roster (Hot Boys Juvenile, Turk, B.G. and Lil Wayne; Big Tymers Baby Williams and Mannie Fresh) is teaming up with DMX, Eve, and the rest of the Ruff Ryders posse for a grand-scale U.S. tour. And of course, *Baller Blockin'*, a straight-to-video movie starring Baby and the Hot Boys, will be available soon from Black and White Film Productions. Moments before a recent photo shoot, the Cash Money Millionaires gave us a little insight into their Hotbonics.

Mark Allwood

ACT A DONKEY: "That just means you're gonna act like an ass." —Mannie Fresh

BALLER BLOCKIN': "A nigga standin' in your way of ballin'. Instead of playa haters, you got baller blockers." —Mannie Fresh

BIG TYMER: "A nigga with everything. The flyest ica, the flyest ride, the flyest crib. The No. 1 shit. Everything you do, you think big time."

—Mannie Fresh

BLING BLING: "Ice [diamonds]! The whole world knows 'Bling Bling.' So now it's the remix.

'Bling-a-Ling'!" —Mannie Fresh

CHOPPER: "That's another word for an AK-47.

That's all they tote where we from." —B.G.

CHOPPER CITY: "New Orleans, Louisiana." —B.G.

CLASSIC SOLDIERS: "Raeboka [sneakers]. What we wear." —Turk

COUSIN/NEPHEW: "We [fee] related to everybody now, so we call everybody cousin or nephew." —Lil Wayne

DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT: "You hold somethin' hot, you gonna drop it. That could mean anything. You could rob a nigga and be like, 'Drop it like it's hot, drop all yo' shit!'" —Mannie Fresh

GORGEOUS: "Got it goin' on. There's some broads that are gorgeous." —Mannie Fresh

HIGH BEAMIN': "That's the ice. When somebody puts they high beams on behind you, they blinding you. When we put our ice on, we be blinding you like high beams." —Lil Wayne

HOT BOY: "A nigga who got money, who the hoes be chasin', who the police be after, end who the feds be watchin'." —B.G.

JOES: "Cigarettes." —Baby Williams

LOUD PIPES: "Mostly that's some southern shit. That's like changin' your muffler so your shit growls, so they could hear you comin' through that bitch." —Mannie Fresh

NEWBORNS: "Factory rims for a car. You ain't ridin' on chrome. You can't ride newborn and

ride with Cash Money." —Mannie Fresh

ORIGIN: "Uptown, New Orleans. Magnolia Projects." —Lil Wayne

RILLA: "You wild [like] an untamed gorilla."

—Lil Wayne

SLUGGED UP: "Mouth full of gold, full of ice." —Turk

SOLJA RAGS: "That's just a camouflage [bandanna worn as a] headband." —Mannie Fresh

STUNNA: "He wanna be seen and heard! Like when you go to a club and all the lights come on. They roll out the red carpet and your song comes on. It's like, 'Stop everything, I just walked up in here. All eyes on me!'"

—Mannie Fresh

STUNTASTIC: "Stun it out to the 10th power."

—Mannie Fresh

THE "G" CODE: "That's the way you live. Whatever 'hood you from. The way you dress, the way you talk. You always keep a piece of yo' 'hood with you, no matter where you go, and you always gonna act accordingly."

—Juvenile

TWANKIES: "Dubs, 20-inch rims." —Turk

WHOADIE: "That's your nigga, your bitch, your dog, your cat, whatever." —Lil Wayne

WHY YO SHIT SOUND LIKE THAT?: "If a nigga's shit is fucked up, as far as clothes or whatever, you say, 'Why yo' shit sound like that? That shit don't sound right.'" —Mannie Fresh

BEGS YOU TO TEST ITS LIMITS

GRANTS YOU PERMISSION

Mazda and Miata are registered trademarks of Mazda North America, Inc. Pilot and XGT are registered trademarks of Michelin North America, Inc. ©2009 Michelin North America, Inc.

The Mazda Miata challenges you to maximize its potential. The new Pilot[®] XGT[™] H4 maximizes the amount of time you confidently can. The secret? Edge-buttressed sipes that are deep enough to bite through slush, yet stiff enough to deliver an exceptional dry grip.

Which means no matter the corner, no matter the season, the Pilot XGT H4 lets you squeeze every drop of adrenaline out of your sports car. To find the dealer nearest you, call 1-888-MICHELIN or visit www.michelin.com/pilot.



MICHELIN

Because so much is riding on your tires.



Televised,
Sat. April 8, 2000
on FOX at 8 pm



THE 31ST NAACP IMAGE AWARDS

IMAGE 2000: VISIONS FOR A NEW MILLENNIUM

PRESENTED BY:



Nationwide

More than 2000 branches of the NAACP world wide wish to thank all of the incredibly talented individuals who have performed, presented, or have been honored over the past thirty-one years of "The NAACP Image Awards."

Special Award Honorees

Hosted By:
Diana Ross



Steven Spielberg
"Vanguard Award"



Halle Berry
"Entertainer of the Year"



Smokey Robinson
"Hall of Fame"



Donnie Ackerman
"Bell South Award"



Yorn Jaymes
"President's Award"



Jackie Bradley

UNITED AIRLINES
Official Carrier

BLOCKBUSTER

Denny's

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

KRAFT

Travelodge

General Motors

BODY MOVIN' *All-star choreographer Fatima breaks down some classic hip hop dances*

▶ START



The Electric Slide

The Running Man

The Cabbage Patch

The Bartman

The Butterfly

Collaborating with music-video directors like Hype Williams and Paul Hunter, Los Angeles-based choreographer Fatima has innovated an aesthetic that has put hip hop clip in a league of their own. Just think of Busta Rhymes's "Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Can See" (1997), Aaliyah's "Are You That Somebody" (1998), and Will Smith's "Will2K" (1999). Hot steps also abound on Fatima's new instructional dance video, *Go Fatima* (Buena Vista). Recently, we had the anthropologist of hip hop moves expound on a few of the big ones.

Martine Bury

THE ELECTRIC SLIDE

Shuffle to the left four counts, then to the right, back, and forward. Step back, tap your toe. Step forward, brush the ground with foot. Turn one quarter of a circle, and start again. Back when it came back out, we'd get the whole club moving. It was influenced by [the disco-era hustle] that our parents used to do.

THE RUNNING MAN

Simulate a running motion, staying in place while gliding feet smoothly across the floor.

The classic hip hop dance. There was a time [in the late '80 and early '90s] when everyone was doing The Run-

ning man. And in every video, somebody was doing the running man—with the saggy pants. Back then, Bell Biv DeVoe wore their tags on their clothes and Cross Colours was the gear to have.

THE CABBAGE PATCH

Keep arms bent and parallel in front of chest, move hands in a herky-jerky circular motion. Rotate torso. Feet stay stationary! Everybody remembers being at that party and doing the cabbage patch. It's like a reference point.

THE BARTMAN

Hold arms out front, in opposition to one another, twist body to the beat.

Reverse direction and return to the center, emphasizing the ribcage. The Bartman—I went to Atlanta and saw that. A lot of moves came from Atlanta and Florida. [Southerners] are very influenced by bass music. The booty-shakin' stuff, the bouncin'.

THE BUTTERFLY

Stand with legs about 20 inches apart and wind knees and arms inward to the beat until limbs nearly touch. Then turn toes outward and reverse. The butterfly comes from Jamaica. It took a while to blow up here. To see parents doing it at parties was real cool. I think all the winding that you do makes this the sexiest hip hop dance.

CHANGE GONNA COME?

Bowing to NAACP demands, TV networks promise more minority faces on the screen and behind the scenes

TV shows and characters are, at best, a mirror of America," says Julian Bond, chairman of the NAACP board of directors. "If we Americans don't see a true picture of who we are, then the distorted picture becomes the reality for many."

For a while last spring America's reality was in danger of becoming paler than ever. Of the 26 new fall shows announced by television networks none featured a minority in a leading role.

"This glaring omission is an outrage and a shameful display by network executives who are either clueless, careless, or both," said

NAACP president Kweisi Mfume on July 12, 1999 at the 90th annual NAACP convention. Mfume went on to call the prime-time schedules a "virtual whitewash."

Last summer, while networks scrambled to lure minorities into their shows' casts in hopes of appeasing angry viewers, the NAACP threatened a boycott if more substantial changes weren't made—and they finally were.

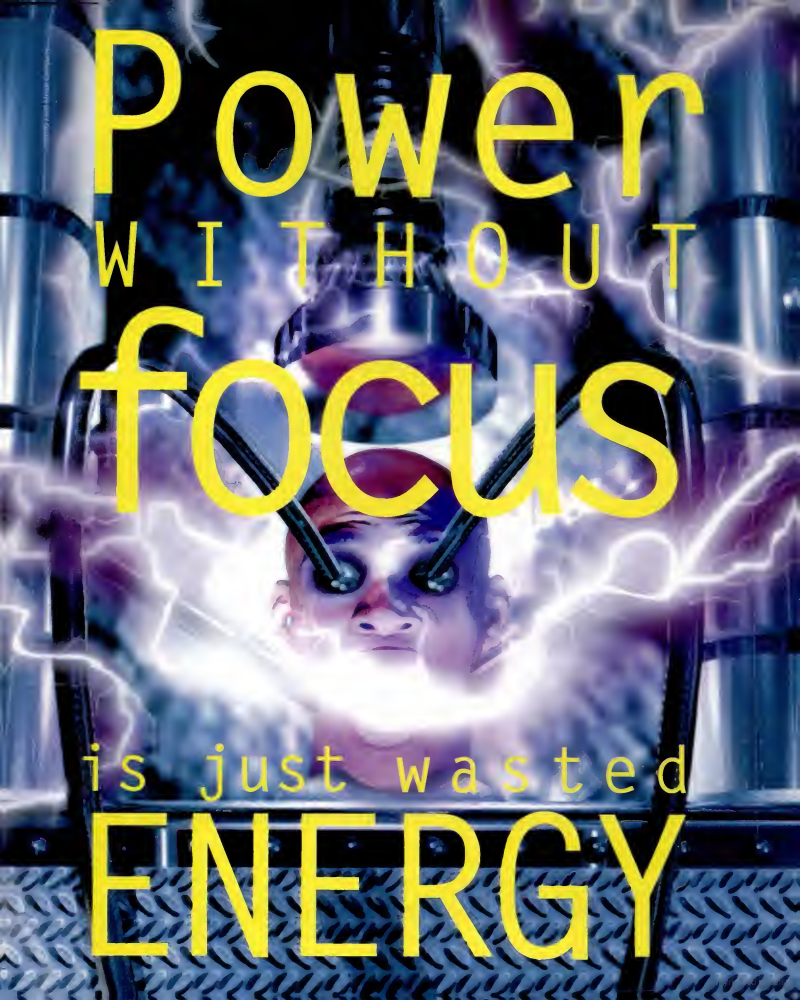
On January 5, NBC president Bob Wright said his network "is committed to making sure equal opportunities exist for everyone, both in front of and behind the camera. We have



Mfume (left) and Bond at the NAACP convention in New York City

always felt that it is in our best interest—from a human and business perspective—to place a high priority on diversity. We realize, however, there are areas where we need to do better."

NBC set forth a list of initiatives calling for companywide changes. The other networks are expected to follow suit, but many remain skeptical, fearing that the advances are only temporary. Stay tuned. Lolo Ogunnoike



Power

WITHOUT

focus

is just wasted

ENERGY



The 2.0L Zetec engine.

Accelerates faster than a bad rumor in a small town.

Multi-link suspension for precise handling.

Low exhaust emissions.

Go ahead, crack that whip.

The 2000 Ford Focus.









www.focus247.com

INCREASED DOSAGE

Hip hop lyricists experiment with strange new substances

Rap rhymes about marijuana have been standard since Run kept a bag of cheeba in his locker back in 1985. But lately, it seems MCs have expanded their illicit indulgence to include just about every mind-altering medicine on the market—or, at least, their lyrics would indicate as

much. While drug use by rappers may result in some stimulating rhymes, the accuracy of the info they're dispensing is a little suspect. So with *The Encyclopedia of Drug Abuse (Facts on File, 1992)* in hand, we compared some on-record drug experiences with some for-the-record facts. **Peter Relic**

ARTIST	DRUG	LYRIC	APPARENT EFFECT	MEDICAL EFFECT
 NAS	Heroin	"Tleeve 'em froze / Like heroin in your nose." ("It Ain't Hard to Tell," 1994)	A freezing of the nasal cavity	Euphoria, loss of appetite and sex drive, constipation, risk of overdose resulting in death
 RAEKWON	Crack	"Late night / Candlelight / Fiend with a crack pipe / It's only right / Feelin' higher than an airplane ride." (Mobb Deep's "Eye for Eye," 1995)	Illusion of elevation to heights exceeding those reached by a winged aircraft	Exhilaration, indifference to pain, risk of overdose resulting in respiratory arrest, stroke, or cardiac arrest
 DR. DRE	Ecstasy (MDMA)	"I just took some ecstasy / Ain't no tellin' what the side effects could be / All these fine bitches equal sex to me." ("Let's Get High," 1999)	Impression that all fine bitches equal sex	Intense euphoria, profuse sweating, increase in body temperature, and muscular rigidity
 OL' DIRTY BASTARD	Cocaine	"I get the cocaine / It cleans out my sinuses." ("Nigga Please," 1999)	Sinus relief	Intensified heartbeat, delusions of incredible mental capability and physical strength, irritability, insomnia, paranoia, the belief that insects are crawling under the skin, impotence
 METHOD MAN	Alcohol and LSD cocktail	"Blasted / Buggin' on Bacardi and acid / Flippin' on the miks / It's a classic." ("Sub Crazy," 1994)	Inspiration to create classic rhymes	Alcohol: relaxation, impairment of judgment and motor skills. LSD: intense hallucinations—colors appear brighter, sounds are magnified or perceived as patterns, time and space become distorted—confusion, anxiety, paranoia
 EMINEM	LSD and psilocybin-mushroom mixture	"Gimme two fat tabs / And three 'shrooms / And you won't see me like fat people in steam rooms." ("Bad Meets Evil," 1999)	Invisibility	LSD: see above; mushrooms: increased respiratory rate and body temperature, dizziness, abdominal discomfort, detachment from surroundings, feelings of anxiety or elation, visual distortions

HARD KNOCK NEWS

PERHAPS IT WASN'T RIGHT, BUT on January 11, at Keahole-Kona International Airport in Hawaii, Grammy winner Whitney Houston seemed to think it was okay to walk away from security guards who found a half ounce of marijuana in her purse during a random weapons check.

The guards confiscated the weed and called local police. But Houston and husband Bobby Brown just kept steppin'—right onto their San Francisco-bound plane, which took off



Whitney Houston

before cops arrived.

In Hawaii, possession of a half ounce of marijuana is a petty misdemeanor. Authorities aren't likely to extradite Houston, Hawaii County police said. But if she returns to the island, she could face 30 days in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

Houston's publicist didn't return VIBE's calls for comment.

ON JANUARY 13, A MANHATTAN grand jury, indicted Bad Boy Entertainment CEO Sean "Puffy" Combs on charges of

criminal possession of two 9 mm pistols. (At press time, Combs was scheduled to appear in court on February 14.)

The charges stem from the shooting of three people at Manhattan's Club New York this past December 27. Shortly after the shooting, police chased and then stopped Combs's Lincoln Navigator and found a loaded gun. Bad Boy rapper Jamal "Shyne" Barrow, who was arrested outside the club, was charged with attempted murder.

"Combs is innocent," said attorney Harvey Slovis, who is defending him along with high-

powered fellow lawyers Johnnie Cochran and Benjamin Brafman. "He never possessed a gun at any time on that evening."

ON JANUARY 18, R&B CROONER Donell Jones and two accomplices were charged with assault, menace, harassment, criminal possession of a weapon, unauthorized use of a vehicle, and criminal possession of stolen property. The charges relate to the November 27, 1999 incident in which the trio allegedly attacked and carjacked their limousine driver, who refused to drive them to buy drugs in upper Manhattan.

A full-page photograph of Lil' Kim. She is wearing a light blue cowboy hat, dark sunglasses, and a blue sequined bikini top. She has long, straight white hair and is posing with her hands on her hips. She is also wearing denim shorts. The background is a solid dark blue.

IceJeans
ICEBERG

LIL' KIM ICED THE NEW ALBUM NOTORIOUS K.I.M. AVAILABLE ON QUEEN BEE RECORDS

SOUND CHECK

Michael Rapaport has wanted to be in this column for a while. We first met at this club where I was spinning in SoHo, N.Y.C. He was like, "Yo, I know my shit. Put me down!" Then I spun at his bar, The Front, in TriBeCa. He'd chill in the booth with me and we'd talk about the Roots and Black Star.

Like many Hollywood types, Rapaport is a balla—a b-bollo. As a youngster, he played basketball for the Riverside Church Hawks in Harlem, which has produced more than 50 NBA players.

But Rapaport's main thing is acting. He was unforgettable as Remy in John Singleton's *Higher Learning* (Columbia, 1995); he also did his thing in *Cop Land* (Buena Vista, 1997) and *True Romance* (Warner Bros., 1993). But for all the major-studio movies he's done, he still gets with the independents, like Seth Zvi Rosenfeld's upcoming *King of the Jungle* (Rosefunk).

I caught Rapaport, who just wrapped Spike Lee's upcoming film *Bamboozled* (New Line), on a break before he started filming *Numbers* (Paramount), with John Travolta, and *The Sixth Day* (Columbia), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. As you'll see, my man is able to wax intelligent about intelligent wax.

Fresh 3 M.C.'s—"Fresh" (Profile, 1983)

M: You know I know this! "F-R-E-S-H. Fresh, fresh, fresh, yo, that's fresh!"

B: Can you rock it in reverse?

M: Yo, rock that part, please!

B: This is such a diddy-bop song.

M: Word, straight B-boy shit.

B: Cets used to position their bodies with their shoulders forward and their elbows way out. It looked so awkward, but it was a statement of being. Wait, here's the reverse part, check it....

M: Sounds like they're speaking in tongues. I got introduced to hip hop 'cuz my pops was the program manager at 92 WKTU—Disco 92 in New York City. Remember that station?

B: Of course.

M: That was my father's call, to play all disco in, like, '76, '77. He brought home Superhill Gang, [Afrika] Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash [& the Furious Five] records. Those were the songs they played on the radio. I was 6 or 7 years old.

BOBBITO PLAYS THE TRACKS. MICHAEL RAPAPORT STATES THE FACTS.

Poor Righteous Teachers—"Shakiyla (JRH)" (Profile, 1991)

M: Whatever happened to these dudes? They're dope. What was the main cat's name?

B: Wise Intelligent, out of Trenton, N.J.

M: And they had "Rock Dis Funky Joint." These dudes need to come back out. I like how they have singing right in the middle of the verse. I wonder whether that influenced the Fugees. PRT reminds me of Jaz. He was nice.

B: Aww man. "The Originators."

M: Yeah, the first song Jay-Z was ever on. Jaz introduced him. I equate Jaz with Wise Intelligent.

B: Well, they both have a multisyllabic style and they're both religious, so there's a parallel.

Femi Kuti—"Truth Don Die" (Polygram, 1999)

M: Where is this from?

B: Lagos, Nigeria.

M: Is it new? I definitely don't know this.

B: I didn't think you would: it's Fela Kuti's son Femi. Femi's very reminiscent of his pops, 'cuz he played sax as well.

M: Oh yeah. I read about both of them. What's their deal?

B: Fela was a politicized revolutionary who was put in jail. His music transmitted love and power through jazz, funk, and Afro beats. Every one of his albums is unequivocally a worthwhile purchase.

M: The club crowds probably love this one. You'd have to get them open first with more familiar shit, then hit them with that and kill 'em.

B: You should deejay.

M: I played a DJ in Zebrahead.

Mickey and the Soul Generation—"Iron Leg" (Maxwell, 1969)

M: The way it started was dope. This is dope funk shit.

In the light, Bobbito and Michael have some bright ideas



TINA CASEY



LOX ICED

IceJeans
ICEBERG

A large, high-contrast photograph of Mariah Carey singing into a microphone. She has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing a dark, possibly black, dress. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a stage setting. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and hair.

MARIAH CAREY

January 17, 2000, *S Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles*

She's a fantasy. She's a butterfly. She's a rainbow-colored daydream, and she's coming to an arena near you. That's right. This March 16, Mariah (isn't it about time she dropped that last name?) Carey embarks on her first national tour in seven years.

Her performance at this year's American Music Awards—where

her friend the rapper Nas joined her onstage for their hit duet, "Thank God I Found You (Remix)"—offered insight into how a little girl from Long Island, N.Y., became hip hop's answer to Celine Dion. She has a reported eight-octave voice. She looks great. And she's having fun. Pop stardom suits her. She wears it well.



maintain
**A BALANCED
DIET**
try all three



Indulge in a fresh, hot 'n juicy Wendy's Classic Hamburger. It's Hamburger Bliss!



© Copyright © 2003 Wendy's International, Inc. All rights reserved.



Late night in the city
and two strangers stop
for coffee.



He's driving the Dodge Neon.



She breaks the ice by asking how
he likes his new car. He
tells her the lines being spoiled.



This comes as no surprise to
her because she likes being
spoiled too.



"Another cup of coffee?"
he asks. "No," she says.



"How about a drive?"

Let's take a ride.

Think you can handle all the features the
Dodge Neon has to offer? Features like more
room to stretch out, more trunk space to fill up and
a six speaker cassette radio that puts more
bass in your face. If the answer is yes,
then you must enjoy being spoiled.
Let's take a ride.

Dodge Neon **Different.**

www.letsdodge.com



Always use seat belts. Remember a backseat is the safest place for children.

IN THE MIX

Hooray for Hollywood

START



1. *Boys Don't Cry* stars **CHLOË SEVIGNY** (left) and **HILARY SWANK** shed no tears at the movie's premiere party in N.Y.C. 2. **CHRIS ROCK**'s smile glistens like **JAY-Z**'s platinum pendant after the rapper's appearance on *Rock's* HBO talk show. 3. **ERYKAH BADU** rules the roost in hobo chic at the premiere party for *The Cider House Rules*. 4. What he did last summer notwithstanding, teen idol **FREDDIE PRINZE JR.** looks squeaky clean. 5. Are those new ears sprouting beneath **DAMON WAYANS**'s skully,

or is he just happy to see us at a recent party for *lenemen David LaChapelle*? 6. Directors **ABEL FERRARA** and **JOHN SINGLETON** talk shop at New York City's *Tony Shafrazi Gallery*. 7. No, they're not taking a break between video shoots. **BILL BELLAMY**, **BUSTA RHYMES**, and director **HYPE WILLIAMS** (from left) demonstrate how to floss in real life at N.Y.C.'s club *Floater*. 8. **OMAR EPPS** is deep in thought at the *In Too Deep* premiere party at *Manhattan's Key Club*. 9. The *Green Mile* star **MICHAEL**

CLARKE DUNCAN dukes it out with his grizzly costar **TOM HANKS** at the movie's premiere party at *Roseland* in N.Y.C. 10. Acting up! Action-film star **STEVEN SEAGAL** gets jiggy with **LISA "LEFT EYE" LOPES** at the *VH1/ Vogue Fashion Awards* party at *Club Chaos* in New York City. 11. Does **NIA LONG** have any flaws? Not here in her Hollywood pose at *The Best Man* premiere in N.Y.C. 12. Newly engaged **ERIC BENÉT** and **HALLE BERRY** cuddle up at club *Floater*. Written by Brett Johnson; edited by Duane Pyous

IN THE MIX 2

Nice it up



"Won't you help me sing these songs of freedom?" Bob Marley once asked. And at this past December's taping of TNT's "One Love" Bob Marley tribute concert in Oracabessa, Jamaica, 1. LAURYN HILL answered the call, joining ZIGGY MARLEY for a stirring rendition of "Redemption Song." 2. L-Boogie's beloved, ROHAN MARLEY, skanked by her side as she crooned "Turn Your Lights Down Low." 3. Chillin' backstage, ROBERT "NINJA" MARLEY JR. kept the steel balls in hand. 4. Dub poet and local radio personality MUTABARUKA made

the scene in customary Afrocentric style. 5. Legendary JIMMY CLIFF chose to sing Bob's defiant "Babylon System" because, in his words, "it addresses the system under which we live." 6. Musical director STEPHEN MARLEY rehearsed the lyrics to "Rat Race" with EVE. 7. A triumphant ERYKAH BADU was feeling the natural mystic as she joined LAURYN HILL (far right) and the whole crew for a showstopping rendition of "One Love." 8. JULIAN MARLEY rocked the fly camel-hair blazer with combat pants. 9. The GHETTO

YOUTHS INTERNATIONAL crew (Julian, Damian, and Stephen Marley, from left) sparked the crowd with a blazing performance of "Kaya." 10. KY-MANI MARLEY slipped into butter leathers for his moment in the spotlight. 11. ERYKAH BADU harmonized in every way with reggae diva MARCIA GRIFFITHS. 12. Bob's widow, RITA MARLEY (left), and his mother, CEDELLA MARLEY BOOKER, took it back to the essence. As it was in the beginning, so shall it be in the end.

Rob Kenner



It's a jungle out there.

So, take the smartest college course you can.
Hey, somebody has got to be king.



Look, the real world is real competitive. You may need more than good grades to have the kind of career you want. Enter Army ROTC. It's a unique college course that trains you to make split-second decisions, to manage your time and to be a leader. The skills you'll need to succeed in any profession. ROTC classes last just a few hours a week. You can take ROTC for up to two years without obligation. We also offer thousands of dollars in scholarships, plus money for textbooks and a monthly spending allowance. For more information, call **1-800-USA-ROTC** or visit our web site at **www.armyrotc.com**.

ARMY ROTC. THE SMARTEST COLLEGE COURSE YOU CAN TAKE.

GOING HOLLYWOOD

MUSICAL BIO

FIRST ON-SCREEN APPEARANCE

ACTING HIGH POINT

WILL SMITH

Born September 25, 1968 in Philadelphia. Formerly known as the Fresh Prince. Found musical success in the 1980s, with DJ Jazzy Jeff. Went solo in 1997 with multiplatinum CD *Big Willie Style* (Columbia). Largely responsible for cultural over saturation of term "gettin' jiggy with it." Otherwise, super-nice guy.



THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR (NBC, 1990)

Basically playing himself (a West Philly hip hop kid named "Will Smith" transplanted to a tony L.A. suburb), Smith becomes your grandmother's favorite black person on TV.



SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION (MGM, 1993)

Playing an aggressive gay hustler who preys on rich white folks' liberal guilt, Smith proves himself a convincing actor. Who knew the happy rap comedian had real dramatic chops?



ICE CUBE

Born O'Shea Jackson, June 15, 1969 in Los Angeles. Introduced America to "gangsta rap" in 1988 as a member of N.W.A. Has made six straight platinum albums since going solo in 1993. Once captured a generation's rage on records. Once one of the best MCs in rap. No longer.



BOYZ N THE HOOD (Columbia, 1991)

Depicting the desperate, nihilistic existence of Doughboy, a crack dealer in Reaganomics-ruined Los Angeles, Ice Cube immediately establishes himself as an acting force to be reckoned with.



THREE KINGS (Warner Bros., 1999)

In his most challenging role to date—a Muslim American G.I. in Muslim Iraq during the chaotic final days of the Gulf War—Cube gives a moving, nuanced performance. Proposed Oscar acceptance speech:

"Fuck ally'll!"



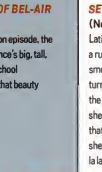
QUEEN LATIFAH

Born Dana Owens, March 18, 1970 in Newark. Associated with New York's Native Tongues collective. Debut *All Hail the Queen* (Tommy Boy, 1989) blended Afrocentric feminism with reggae-infused rapping and singing nearly a decade before Lauryn Hill did. Won Best Rap Solo Performance Grammy for "U.N.I.T.Y.," from the album *Block Reign* (Motown, 1993).



THE FRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR (NBC, 1990)

Guesting on a second-season episode, the Queen—as Dee Dee, the Prince's big, tall, tomboyish date for a high school dance—teaches the lesson that beauty is only skin-deep.



SET IT OFF (New Line, 1996)

Latifah shines as Cleo, a ruffneck, weed-smoking car thief turned bank robber. But the best part is when she plays butch mack to that fine-ass femme she keeps on call. Ooh la la. Brave choice.



L.L. COOL J

Born James Todd Smith, August 16, 1968 in Hollis, N.Y. Cornerstone artist of Def Jam Records' rap empire. Master of name-naming battle rhymes and sexy love raps. Has made six platinum albums. Licks lips a lot.



KRUSH GROOVE (Warner Bros., 1985)

Lanky kid with red Kamgot pulled low over his eyes barges into a record-company office. Before anyone can stop him, he calls for his beat—"Boz!"—and proceeds to lyrically tear down the universe.



CAUGHT UP (Live, 1998)

In the only worthwhile five minutes of one of the most confusing films ever made, L.L. gives an impressively understated performance as a caring husband and father. Hollis to Hollywood, and it's all good.

In the era of never-stop multitasking, big-time switch-bitters take their talents from rapsville to Tinseltown. Here's a look at four Billboard stars turned box-office champs.

ACTING LOW POINT

WILD WILD WEST

(Warner Bros., 1999)

Whose idea was it to make a hi-tech Western? Barry Sonnenfeld's bank-breaking megaflop was outshined by its title song—Smith's gold-selling, Stevie Wonder–chorus-jacking No. 1 pop hit.



HIGHER LEARNING

(Columbia, 1995)

The always-watchable Ice Cube gives it the old college try, but this on-campus drama crawls in circles at the speed of a snail—burdened with sophomore writer/director John Singleton's embarrassing embrace of politically correct attitudes and platitudes.



SPHERE

(Warner Bros., 1998)

Trapped far beneath the surface of the Pacific ocean, Latifah gets stung to death by thousands of alien jellyfish. Compared to actually sitting through this movie, however, that's getting off easy.



OUT OF SYNC

(Live, 1995)

L.L. profusely overacts in the role of a drug dealer turned DJ whose past catches up with him. Debbie Allen (yikes!) directs this highly unsophisticated mess, setting hip hop flicks back 10 years.

DOMESTIC BOX-OFFICE PEAK

INDEPENDENCE DAY

(20th Century Fox, 1996),

\$306,124,000 In one of Hollywood's all-time great big-budget schlockfests, Smith saves Earth from alien invasion with swagger and style. He's now the black Tom Cruise.



ANACONDA

(Columbia, 1997),

\$65,557,000 Adrift on the Amazon.



South Central Los Angeles Ice Cube and Jennifer Lopez battle Jon Voight (employing the worst South American accent anyone has ever heard) and a man-eating serpent. Big dumb fun. Big dumb hit.

THE BONE COLLECTOR

(Universal, 1999),

\$64,309,000 As a home nurse to Denzel Washington's paralyzed detective, Queen doesn't do much to help this grizzly, unimpressive thriller. Her mix of comedy and caring is all too familiar. On the bright side, portraying a decidedly non-hip-hop character in a mainstream hit bolsters her versatile acumen.

DEEP BLUE SEA

(Warner Bros., 1999),

\$73,648,000 Just about everybody except L.L. gets bitten in half by a giant, genetically enhanced shark (IQ six times that of a human being!). Now that's entertainment.



FORECAST

Costarring with the talented Mr. Matt Damon, Smith just wrapped producer/director Robert Redford's *The Legend of Boggie Vance* (DreamWorks). And he's reportedly up for the plum role of Muhammad Ali in Columbia Pictures' forthcoming bio epic. Can the \$20 million (per picture) man come back strong after the *Wild Wild West* fiasco?

Having written, produced, and starred in the video-rental megahit *Friday* (New Line, 1995) and this year's No. 1 smash sequel, *Next Friday*, Cube recently signed a two-picture deal with New Line. He's developing *Shadow Man*, based on the Akkaim comic-book series, and *Pimp*, based on the Iceberg Slim novel. The man who once rapped, "Burn, Hollywood, burn" is now set to become a certified movie mogul.

Her daytime talk show, *The Queen Latifah Show*, was recently renewed for a second season on Fox; she's set to begin voice-over work on an animated feature; and she begins shooting her next live-action film this summer. Could Queen Latifah be a doper Oprah for the 21st century?



L.L.'s currently shooting *Perfume* (Manifesto), starring as a rapper (what a stretch) who gets wrapped up in the glitzy world of high fashion. But his future in Hollywood seems mighty bright: His manager, Chris Lighty, just forged a partnership with industry bigwig Michael Ovitz. In biz talk, that spells "synergy."

DOMEPiECE

FREESTYLE, NO REHEARSAL

Freaky Tales

RUDY RAY MOORE as told to Shaheem Reid

"He's the greatest rapper of all time," says comparative new jack Snoop Dogg of famed comedian Rudy Ray Moore. "He's a trendsetter. There would be no real niggaz like me if he didn't lay the foundation." See, back in the 1970s, "Uncle Rudy," as Snoop calls his childhood hero, used to kick dirty rhymes as part of his infamous stand-up routines. ("I fucked Siamese twins / They were joined at their spine / Stuck it in one's pussy / Made it come out the other's behind.") Moore's rawer-than-raw stylings have had a huge influence on hip-hop—everyone from Big Daddy Kane to Kool Keith to Dr. Dre has sampled his work or asked him to appear on their records.

But the self-proclaimed "last standing king of comedy" (Moore cites Redd Foxx as his only real peer) has more to offer than his lyrical skills. When the wave of blaxploitation flicks hit in the early '70s, Moore was on the front line as an actor, writer, and director. His groundbreaking 1975 comedy, *Dolemite* (Dimension), set the standard for guerrilla filmmakers like *Muster P* and *Luther Campbell*. Rudy Ray's character pulled more girls than *The Mack* and kicked more ass than *Shaggy*—all, of course, in the name of good humor.

I got my start from a comedy album called *Eat Out More Often* (Kent, 1970). *Dolemite* [one of the characters featured on the album] got very strong. But I needed to advance my career. So I took the money that I made on that record and shot the *Dolemite* movie.

I was really frightened because I had to finance the picture myself, and people told me that it wouldn't work. They said, "You're a fool." It cost 20 grand, and nobody came forward to help me. I had a strong stage act, so I hit the road—barstorming. Meaning, you may not have a booking anywhere, but you'd say, "We've come to town. We'd like to do a night in your club." We'd pass out flyers and handbills and do a show. I'd send those monies back to Hollywood to my editor to cut the film. I walked the streets of the United States for 13 months to make enough money to edit the movie.

Dolemite made its world premiere in Chicago on Memorial Day, 1975. It played all night at the Woods Theatre. My picture was a very inexpensive production, about \$90,000, and it stood out front with those big-budget pictures. And today, 25 years later, it's still showing in theaters and is a smash on videocassette.

Back in the '70s, the "black groups" never invested in a motion picture of any type. When we went out and did it ourselves, it scorned them.

The black groups were the ones that were down on blaxploitation. They thought we were exploiting our people. But we weren't. Black actors have always had to do roles that were unfavorable to us as a people. So when I came along, I picked a type of satire that we could enjoy ourselves—not be kicked in the ass. I reversed it. And because *Dolemite* was so hard-hitting, it worked. People lined the streets to see it. [Had] I done the kind of film that they wanted me to do—with a message of church and all that in it—

"Black actors have always had to do roles that were unfavorable to us as a people. So I picked a type of satire we could enjoy."

my life would've died at the box office the very first hour.

But I'm a little disgusted. With all the greatness I've shown, only a handful of comedians have paid their proper respect. Eddie Murphy was shooting a picture, and I passed by and walked through the line and some guard grabbed me. I told him, "Get your hands off of me!" And Eddie ran out of the set and said, "Aww, Dolemite!" He got me to his dressing room and asked me to do a film with him. That was the greatest day in my life. But after seven years, he's never given me what he offered me. If I were a weak man, I would've been dead now because of the anxiety I'm feeling from it.

Steve Harvey, Bernie Mac, Cedric the Entertainer [and D.L. Hughley] have a [tour] called *Kings of Comedy*. I am the undisputed king of comedy. They haven't had the respect to ask me to join them for even one night. Is it that they're afraid that I'm so hot I'll burn up the stage?

So I'm coming with my own review—*Rudy Ray Moore Is Dolemite: The Original King of Comedy*—and I'm doing my new movie, *Dolemite* 2000. I still have to pull [myself] up from the bootstraps, but I'm proud that I can do it without the big system coming forth to give me help. ■



THE JOINTZ YOU WANT ON SALE!



D'ANGELO
Voodoo



MACY GRAY
On How Life Is



SISQO
Enter The Dragon



GHOSTFACE KILLAH
Supreme Clientele



TRACY CHAPMAN
Telling Stories



MONTELL JORDAN
Get It On...Tonight



DESTINY'S CHILD
The Writing's On The Wall



JENNIFER LOPEZ
On The 6



BLAQUE
Blaque

With over 500 stores nationwide, Wherehouse Music is your local source for beats and rhytmes.

We've got thousands of CDs, hundreds always on sale, like the ones shown here.

Call **1-800-WHEREHOUSE** for locations.

Learn more about these albums before you buy them at **CheckOut.com**

WHEREHOUSEmusic

CheckOut.com interviews • previews • reviews

LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS WHILE YOU'RE LISTENING TO MUSIC.™

WHEREHOUSEmusic NEW RELEASES

JUST RELEASED

Run-DMC
Black Rob
Gerald Levert
MARCH 14TH
Da 504 Boyz
DJ Dan
Sammie

MARCH 21ST

50 Cent
Ice Cube
MARCH 28TH
Scarface

APRIL 4TH

Big Pun
G.B. Finest
Babyface
APRIL 18TH
Whitney Houston
MC Eiht
Toni Braxton
Next

APRIL 25TH

Lil' Kim
Kobe Bryant
COMING SOON
Vernon Reid

Maxwell
Macy Gray (w/Mya)
Murders, Inc.
Beanie Sigel
Ghetto Superstar

(Soundtrack)

Snoop Dogg's Greatest
Hits

Lil' Zane
Do Or Die
Cypress Hill
Jon B

Hard Knock Tour Live
Erykah Badu
Dead Prez
U.G.K.
Drag On
Guy
Nature
S. Morel

Release dates subject to change.
For more detailed new release dates,
visit our website at www.CheckOut.com

Sale dates: 2/29-3/27/2000. #200395

VIBE CONFIDENTIAL

EVERYTHING You Wanted to Know BEFORE You're Supposed to Know It

Dear devoted readers, just how deep is your love for **VC**? Like, would you still love us if we lost our impeccable taste ("What do you mean our **Montell Jordan**-style cow-print pony-skin jogging suit is played out?") or suddenly turned dyslexic ("CV hears that **D.O.B.** of the **U-Twang Clan** just signed to **Duff Dappy's Yo Bbed Records**. But keep it on the LD!")? What if we lost touch with reality ("**Angie Martinez** and **Amil**—the new **Biggie** and **Pac**!")? Or what if **VC** went bankrupt and couldn't share tales of life in the jiggy lane ("Oooh, readers, your **VC** just spent a whirlwind weekend traipsing through tony **Newark** in search of the most fabulous hoagies on the Eastern seaboard")? All right. All right. Don't break into a rash. **VC's** team of spin doctors, e-therapists, and diet gurus will maintain our strict quality control. Although we do admit that our 24-hour on-call money manager is worried about



Titanic hip hop style: "We rock Icebergs, Icebergs don't rock us"

our depleted bank account. Hmmm. *Note to selves: Call Chris Lighty and partner Mona Scott to see if VC can get some of that big Violator scrilla.* Oh, you didn't hear? Lighty and Scott just made the ill power move by joining forces with Hollywood super-powerbroker **Michael Ovitz** to head up a new urban-entertainment division of Ovitz's **Artists Management Group**. AMG already manages the

careers of stars like **Samuel L. Jackson** and planets like **The Leo (DiCaprio)**, but, according to our secret source, Ovitz was desperate to beef up his feeble music division, whose marquee player was singer/songwriter **Liz Phair** (boring!). Ovitz first courted **Puff Daddy**, but for the past nine months he's been powwowing with Chris Lighty, whose Violator Management directs rap stars **Missy**

Elliott, **Busta Rhymes**, **Q-Tip**, and **Mobb Deep**, among others. It gave **VC** the chills to see Ovitz declare, "Hip hop has become a cultural reference point for the world.... What began as a musical movement is now a part of everyday life—no matter who you are." Yay us! And yay Violator! Now let's work on replacing **Jim Carrey** as the star of *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas* with **Busta Bus**!... **VC** hears that **Destiny's Child** are growing apart to pursue solo projects (shall we say Destiny's Children then? *Nò, Nò, Nò, Nò, Nò, Nò*). On another note, we hear that two of the group's lovely songbirds, **LaToya Luckett** and **LaTavia Roberson**, are making beautiful music with a pair of **Jagged Edge** twins, **Brasco** (Brian Casey) and **Case Dinero** (Brandon Casey). At least we know just who's got the keys to their Ranges, don't we? But this is all off the record, strictly on the QT, and, of course, very hush-hush.

HOT LIST VC IS MORE THAN JUST A GOSSIP COLUMN, IT'S A LIFESTYLE

This month, **VC** mandates that our hip hop devotees infiltrate every possible aspect of life with some semblance of ghetto fabulousness. **KRS-One**, circa 1989: "You must learn!" **VC**, circa 2000: "You must rap-censorize!" This means before you send off that rent check, stick nothing less than a **Hip Hop Culture** stamp on it from the United States Postal Service's 1980s series of "Celebrate the Century" limited-edition stamps. We love that 158,509 people voted to include this break-

dancer stamp in the series, but we hate that it barely made the cut, ranking 15th out of 15 (below



the likes of the **Cabbage Patch Kids** stamp)... **VC** also loves that, by some twist of cultural

fate, for ghetto-fab initiates from Brooknem to Oaktown it's practically a rite of passage to wear the same high-priced rainbow-hued Australian cardigan that many a **Boca Raton** retiree does. But that's the beauty of **Coogi**. From **Biggie** to **Bob Hope**, everyone loves **Coogi** gear. Well, **VC** takes it to the next level by refusing to sleep on anything but our luxurious **Coogi** Casa blankets and pillows. Wait till you see their upcoming goodies—



think **Coogi** jeans end even patterned shoes. And **VC** hears that the first-ever **New York Coogi** store is opening this year. Make way for the players!

Individually
wrapped for
pocket-lint
protection.



STARBURST® HARD CANDY

Free one from its wrapper and you'll be rewarded
with a blast of Long-Lasting fruit juiciness. unless,
of course, you like the taste of fuzz.

give it some juice™

www.starburst.com

THE VIBe SPOT



Photo Credits: Johnny Nunez (1-5, 11-12), Daryl Cox (6-8), Matteo Conneretto (9-9)

Sensual Sergio...VIBE New York subscribers and Sergio Valente shoppers headed down to Canal Jean Co. to check out the latest styles. DJ Fa-Dee kept the shoppers movin' as they hit the racks. VIBE events manager Ahna Biddle, Canal Jeans' Jodi L. Lewis, and VIBE assistant event manager Ali Muhammad watch the registers ring from the sidelines.

VIBE Got It On...Def Soul Recordings and VIBE magazine celebrate Montell Jordan's latest CD release, *Get It On... Tonight at NYC's China Club*. Montell gives the crowd a taste of how he gets it on...onstage. (L-R) Chairman Island/Def Jam Music Group Jim Caparro, chairman Def Jam/Def Soul Recordings Russell Simmons, and president Def Jam/Def Soul Kevin Liles celebrate with Montell. (L-R) Executive vice president, Black Music Arista Lionel Ridenour, assistant music editor Shaheem Reid, and national music sales and marketing director Winnie Bernier head for Martell Cognac bar to toast Montell on his hot performance.

VIBE2K...Martell Cognac, Tastemakers Inc., and VIBE celebrate the new year with a gala at NYC's posh American Bar & Grill. (L-R) Ballers every year: Jay Norris, president Tastemakers Inc.; New York Entertainment's Bernard Brown; and Laurent Martell. Jay Norris; Ron Williams, Diamond Entertainment Group; and Jerry Erasmus, sportstyle marketing director of

Nike, light 'em up. (L-R) Veronica Stewart of Willow Consulting, Frank Cilione, owner NV Bar & Lounge NYC & East Hampton, and Caroline Cohan, associate publisher Tastemakers magazine.

Shaft Goes to Italy...Giorgio Armani, VIBE magazine, and special invited guests Samuel L. Jackson and Q-Tip celebrate the men's shows in Italy and the upcoming remake of *Shaft*. (L-R) VIBE editor-in-chief Emil Wilbekin and VIBE fashion manager Beverly Smith show Giorgio Armani public relations of editorial Kristan Larsen what it means to be ghetto fabulous.

10 Even Emporio Armani vp of special events Molly Laub had to 'Breathe and Stop' and watch the crowd party.

BAMfans... Martell Cognac, MECCA, and VIBE sponsor the Brooklyn Academy of Music's performance of 'Party 'Til The End of Time' with a hot postshow party at the BAMcafé. Anna Biddle, Dao Yi director of special events MECCA, and VIBE sportswear manager Beth Gillies celebrate the hot show. 12 Black Thought of the Roots, Laurent Martell and friend, Sincere Thompson, president Frontline Marketing, and Corey Glover. Special thanks to Angie Comiteau, Nikki Lilavois, Adam Armstrong-Silva, and the entire staff at BAM for making the evening such a success.



ADC
American Dream Center



Top row, from left: D.U., Az-Izz, Aze, DJ Muhammed; bottom row, from left: Yah Yah, Pace Won, Young Zee, NawShis; Denzy, not pictured

NEXT

PEOPLE ON THE VERGE

OUTSIDAZ

The motley crew

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIN PATRICE O'BRIEN

While a thunderstorm of biblical proportions manhandles Manhattan, Newark's nine-man Outsidadz crew is busy fumigating a Time Warner boardroom with billows of Brick City weed. Their heads pop through the dank haze—Young Zee, Pece Won, D.U., Denzy, Yah Yah, Az-Izz, Aze, NawShis, and DJ Muhammed.

While the Outsidadz engage in a heated debate on whether *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* is better than the stoner farce *Half Baked*, Young Zee—whose girlfriend is extended cliquester Reh Digge—dishes the group's capsule history: "At a New Year's party in '91, kids was talking about how frash they was, so we went outside and started battling. Then Pace and D.U. walked by, and we took everybody out."

From this trio the crew began to build, taking their moniker from the classic flick of tragic adolescence *The Outsiders*. "A lot of bad shit that happened in the movie happened to our group," explains D.U. "For us, seeing Johnny land up in the hospital was like seeing [slain group member] Slang Ton pass. And how they live and hang out in their house is like us." (The Outsidadz have a studio/living space they call the Outhouse.)

While a bionic shooehorn couldn't fully cram all the Outz' personalities onto their debut EP, *Night Life* (Ruff Life), the seven songs therein are a tasty teaser of their yet-to-be-titled full-length, due in May. The boot-stompanthem "The Rah Rah" sets the tone for the up-tempo party CD that's in line with the Brick City vibe. The group's beloved affiliate Eminem—who's been cool with Pace Won since he met him in a Detroit airport in '95—delivers a chronic-inspired verse on "Rush Ya Clique." "It was cheez when you first got in the studio," says Em of the recording process with his peeps. "So many muthafuckers, they're all talented and everybody wants to rap."

And today, everybody wants to rep in the boardroom—for their favorite gut buster. "Mini-Me, you complete me," mimics D.U. while making his case for *Austin Powers* to no avail. Although the Outz can't agree on the all-time supreme comedy, they do unanimously concur that it's their time to shine. "Niggas gotta step up and take no shit," says Zee. "I ain't ever been afraid to put my balls on the table."

Peter Relic

NEXT

PEOPLE ON THE VERGE

KOBE BRYANT

Athlete's tongue

PHOTOGRAPH BY KWAKU ALSTON

O kay, Sherlock, we know Kobe Bryant is way past the verge of stardom. As an All-Star shooting guard for the Los Angeles Lakers, he gets thousands of NBA fans screaming with excitement every other night. Bryant's baseline drives are as smooth as Nete Dogg's vocals, and his slam dunks bump like a gritty bass line from a DJ Premier track.

Now, with his debut rap album, *Visions* (Columbia), due in March, the 21-year-old is poised to follow in the footsteps of teammate Shaquille O'Neal (who he occasionally exchanges verses with in the locker room) and prove that his skills aren't limited to flying above the rim. Although Bryant realizes being the man on the hardwood is no guarantee that you can actually hold it down in the studio (NBA stars/inept MCs like Gary Payton and Jason Kidd can attest to that), *Visions* proves his wordsmith capabilities are ample enough to allow him to play with the big dogs.

"People are gonna be surprised," Bryant says self-assuredly. "Toward the latter stages [of recording], I felt real comfortable. I was like, 'I got this shit!'" In fact, tonight in his Milwaukee hotel room—on the eve of a game against the Bucks—Bryant's more pressed with defending the unproven mike skills of his homegirl than he is his own.

"Tyra can sing," he says of supermodel Tyra Banks, who makes her singing debut on *Visions*' first single, the buoyant "K.O.B.E." Destiny's Child, the Roots' Black Thought, 50 Cent, and Beanie Sigel also support the hoopster on the CD.

"The album is pretty hard. People expect me to come a little bit more commercial than I did," says Bryant. "At first it was all battle raps, but I really wanted to give the total picture of the stuff going on around me, like money, jewelry, women, and trust issues."

Nevertheless, money, hoes, and clothes aren't the only things this player knows. He also knows how to win. The following night, after No. 8 scores 22 points as the Lakers thrash the Bucks, he's convinced that he'll be just as successful rapping as he is playing on his championship-contending team. "[On the mike] you want respect. If I want something I'm gonna get it. Just buy the album and see for yourself."

Isaac Paris



*The Captain
was here*

www.rum.com Enjoy our rum responsibly.

Puerto Rican Rum with spices and other natural flavors. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof) © 2004 Captain Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD.

©pyright

NEXT

PEOPLE ON THE VERGE

MARY MARY Sister to sister

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHALLENGE RODDIE

Erica and Tina Atkins have been singing the Lord's praises at the top of their lungs since their adolescent days in Inglewood, Calif.

But when you hear these siblings, known as Mary Mary, don't expect anything reminiscent of an old hymn. Even if you give their debut, *Thankful*, just a cursory listen, you'd swear you were hearing the next big thing in R&B and hip hop. And guess what? You probably are.

"A lot of people think gospel is supposed to sound sad and simple," says 28-year-old Erica. "When people hear us, they're surprised."

It was that distinctive sound that attracted producer Warryn "Smiley" Campbell (Total, Dru Hill) to the duo after he saw them perform in a traveling gospel play in '96. He honed their chops by landing them background-singing gigs with the likes of Brandy, Brian McKnight, Kenny Lattimore, and Eric Benét. Impressed with their songwriting skills, Campbell also finessed a publishing deal for Mary Mary with EMI Music. A recording contract soon followed.

As Columbia's first full-fledged nonsecular artists, the sister act is poised to make the "G" in Y2G stand for gospel grooves. Featuring tracks like "I Sing," with its heart-palpitating bass, and the machine-gun funk-ed-out "What a Friend," *Thankful* will have you bouncing in the clubs on Saturday or stomping your feet in church on Sunday.

"We aim to sound like something that's going on right now. I'm an R&B, pop, and rock fan," says Tina, 25. "Our lyrics are undeniably gospel, but the [beats come from] the kind of music that we like."

Ready to introduce themselves to the world, Mary Mary insist people shouldn't fear their spiritual theme. "I don't know why people think the message of God is only for some," says Tina. "God is for everybody." Amen, sista.

Martine Bury

Erica (left) and Tina Atkins

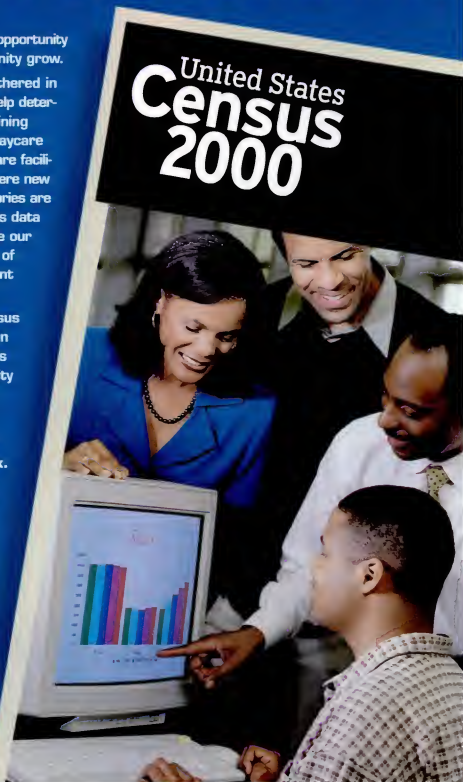
A FORM OF OPPORTUNITY.

Census 2000 is an opportunity to help our community grow.

The information gathered in Census 2000 can help determine where job training centers, schools, daycare centers and healthcare facilities are needed. Where new businesses and factories are built. And it's Census data that helps determine our fair share of billions of dollars in government funding.

So, when your Census form arrives, fill it in and mail it back. It's a form of opportunity for our community.

Census 2000.
This is our future.
Don't leave it blank.





NEXT

PEOPLE ON THE VERGE

LITTLE X The Visionary

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAGDALENA CARIS

This year I want to concentrate on getting better," says director Little X while waiting for D'Angelo to arrive on the set. "I've done my worst work lately trying to make videos everybody would like."

Tonight, X is at the center of the frenzy that comes with directing BET's new commercial starring the king of neo-soul. Whether or not the Toronto-bred wunderkind is being overly critical of his last few productions, the 24-year-old has emerged as one of the industry's directors to watch. During the past two years, X has helmed videos for Eric Benét, Chris Rock, Montell Jordan, Total, DMX, and Redman—and successfully displayed

his quaint imagination in the process.

"I come up with concepts and people look at me like I'm crazy all the time," explains X while surveying the lush Manhattan apartment that serves as tonight's location.

X first had an outlet for his off-kilter visions while working as a production assistant at Canada's version of MTV, MuchMusic. There, he worked on the channel's urban-themed shows, *Soul in the City* and *Rapcity*, and discovered his urge to direct.

"Messing with the camera was a creative outlet," he says. Before that, I just wanted to draw."

After reading about preeminent music-video director Hype Williams in VIBE (June/July 1995),

















X negotiated an internship at Williams's Big Dog Films and moved to N.Y.C. "Hype opened the door for me to do this," he says. "He's like a big brother."

Five years later, X, who earned his name through his outspoken opinions (people called him "Little Malcolm X" as a teen), now stands side by side with his big bro, locking down the music-video game. But the shot caller still wants to add more creativity and humor to his directing.

"Who cares about half the shit you see these days?" X says before tending to D'Angelo, who just arrived. "Another hip hop video shot in a club...I'd rather do something different and fail than do something mediocre and succeed." *Andréa Duncan*

Robert Downey Jr. Gary Hoffman Allan Houston Jared Leto Method Man Paololiann
Nolan Phillips Power Raekwon Schiffer Shields Tyson Wood

BLACK AND WHITE

SCREEN GEMS PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH **PALM PICTURES** A FILM BY JAMES TOBACK "BLACK AND WHITE" IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER ROBERT DOWNEY JR. GABY HOFFMANN JARED LETO JOE PANTOLIANO
POWER RAEKOWN CLAUDIA SCHIFFER BROOK SHIELDS BEN STILLER MIKE TYSON ELIJAH WOOD CASTING BY MARIO DIGILIANO AND STEPHANIE CORSALINI ASSISTANT CASTING BY ALMIRA VELIODELOGLU PRODUCTION DESIGNER JENNIFER ROTH
       
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ARTHUR PRESSMAN MARK BURG OREN KOULES PRODUCED BY RODMAN MAJO WRITTEN BY MICHAEL MAILER DANIEL CABEL PERFORMER RON ROTZOLF EDITOR JAMES TOBACK
PALM PICTURES        
www.sony.com/blackandwhite
LIONEL LINCOLN MUSIC BY JOHN TERRY CAROL KAY ALL RIGHTS RESERVED © 1999 PALM PICTURES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

IN THEATERS SPRING 2000

PELLE  **PELLE**

MARC BUCHANAN









D ANGELO

SOUL MAN

After five long years, **D'Angelo** has blessed us with his otherworldly sophomore album, *Voodoo*. *dream hampton* talks to R&B's ruffneck Romeo about the inspiration behind his music: growing up in the church, the birth of his son, and channeling old souls.

Photographs by **DAH LEN**

"...tarry...until ye be endued with power from on high"—Luke 24:49

D'Angelo was raised Pentecostal. Speaking in tongues. The Holy Ghost coming down on the anointed. Shouting and tarrying. Sanctified. Pentecostalism is to Christianity what hip hop is to black music. It's hardcore. Pentecostalsists don't call the way they worship by its ancient name. To call their religion ancestor worship would be considered blasphemous. By the time D'Angelo was a small boy, his grandparents had broken away from the other Pentecostalsists in Virginia. In relatively rural Richmond, his grandfather forbade his family to interact—on any level—with other sanctified church members or Baptists. "They were strict," D'Angelo says. But they wielded influence over their family because of their deep spirituality. They "had the power," he says.

All his life, D'Angelo has watched the

ing an evil tongue. I had never heard it before, but I knew it was evil. And this brother from the church, he and the evangelist tried to get it out of her—to exorcise her. And she was screaming, 'No! No!' She crawled out of there on all fours. There was a graveyard out back, and she was jumping on the hoods of cars. And the whole church went out and made a circle around her and started praying and singing. Then my grandfather laid hands on her. And it was over." At the time, Michael D'Angelo Archer, the youngest of three sons of a sanctified preacher (himself the son of a preacher) and a "powerful" mother, was 12.

D'Angelo recorded his long-awaited new album, *Voodoo* (Virgin), at Electric Lady Studios, which Jimi Hendrix built on Eighth Street in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. The studio pet, a white cat named Jimi, would follow D'Angelo around and curl up in his lap while D worked out some lyrical or chord. And of course, he has nightmares about conjuring Marvin Gaye. Yes, he knows that on "Untitled (How Does It Feel)," the single from *Voodoo*, he sounds like Prince; it's an homage. He was

and on about this song that was making them rich weeks before radio broke it.) With an 8-track sensibility, keys that recalled their organs, and D'Angelo's often incomprehensible but guided falsetto, *Brown Sugar*'s album (EM) was the early tremor of what lovers of soul hoped would be a seismic shift, a repatriation, if you will, to real music. There were a couple of funky bands (whose members played instruments) that managed to break through back then; actually there were exactly two: Tony Toni Toné, who were headed for a breakup, and Mint Condition, who seemed locked in some powerful curse that kept them from the success and recognition they deserved. Mostly what was passing for R&B were Jodeci knockoffs. Actual soul music—music where notes sounded wet like teardrops—music delivered to our parents by Minnie Riperton, Al Green, and the Isley Brothers—was like a distant memory. *Brown Sugar* was the elixir no one knew to want. Like a promise made in silence, fulfilled. Then we began to learn who D'Angelo was; scouring his CD cover for the standard Babyface or Teddy Riley production credit, we were alarmed to learn

"WHEN YOU WITNESS A BIRTH, THAT'S DEFINITELY A TRUE WORK OF GOD," SAYS D'ANGELO. "I JUST FELL ON MY KNEES AND CRIED."

faithful become occupied by spirits—what in Haitian voodoo ceremonies is called “being mounted.” For in a sanctified church—where women aren’t allowed to wear pants or makeup, male leaders are titled elders, church mothers stand alert in white nurse’s uniforms prepared to revive anyone overcome with the Spirit, and service is several days a week and many hours long—if there is no mounting, there is no true salvation. When D’Angelo’s older brother Rodney was 9, he caught the Holy Ghost. Began speaking in ancient tongues. “I was scared,” D’Angelo admits now, “because I could see how real it was. He was taken over. Completely.” Possessed.

"I saw this one lady, she used to catch demons," he continues. "She used to always catch 'em. And one night at this revival in the mountains, she caught a demon. She was going out of her way to disrupt. She ripped the Bible apart. She was being sexual. Stripping. Foaming at the mouth. She was speak-

channeling the dirty mind The Artist abandoned for Jehovah. But *Voodoo* isn't about them. It's about his grandmother and grandfather. And tambouines. And the tarrying that still goes on till four in the morning. Because sometimes it's slow-coming, baring one's soul. Becoming naked to God, vulnerable to the ancestors. And their ancient tongues. Sometimes it takes three whole years of tarrying to call Spirit down.

When "Brown Sugar," D'Angelo's first single (from the album of the same name), dropped in the spring of '95, Rakwon ruled the streets, Biggie ran the radio, and Tupac was recovering from gunshot wounds in a prison cell. Twenty-one-year-old D'Angelo and his sticky ode to cannabis seemed to come out of nowhere; he simply could not have been anticipated. Black radio gave the single a cautious embrace then caught up as momentum for the record soared. (I distinctly remember my stripper girlfriends from Detroit going on

that he'd written, produced, arranged, and performed the album *himself*—as a teenager, in his bedroom in Richmond. This kind of self-containment, delivered from the edge of nowhere hadn't been witnessed since...well, since Prince.

D'Angelo became a major story. R. Kelly would earn and keep the crown of R&B king, but D'Angelo was something deeper. He became a symbol for integrity and musicianship and artistry. An ambassador for something so old it was new. As other soulful artists, like Erykah Badu and Rahsaan Patterson, followed him, journalists scrambled for a name for this "new" category of music. Neo-soul, retro-roots—but none of them truly stuck. When other singers, like Chico DeBarge and Maxwell, submitted their efforts, they, too, were lumped into this category. With *Voodoo*, a brave deconstruction of his sound, D'Angelo has pushed the game even further than he had before. As prodigious jazz trumpeter Roy

BROTHER RAP

Roots drummer **AHMIR "2UESTLOVE" THOMPSON** spent a large part of the last five years in front of a drum kit at New York City's Electric Lady Studios, working percussion and cowriting four songs for D'Angelo's new epic, *Voodoo*. Hardcore music heads, the two share tastes, influences, and knowledge. On the eve of the record's release, the singer gave the drummer some.

AHMIR: Okay, you ready?

D'ANGELO: [Eyes the tape recorder] Man, you can't use the tape recorder.

Oh, you're really on some Prince shit now, huh? Okay, let's start with the dirt. For as long as I've known you, you've never liked anything "clean" or "polished." [Note to ladies: D despises fire-red nail polish on the toes...perhaps it tastes bad?] You even describe your thing as "nasty dirt." Why do you embrace the dirt so much?

"From the rain to the dirt / From the vine to the wine..."

Why do you love the bottom so much?

'Cause that's the earth. To me, George Clinton's concept of funk was a rejection of the establishment. He was getting shit from Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone. And they were the antithesis of what the soulsville thing was. I mean, James Brown's shit was funky up to a point, but his band was still clean, Apaloesque [R&B revues playing the Apollo Theatre would traditionally dress in suits and ties], a Sam-and-Dave-type thing. George was anti all that. His shit was like...[D'Angelo folds his arms and chills, Run-D.M.C.-style circa 1985]...niggas! Y'know, dig your hand up yo' ass and pull that wedgie out if you have to. That was funk. See, I was always tryin' to make hip hop without having to sound like R&B. Then, when I heard the Meters—that right there moved me. I was like, Damn, that's what I'm after!

Would you say *Vaadaa* is that vision manifested?

Yeah, but not fully. I feel like it's the beginning of it.

One of the most common things you hear about *Vaadaa* is the comparison to Marvin Gaye. I look at your life and there are so many parallels to Marvin's. Just look: You both were prodigies at a young age; you both were rebels. I see his love-hate relationship with Berry Gordy as analogous to yours with your former manager Kedar Massenburg. I see his relationship with an older woman, [Gordy's sister] Anna Gordy, as being like yours with your ex-girlfriend Angie Stone. He made classic records; you're making them too. He was the son of a preacher; so are you. Why do you hate talking about Marvin in interviews so much?

'Cause I don't want people to think that I keep harping on his life. Tryin' to be him. Plus, the connection that I have with him...is...his music is genius. But his life scares me.

What is the fear?

The fear is when I look in the mirror. I see him, in some *Sixth Sense* way.

You see him?

Not as in, "I think I'm Marvin Gaye," but I know he's there.... I'm sorry.

So where were you on April 1, 1984?

In church with my dad. We had left church, went to my cousin's house, opened the door, and, with a smile on his face, my cousin was like, "Yo! Marvin Gaye got shot by his father!" I mean, he wasn't smiling, but he

wasn't somber, either. It was like he was watching the soaps. Like, *Guess what happened?* I thought it was a joke 'cause it was April Fool's Day. Then I turned on the news.

Did you idolize Marvin at that point?

Well, I knew about "Let's Get It On" and "Sexual Healing," but I hadn't really gotten into him. But after that day, I couldn't listen to his shit. It wasn't a conscious effort; I just couldn't listen to it. If his song came on in the car I would throw temper tantrums to my mom: "Cut it off! Cut it off!" ... Yo, one night I had a nightmare about him. And when I woke up from the dream I turned on the radio and "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" was on. I was going crazy.... Ahhhhhh!

Do you feel like you took on Marvin's pain?

No. I just feel like...his spirit.

Is this embarrassing for you to talk about?

I just don't want to make light of this.... I don't want motherfuckers looking at me like I'm some spook.

I feel you. I believe it. Perhaps God let him see who was gonna carry the torch. But on a lighter note: How about the night we played

with Prince? [On July 23, 1997, 2uestlove and D'Angelo joined one of their musical heres for an impromptu performance in New York City.]

Ya, men. That night was surreal....

Remember when he forgot the bridge to "Ballad of Dorothy Parker"?

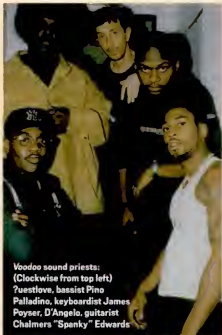
We had his back, though. I just want to work with him more. Make him do some '82 shit with the deep drums and the synth. I wanna see him go there again. Back to some raw funk shit.

Okay. Last question: Are you getting head in that video?

[Laughs]

So you're not going to answer that?

No.



Voodoo sound priests: (Clockwise from top left) 2uestlove, bassist Pino Palladino, keyboardist James Poyser, D'Angelo, guitarist Chalmers, "Spanky" Edwards

Hargrove, who plays on *Voodoo*, puts it, "D'Angelo has set the standard for other artists." Even other renowned musicians recognize—D'Angelo is virtually peerless.

That there was a five-year gap between *Brown Sugar* and *Voodoo* is something of a story in itself. Of the half-dozen cover stories and feature articles you'll read on D'Angelo, most will begin with the fact that his sophomore album took so long to be completed. In the record industry, he's accused of being indulged beyond reason, in a marketing sense. His cover of "She's Always in My Hair" from the *Scream 2* soundtrack (Capitol, 1997) was like a hand-written letter to Prince, but it never received a promotional push and remained a kind of secret between them. The one original song that dropped between the release of the first and second albums, the brilliant "Devil's Pie" from the *Belly* soundtrack (Def Jam, 1998), signaled the funkier, more experimental direction D'Angelo was headed in but was perhaps too self-indulgent for fans hoping for another melodious standard like "Lady." Raphael Saadiq, who cocreated "Untitled," says D'Angelo is hyperaware of pushing the limits

with D'Angelo. "I felt like he approached the album as if it were a celebration. 'Send It On' jump-started the project, and I credit our son for that. The song had a spiritual overtone that came with revelation and faith and 'Thank you, God, for such a beautiful gift.'" In the end, the album's beleaguered release date came down to just that—releasing *Voodoo*. The record had become, during the three years he recorded it, very much like another child—a baby to him and the people who helped create it. After thousands of hours of experimenting and free flowing, Roots drummer and D'Angelo's "copilot" on the album, Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson, and Russell "The Dragon" Elevado, D's indefatigable and loyal engineer, had a hard time letting go of the experience of making *Voodoo*. "I didn't want it to end," D'Angelo told Ahmir on the Tuesday in January that the album hit record stores. "Me either, man," replied Ahmir, "me either."

D'Angelo insists that the length of time it took to deliver *Voodoo* wasn't about some slack work ethic or all-consuming herb habit. It wasn't about his tender age (26) or an

all the connections of music pointing back to Africa, and I wanted to express all those genres. Like what Sly [Stone] was trying to do, like what Prince was trying to do, and Jimi too." To shed light on his own falsetto and his willingness to marry major and minor chords, D will reference Sam Cooke—"the way he would do his vocals, with his musicians all playing major chords"—then he'll grab his guitar and demonstrate an example into the phone receiver. "And he [Cooke] would just come out of nowhere in this minor key—it's hard to put in words the effect that has on you—the chills. It's just evolutionary.... I want to be free like that."

D'Angelo can go on and on about music. But his confidant and "Soulaquarian" brother Questlove believes that in the beginning he suffered from writer's block for the same reason most of us do—because of the demise of his love relationship. "My theory on D's writer's block," Ahmir says, "was about something Angie said to him once, kind of saying he wanted to turn what was tumultuous about their relationship into songs." *Voodoo* is reserved in that way, like a

"I WASN'T THINKING ABOUT THE SOPHOMORE-JINX THING," SAID D. "I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE WHOLE PICTURE."

of his sound. "We always say, 'Do you want to go there with the music?' because we have to fight all the things that are out there now." So D's short answer to this most frequently asked question, Why so long?, is "I had to get it right; I just wanted it to be right."

The long answer is slightly more involved. In the beginning, he suffered severe writer's block. Then he witnessed the birth of his son, Michael D'Angelo Archer II, with his ex-girlfriend, singer Angie Stone. "When you witness a birth, that's definitely a true work of God.... I mean, it's a part of you," says D'Angelo. "I just fell on my knees and I cried. I was so humbled I couldn't get it together. The nurses were like, 'All right, get up!'" And he did. The floodgates opened. He and Stone took their newborn son home and wrote "Send It On," a love letter to their child about heritage and flow and spirit and love. "Voodoo" started the day we were with our son," says Stone, who cowrote four tracks on the album

exceedingly ambitious vision of what his sophomore album should be. It definitely wasn't about challenging pop music's mandate that an artist cough up a 74-minute disc every two years (D's too busy being an artist to raise some radical protest like that). Nor was it about a crippling fear. "I wasn't really thinking about the sophomore-jinx thing," he says. "I was really thinking about the whole picture—not just the second album, but all the albums that come after that. It had to be evolutionary, and whatever it took to get to that...."

D'Angelo is what vanguard jazz musician Charlie Hunter (who plays guitar on *Voodoo*) calls "the perfect blend of the intellectual and the visceral," someone whose ability to make music is matched by his knowledge of music history. He is perfectly willing to contextualize his own evolution. "I realized that everything that exists, all music, comes from Africa," D'Angelo explains. "I started to see

slow striptease, not quite the naked autobiography we're sure to witness on his future recordings. God willing. I ask him about his relatively conservative approach to writing. Conservative, compared to the freedom he expresses as a vocalist and to a greater extent as a producer and thinking musician. I accuse him of being private, of protecting the people in his life, of keeping secrets. "That's exactly what I do," he admits. "I'm just so...so private, like you said. It's hard," he stutters. "Writing is a place I want to be completely open; it'll happen." Not that D'Angelo isn't achingly intimate. We haven't heard ecstasy-inducing lines like, "...I'd love to make you wet / In between your thighs 'cause / I love it when it comes inside you," since Marvin Gaye told his second wife, "I want to give you some head."

When it came time to physically reveal himself for this project, D'Angelo went all the way. The video for "Untitled," a nearly



uninterrupted shot of D's naked torso, is two seconds short of pure exhibitionism, but it comes off because, well, he seems to be *getting* it. Where D seemed trapped behind his keyboard for the whole of *Brown Sugar*, hiding a chubbier physique with peacoats and leather jackets, he's stripped down now. And the "Untitled" clip gives the impression that an incredibly skilled friend of his is doing some work of her own just below the camera's frame. "Me and Dom [his manager, Dominique Trenier] talked about the concept for the video for a half hour. Then we didn't talk about it again. I just showed up. And it was really about concentrating on my performance. I had to sing the song 17 times."

D'Angelo is really shy. He listens more than he talks, especially when he first meets you. He doesn't frequent New York City's hot nightclubs on a regular basis or hobnob with other celebrities. He keeps a close-knit circle of like-minded artists around him and drives his Range Rover home to Richmond whenever he needs a break from Manhattan—

a spirit like that," says Chicago rapper Common, who was recording his album upstairs at Electric Lady while D'Angelo worked in the basement. "His spirit is too strong.... It comes from another dimension."

"I've been reading this book about angels," D'Angelo tells me over the phone from his hotel room in Atlanta, where he's donating the first check to the Curtis Mayfield Scholarship Foundation, which he helped establish. "And it was saying that every angel controlled an element and that it controlled the exact opposite element too. Like fire and water." Yes, I tell him, I haven't read the same book but I've seen those yin-yang principles constructed in other places: in the Yoruba myth of Ogun; the Biblical myth of Lucifer; and in the autobiographical myth of Marvin. The hero-warrior who, in a rage, murders his entire family; the most glorious and revered angel in Heaven banished to be forever loathed and feared; the lonely son who's as afraid of his sexuality as he is of his father's God. We speak incoherently of being too vul-

D'Angelo up. Eric Clapton, who performed with D at the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame's banquet last March, is equally wowed; he dropped by Electric Lady to see what the wunderkind was up to. When B.B. King first met D'Angelo three years ago, he pulled D's manager Trenier aside and told him, "That boy's not 22 years old. I'm telling you, he's not." But he was.

Since then, D has read *Divided Soul: The Life of Marvin Gaye* and the latest biography on Muhammad Ali. He and ?uestlove have screened endless hours of performance footage featuring James Brown, Parliament, and Sly & the Family Stone. He studies black genius, black male iconography. Still, he's got to live it. He's got to have his love affairs, his failed attempts at perfection, his battles with the music industry. Last September, when D'Angelo performed "Chicken Grease" on *The Chris Rock Show* the night after The Artist previewed some of his songs from *Rave Un2 the Joy Fantastic* (Arista, 1999) at a media listening party, a wide-eyed D'Angelo wants to know how The Artist was, whether the mate-

"MY THEORY," SAYS ?UESTLOVE, "IS THAT HE WANTED TO TURN WHAT WAS TUMULTUOUS ABOUT HIS RELATIONSHIP INTO SONGS."

which is monthly. Yet he can be overwhelmingly familiar. I once had a two-hour conversation with him, for an interlude on *Voodoo* (I'm the chick laughing right after "Feel Like Makin' Love"), and he held my hand the entire time. When I said something that delighted him, like, "I told my mother I'd slit my wrists if she didn't get me tickets to the Jacksons' *Victory* tour," he'd kiss me on the cheek. Even with other men he's constantly touching. He hears what you're saying, but what he really wants to do is feel you. Or as DJ Premier, who coproduced "Devil's Pie," puts it, "When you converse with him, he gives you a pound, every 20, 30 seconds; he just keeps shaking your hand, that's his thing."

Still, you know he could just as easily throw you up against a wall, like you're being arrested, and keep you there till the sun comes up. Or fight a nigga. He can do that too, all that. He is stormy and light, cerebral and earthy. He truly is, save his issue with revelatory writing, his music. "I've never come across

nerable, opening oneself up to spirits that are destructive or, worse, suicidal. I ask him about channeling, about inviting musical forefathers in. Asking for the bright parts of what these immortals once were. Dancing around their cavernous shadows. "Like not letting Jimi have you entirely, just be with you for a few chords or something," I suggest. He laughs. "It's too real for me. That's why I don't want to even talk about Marvin or all that stuff," D says. "On one hand it's arrogant, on the other it's like...playing with something dangerous. It's too real."

As with a lot of gifted artists, one of D'Angelo's greatest challenges will be to break out of the music history that precedes him. The very history with which he is obsessed. It's a challenge that must be met because there will never be another Marvin. Prince is still alive as The Artist and still making important music. We don't need another one. Those who criticize D'Angelo, who say, for instance, that "Untitled" is too direct an allusion to Prince, have no idea that it's Prince who rings

rial was banging. ?uestlove, forever generous, gives a glowing review. But I can only look D'Angelo dead in the eye and beg him, "Man, even if you get saved and turn go and everything, can you just try to stay, I dunno, *nasty*?" Everyone in the dressing room thinks this is a fine joke, but I'm not laughing, and D stares back at me and swears he hears me. "I feel you," is what he says. "I'm a stay nasty."

On the phone in that hotel room in Atlanta, after talk of demons and speaking in tongues, tragic soul singers and their major and minor chords, I remind D'Angelo of that promise he made a few months earlier. There are rumors that he will abandon the instrument from which he commands his sexiest sounds: the keyboard. I've heard his next album will be an attempt at the kind of raw, guitar-driven funk-rock Sly Stone had summoned from above. D'Angelo offers no confirmation, only the confidence enjoyed by the chosen: "I got a bullet in the chamber."

Additional reporting by Abby Addis and Abmir ?uestlove Thompson



ABSOLUT KURANT.

ABSOLUT™ KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN, ABSOLUT KURANT™ AND ABSOLUTVODKA.COM ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1999 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY.

COMPETITION IS NONE

UNDISPUTED LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP

ROY JONES JR.

MAY BE THE BEST BOXER
IN THE WORLD.

SO WHY AREN'T MORE PEOPLE
PAYING ATTENTION?

DARRELL DAWSEY FOLLOWS THE FIGHTER
FROM THE RING TO HIS
CHICKEN FARM TO FIND THE ANSWERS.



Fwtftfwt. The hands don't move slow enough to be called a blur. Not even here, in the thickly humid Pensacola, Fla., night, his senses dulled and body taxed from yet another long night of grueling pickup games. Not even now, although he's only kidding around, slap-boxing ever so cautiously with a coed cluster of friends outside the neighborhood rec center.

Though Jones is just play-fighting, his hands seem to travel just under the speed of thought. His open palm dangles beside his hip one instant and the next—*futt*—it folds out into a mock jab that leaves an onrushing girl mere inches from rhinoplasty. A half second later, he launches another soft strike, then a third, a fourth, the slaps less thrown than simply materializing out of the dark. *Fwtftfwtfutt.*

He's joking. Mostly. The bulk of his body says as much: the exaggerated crouch and the roll of the shoulders, the lead-footed shuffle of his scuffed white Nikes, the woof-tickets he's selling to assorted friends circling the old E.S. Cobb Center, a squat, blue-stucco gym that sits hard on the city's east side. "Get back," he shouts, a grin breaking up his feigned scowl. But the hands? Even on safety, the hands are about as funny as funny .38s.

It's much worse, of course, when those hands are unleashed for real, when the bell rings and the crowd roars and instinct downloads. When that man begins moving in from the corner opposite Roy Jones Jr., hungry for the crown, shook by the name. That's when the hands become outright dangerous. That's when slaps harden into crunching jabs and blows cascade like those temperamental Pensacola rains—blinding, heavy, out of nowhere—and grown men's legs buckle in their Ponys.

Since 1992, Jones has utterly crushed the best that boxing has mustered—posers with nicknames like "Sweet" and "Lights Out"—en route to a 41-1 record that includes 34 knockouts. First, he conquered the middleweight and super-middleweight divisions, then he moved up a weight class to become the world's undisputed light-heavyweight champ (crowned by all of boxing's major sanctioning bodies, including the World Boxing Council, World Boxing Association, International Boxing Federation, and National Boxing Association). Most recently, he bludgeoned the game, but inept, David

Telesco in the first-ever bout at Radio City Music Hall this past January 15.

With each victory, Jones, 31, has displayed a brutal symmetry, his style an unholy marriage of speed and two-handed power. Vanquished opponent Mike McCallum once declared that Jones "can knock you out when he's going backward." More than just another titleholder, Jones has earned a less formal, but equally coveted, honor: To most, he's the champion's champ, the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world.

**"I'VE GOT THE
POWER OF A
GEORGE FOREMAN,
THE SPEED OF A
MUHAMMAD ALI,
THE SKILLS OF A
SUGAR RAY
ROBINSON, THE
TOUGHNESS OF A
MARVIN HAGLER."**

But as brightly as his star shines inside the ring, Jones often allows it to be eclipsed on the outside. He maintains a remarkably low profile, spending the bulk of his time in his native Pensacola, surrounded by family and friends, most content away from the glare of the spotlight. Consequently, far lesser boxers—like Prince Naseem Hamed and Oscar De La Hoya—often draw more notice than Jones, their celebrity translating into ads for Pizza Hut, Sony's PlayStation, McDonald's, and BudWeiser. Even a disgraced Mike Tyson can

get millions out of the WWF just for showing up at Wrestlemania. Jones, by contrast, appears in only one national ad campaign—albeit for Michael Jordan's sportswear line. Moreover, his airtime is largely limited to his own HBO-telecast bouts and his once-a-month commentator work on the cable network's *Boxing After Dark*. "Publicity's cool and I got people now who are trying to keep an eye on publicity things," Jones says recently, grinning and gunning his champagne-colored Mercedes CL 500 down a rural highway. "But really, publicity I can do without."

Of course, he gets props without the publicity. Jones is a certified black populist icon, his associations a clear-cut case of game recognizing game: Michael Jordan and Jay-Z sit ringside at Jones's fights. Brad Jordan, a.k.a. Scarface, wants to record with him. Other rappers pay homage in rhyme: "The new Mike Tyson is Roy Jones..." raps Nas on 1999's "New World." Jones has appeared on television's *In Living Color*, *The Wayans Bros.*, and *Living Single*. He also had a cameo in Noreaga's "Oh No" video last summer. "So many kids and fans, so many people who watch me, even these rap guys—they respect me for what I do," says Jones. "You have to use your God-given talent. I use mine to entertain the following I've built and help the people who helped me get to where I am. In Pensacola, we'd never had a true champion. Now we have one, and I want to live that to the fullest."

And so, perhaps the most complete fighter since Sugar Ray Robinson maintains an uneasy truce with his celebrity—appreciative of the lifestyle boxing has afforded him but careful not to be consumed by the acclaim. Center stage, he gives a good show: Wearing a robe tailored to look like a tuxedo, he bounds into the ring to the beat of his own rap songs, spitting rhymes as he makes his way toward the ropes, hands locked and loaded. At Radio City, Jones literally kicked it with the Rockettes and

then, as spectators went wild, stormed the ring flanked by Method Man and Redman. "It's like having two sides," he says. "RJ is one. He don't give a damn. He'll fight whoever. You can go dig up a gorilla and put some gloves on it. He'll fight that." But when the show is over, so is the showman. RJ vanishes with the spotlight, leaving plain old Roy, the agreeable and unassuming chicken farmer with the slow gait and quick wit. "I don't choose to go out and be in the public as much," says Jones. "I'm not out in L.A. or New York all the time. I don't go nowhere. I'm a country boy, a homebody."

Home is a modest-size ranch house on an 88-acre spread in Quintette, Fla., about 20 minutes north of Pensacola. Hidden by thickets of scrub oaks, sycamores, and pines, the house sits a mile or so from the main road, a few feet off the winding trail that begins at the security gate ornamented with metal statues of twin gamecocks. It's only right, given that fighting birds are the pride of the estate. Jones and his uncle Danny Boy, the main caretaker of the land, raise more than 1,500 chickens here. There are birds strutting about near the driveway, birds behind the house, birds in pens in the cock house, a two-story building that doubles as Danny Boy's base and the family recreation compound. And between the cock house and Jones's crib, on a sun-scorched chunk of brown grass surrounded by a fence, runs a virtual chicken beachhead, where rows and rows of small black tents house hundreds of pugnacious cocks.

And the birds aren't for show. A cockfight fan since he was a boy, Jones raises his chickens for battle. But cockfighting is illegal in Florida, and so he and Danny Boy go to Louisiana and Mexico and other places to fight the birds. There, they gather round with other men from all over the world and watch the birds parry and thrust, charge and feint—usually to the death. "I love the birds 'cause they're willing to die for what they do," says Jones. "That's how I am. If I *have* to die for something, you better believe I will."

Jones also raises more than 100 pit bulls, most of which ring the chicken encampment to scare off bobcats, raccoons, and other predators that sometimes lurk in the surrounding woods. He has champion show horses, a rack full of shotguns that he uses to hunt small game, and two lakes out back teeming with catfish and bass. "This is how I stay in touch with the world, by staying right where I am," says



"I love the birds 'cause they're willing to die for what they do," says Jones of his prizefighting cocks. "That's how I am. If I *have* to die for something, you better believe I will."

Jones. "My life hasn't changed; I've just taken everything I wanted as a little boy and brought it along with me."

To that end, he also has a stock of all-terrain vehicles—a pair of adult-size rides and two smaller ones for Jones's 8-year-old twin boys, DeAndré and DeShawn, who came to live with their single dad about a year ago. Inside the cock house is a giant pool table, a *Twilight Zone* pinball machine, and full-size arcade versions of *Mortal Kombat 3* and *Maximum Hangtime*. Upstairs is a top-shelf bathroom, complete

with a gilded shower with horizontal rows of spouts on the sides instead of the traditional single nozzle. A bookcase in his home office overflows with karate-movie tapes that he watches endlessly on his big-screen tube. He's got motorcycles and, naturally, that staple of every boxer—an armada of whips. In addition to the Benz, the driveway boasts both a '93 and a '99 Rolls Royce, a loaded Dodge pickup, and a Toyota Land Cruiser. "I don't need to leave here," Jones says. "I got a home where I could do anything and everything I want."

Aside from tending his ample spread, Jones's two other abiding passions are beats and basketball. In fact, he firmly believes he has found a new calling amid the boom-bap of hip hop. "After boxing, I want to be doing music," says Jones, who started his own label, Body Head Entertainment, and has signed several artists from across the country. A hard-core Scarface fan, he doesn't want to be just a mogul; he also longs to be an MC. "I'm gonna put my album out first," he says. "I've been a rap fan for so long, I gotta do at least one."

When he's not kickin' rhymes, Jones is a fixture at the E.S. Cobb Center, where he runs countless basketball games with friends, blowing by opponents with a lightning first step, draining rainbow threes, and, every once in a while, playing defense. Jones, who played four seasons of semi-pro ball in the United States Basketball League—three with the Jacksonville Barracudas and one with the Sarasota Sun Dogs—believes he could've been NBA material.

Isn't he worried about injuries on the court? "A lot of guys talk about how a promoter won't let him do this or his manager won't let him do that," says Jones. "Or he can't do that because they're scared he's going to hurt himself. Uh-unh. I don't belong to anybody [who's] going to tell me what I can do and can't do. I ain't believing that." He rails for a few moments about how he won't be bossed around, how he'll enjoy his life his way, assert his independence even at risk to a multimillion-dollar career. He says he spent a childhood under another man's thumb—his father's—and now that he's grown, Jones would rather be dead than live that way again.

Roy Jones Sr., a veteran boxing trainer in Pensacola, wasn't easy on his son. He brutally trained little Roy from the age of 10, making him run sprints in 100-degree heat, swatting his legs with a pipe whenever he slowed down. He'd make him spar until he couldn't stand and do calisthenics till he puked, often screaming and slapping him if he tried to talk back or explain himself. "I used to feel like I was going to die any day," says Jones. "It was to the point where I wanted to kill myself because he was so hard on me. He pushed me to the limit. He was the only one who ever made me want to quit. It was such a pressure-filled situation."

Jones felt greater pressure when he made the cut for the 1988 Olympics in Seoul, Korea and fought his way to the gold-medal round.

Though he dominated middleweight opponent Park Si Hun, outpunching him by nearly 50 blows, he lost in a 3-2 decision that the international boxing community decried as blatantly unfair. Jones persevered, knocking out opponents with a newfound fury even as he bristled against his father's hectoring. Tension between the two boiled over when, just before a big fight in '92, he dumped his dad as his trainer and manager and hired former Olympic trainer Alton Merkerson (who still works with him today). Father and son stopped speaking for months, and whenever Jones would try to give his father gifts, Roy Sr. would give them away or let them gather dust. Jones was hurt and angry and temporarily cut his father off financially.

Gradually, however, the two began to drift back together. "I figured that, in time, God

"I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF BECAUSE [MY FATHER] WAS SO HARD ON ME," SAYS JONES. "HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER MADE ME WANT TO QUIT."

would heal the whole thing," says Jones, who later this day will walk into a car dealership, check in hand, and have a new pickup sent to his father as a birthday present. "The last few times I was around my father, I got a different feel from him. I felt as though maybe he was ready to accept the fact that I'd made my own decisions, that I had to be a man and I knew to do what's best for me."

Jones's career has made this last point indisputable. Mere days after Merkerson came on board, Jones knocked out Jorge Vaca in the first round. A year later, in 1993, he won the IBF middleweight belt. In November 1994, in what remains his signature fight, Jones cemented his stature by disgracing feared IBF super-middleweight champ James "Lights Out" Toney in a 12-round decision. Jones, whose speed and power befuddled the heavily favored Toney, toyed with the man from the opening bell. He even did his best gamecock imitation, spread-

ing his arms like rooster wings and daring Toney to hit him. When Toney got smart and tried to do the same thing, Jones blasted him in the face. "Beat him so bad his folks didn't even want a rematch," he says.

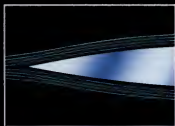
Life could've become a lot more complicated after that fight. A newly minted star, Jones could've gone Hollywood—or Vegas or New York. He could've signed a long-term deal with a Don King or Bob Arum, rather than hook up with lesser-known promoter Murad Muhammad. But to Jones, that would've been too much like his early days. "I had a three-fight deal with Arum and got out of it," he recalls. "All of them have come at me. I just didn't want to give up my life."

Instead, Jones stayed home and sank his roots deeper even as he branched out. He now manages many of the fighters he came up with as a child, including Derrick "Smoke" Gainer and Lemeul "Maine" Nelson. "I'm trying to make them into champions before I leave," says Jones. "I know they probably won't get the shot unless I'm around to make the shot possible." He also donates money to local charities and recently purchased a \$5,000 scoreboard for the Cobb Center. He sponsors a basketball camp with a cousin. He employs about 15 friends and relatives in his assorted enterprises. Most of all, though, he's accessible to his hometown, never missing the chance to sign an autograph or take a picture or shake a hand.

"Roy will help anybody," says his close friend Bill Marshall. "Sometimes I worry that he does *too* much. Sometimes people think he's supposed to help them, like he owes them something. But Roy does stuff out of the goodness of his heart. He ain't gotta help people. They don't know what he sacrificed to get what he has. He worked hard."

In some eyes, though, Jones's greatest obstacle may well be a lack of obstacles. In his 42 fights, he has been knocked down only once, by Lou Del Valle, who Jones then beat in a 12-round decision. His only loss, in 1997, resulted from a controversial disqualification against Montell Griffin, who he hit in the head after Griffin had dropped to one knee. (Five months later, he knocked Griffin out in the first round of their rematch to regain his belt.) Critics like trainer Teddy Atlas have said Jones's true greatness may never be measured because he has no opponent good enough against whom to gauge himself—no Joe Frazier to his Muhammad Ali, no Thomas Hearns or Marvin Hagler

Less Drag. Less Pull. Less Irritation.



Thinner DLC™ Comfort Edge Blades Cut With Less Resistance.

Only MACH3 Has Streamlined DLC™ Comfort Edge Blades.

It's not just 3 specially positioned blades working together that reduce irritation, it's that the blades are Gillette's thinnest ever. So they glide through your beard easily. That means with MACH3, there's less drag and pull and less irritation.

Gillette
MACH3™

THE CLOSEST SHAVE
IN FEWER STROKES
WITH LESS IRRITATION



Gillette®

The Best a Man Can Get™

www.MACH3.com © 1999 The Gillette Company



MAMA SAID ROUGH YOU UP: Jones repeatedly toyed with—and then smacked around—his opponent, David Telesco, at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, January 15

to his Sugar Ray Leonard. But Jones disagrees. "There are boxers to measure me with, but I've outrun them so far that people can't see that yet," he says. He's had his Frazier, he insists, but "I just beat him up so bad. I done faced it. It just doesn't seem like that. Look at what George Foreman did to Frazier. He knocked him out quick both times. Now, what if Ali had had the power that Foreman had? Ken Norton wouldn't have gave him a hard time; Joe Frazier wouldn't have gave him a hard time; George Foreman wouldn't have gave him a hard time. So you take that and put it in me: I've got the power of a George Foreman, the speed of a Muhammad Ali, the skills of a Sugar Ray Robinson, the toughness of a Marvin Hagler. You put all that together and put one of 'em against it, it's gonna look the same way."

Desperate for new challenges in a sport that seems to have run out of them, Jones toys with the idea of fighting a heavyweight—but, he says,

"it has to be the right heavyweight," a relatively light man who'd make for a compelling draw. He'd thought about fighting Evander Holyfield—a onetime cruiser weight—until Holyfield lost to Lennox Lewis. Asked if he'd take on the hulking Lewis, Jones quickly says no. "Lennox is too big," he says. "I probably could beat him, but I don't feel like taking the risk with a fella that big. I gotta give up too much to get to him. I'd take 10 years off my life doing that. Whether I beat him or not, I'd lose. I like to take risks, but I ain't stupid."

Concern for his long-term health is one reason Jones contemplates leaving the fight game. He's acutely aware of the risks he takes when he fights and talks frequently about a future opponent "catching up" with him. "Fighting ain't something that's good for nobody," he says. "Fighting is a tough sport. You never know: Today or tomorrow, you might be gone. My friend Gerald McClellan

got messed up severely from fighting, and he'll never be the same." In honor of his friend—who suffered severe brain damage during a loss to super-middleweight Nigel Benn in 1995—Jones serves as a trustee on the board of the Gerald McClellan Fund.

So what motivates Jones to get into the ring nowadays? Well, the multimillion-dollar purses certainly help, but Jones says he's more moved by what he can buy than money itself. "I don't like to dig into the money I've already made to do stuff," he says. "I like to go make me some more money. That'll motivate me. If I say, 'Okay, I wanna build me a house,' then I go beat somebody up and go build me a house. Just like when I fought [Vinny] Pazienza. I didn't want to fight him, but I wanted to buy my mama [Carol Jones] a house. So I said, 'Okay, I'll beat him and go buy my mama a house.' And that's what I did."

On one scorching afternoon, Jones is in search of new inspiration as he leans against his Mercedes and surveys a smaller five-acre plot that he also owns. The view of the farmland is as if from behind a barbecue pit, the verdant pastures and fields veiled in the midday haze. Meanwhile, all around, horses and dogs and cows, hired hands, and visitors tread with sluggish caution as the sun does a slow burn overhead.

Only the chickens seem unafraid to fry. Squawking and pecking and twisting heads to and fro, scores of brightly plumed gamecocks wheel recklessly about each other in the dust, beady eyes peeled for confrontation. Occasionally, one rooster ventures too close to another and in a burst of feathers and dirt, pitched battle erupts in the rural quiet.

The chickens get Jones ready to fight. "Sometimes, before I leave for a fight, I'll be at home and spend a whole day in my yard with my birds," he says. "I enjoy my yard and everything I got so much. I hate to go without spending a decent day there." Watching the birds, he begins to do the math on the home improvements he'd like to make on the farm. "I need to add a few things, cut the grass, put in an automatic water pump, a fence over there...." He folds his arms, smiles, and looks wistfully into the distance, picturing all the pretty new additions. After a brief pause, he sighs and declares, "Weeeell, looks like somebody's going to have to get knocked the fuck out." □

TOBACCO IS



W H A C K O

if you're a teen

Sponsored by the Lorillard Tobacco Company's Youth Smoking Prevention Program
www.buttoutnow.com



EMANCIPATED:
Jadakiss, Sheek, and
Styles (from left)

THE LOX FREE AT LAST

They grew tired of Bad Boy's Cristal-swilling, high-floss lifestyle, so they took to the courts and the streets to free themselves from their contract. Now, on a new label, Ruff Ryders, and with a thugged-out new album, Jadakiss, Styles, and Sheek are ready for the money, power, and respect they deserve.
By kris ex

Uayson "Jadakiss" Phillips and David Styles (a.k.a. "Styles"), two thirds of Ruff Ryders' thug-hearted Yonkers, N.Y., rap group the Lox, are tired of being "raped." While their third member, Shawn "Sheek" Jacobs, has been chillin' with the Sandman in his hotel room all day¹, Jada and Styles are crowded into a nondescript passenger van with members of their clique and are making their way around Atlanta—pressing flesh with retailers, glad-handing radio contacts, and garnering support for their new album, the concrete-rooted *We Are the Streets* (Ruff Ryders/Interscope)². But it's a promo tour (read: no pay), and the long day of politicking is wearing them down. "Oh no, now you're raping us," shouts Jada³, taunting the van's driver as he races past a brightly lit convenience store. Everyone erupts into laughter. "I'm asking you as a man," pleads Styles. "Please pull the van over."

What started as a nonchalant request a few hours earlier ("We need to stop at a store to get some Dutchies") has now become a life-and-death imperative. Styles needs to smoke weed at regular intervals⁴, especially if the crew expects him to make his next stop—where he'll be locked up in a radio booth, cohosting a nightly hip hop show for two hours. Ruff Ryders' Drag-On, lounging in the van's backseat, suggests they stop soon; Styles can get pretty nasty when he ain't had his herb.

Soon enough, the van pulls up at a gas station. The group—a ragtag assortment of oversize jeans drooping below butts and flowing over Timbs; Jadakiss and Styles sporting the average man's annual salary in ice around their necks, wrists, and fingers—spill into the store, creeping through the aisles like guerrillas. Within minutes, they climb back into the van, laughing. "You better get out of here quick," Jada hollers at the driver, a retired deputy sheriff. "I think they calling the cops." The van lumbers out of the parking lot. Munchies, drinks, and cigarillos fill their deep

pockets. "Man," Styles says, "if they had cameras from [the stores we hit] on the Puff Daddy tour, we'd get, like, 15 years." (An hour later, security will blatantly follow them around Lenox Square mall, but the crew will still manage to acquire a dozen or so pairs of boxer shorts from the Gap.)

The van makes a cautious turn back into traffic. Across the street is a bright neon sign: JUSTIN'S. Ironically enough, this scene is taking place just yards from the Atlanta location of the eatery owned by Sean "Puffy" Combs, CEO of the Lox's former recording home, Bad Boy Entertainment.⁵ They're raping us all the time," Jada, who's oblivious to the restaurant, explains to the driver. In the Lox's lexicon, "they" may refer to everyone from record execs to gas-station attendants, and the "rape" is constant. The Lox seem fueled by a Fox Mulder-like paranoia that only takes a backseat to their quest for vengeance. "We gotta get them back," asserts Jada. "It's only right."

ALWAYS READ THE FINE PRINT

1 Sheek usually writes rhymes at about 5 a.m. or some other unforgiving hour, with a baat pebler in the background. But that's not why he missed yesterday's promo outing. "I woke up at 7 [a.m.]," he says, energetically swishing about his room in Atlanta's Fairfield Inn weering nylon sweets. "I stayed up the night before till it was time for our flight. Now I'm ready. I'll do, like, 50 radio stations."

Sheek knows a thing or two about the business of promotion. Before the Lox, who've been friends since childhood, dropped their debut album, '98's platinum *Money, Power & Respect* (Bad Boy), they had made their way onto DJ Clue's influential mix tapes with hard-hitting numbers like "Niggaz Done Started Something," with fellow Ruff Ryder DMX and extended family member Mase. Forget high-profile cuts like the elegy to The Notorious B.I.G. "We'll Always Love Big Poppa" and Puffy's "It's All About the Benjamins" ("You wenne be ballars, shot callers"—those are my words," says Jadakiss. "I wrote 'em and gave 'em to Puff."), it was the Lox's up-from-the-streets philosophy that made them the talk of heads who know. The Lox

were the type of cats to show up at a shootout with bats—and win.

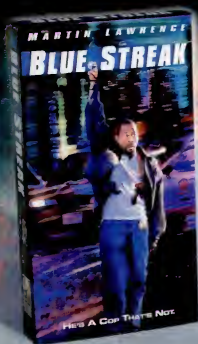
Unfortunately, *Money, Power & Respect* suffered from a conflict of interests: Puffy wanted hip hop smoothed out on the R&B tip: the Lox wanted to give it to you raw like Colombian coke. Bad Boy's lavish champagne, caviar, and bubble-bath lifestyle belied the promise of stunts, blunts, and hip hop that the Lox had made in every brag, boast, and drug tale on early mix tapes. Two singles into *Money*, things went sour. The Lox realized Bad Boy was keeping a tab on them: Every video shoot, shiny suit, and bottle of Cristal was being held against their budget. They refused to do any more shows, videos, or promotion in support of the album. And they wanted off the label. "Everything is recoupable," Sheek says, alluding to the music industry's bookkeeping methods, which he says keep artists at the end of the pay line. "From the hotel room we sittin' in right now the cats we fly away where we go—you gon' be recoupin' till the day you die." A protracted legal battle between Bad Boy and the Lox ensued, and the Lox seemed poised to sign with Ruff Ryders, which established its own recording label through Interscope last year (see sidebar on page 120). "[Bad Boy] didn't want to let us off the label that easily," says Sheek soberly. "We an asset: we a commodity."

2 As a "commodity" the Lox, newly signed to Ruff Ryders Records, have delivered a product known as the sophomore LP, *We Are the Streets*: a collision of noise, catharsis, and emancipation produced by Ruff Ryders' Swizz Beatz and P.K., Timbaland, and DJ Premier. Despite an entitlesparagement clause in their release from Bad Boy that serves as a legal muzzle against bad-mouthing anything Puffy-related, swashbuckling, razor-edged cuts like "Wild Out," "Y'all F***ed Up Now," and "Bring It On" are undoubtedly songs of freedom. On the title track, one of the most pointed, open-ended dis records ever, Styles spits, "I wish Frank was still alive and they kill your ass / We can keep it industry, don't come to the 'hood / I got a thousand niggas like me, and they feel like Suga."

3 "We could be floesing, but we ain't like taking handouts, 'cause we ain't no fuckin' mink coat, shiny suit niggas. That ain't what makes us happy," says Jadakiss, sitting on the bed in his hotel

"We ain't no mink coat, shiny suit niggas," says Jadakiss. "We got Henny and cranberry, blowing Dutchies. We the other niggas in the club."


Take Home A Night of Action!



Do you want...
an action-packed
comedy...
or
a bone-chilling
thriller?



It's your choice, 'cause you're the man!

Rent the video or  today at video stores everywhere!

www.cthv.com
Creative Layout and Design: Columbia TriStar Home Video. All Rights Reserved.
© 1999 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
© 1999 Destination Films. All Rights Reserved.



WILDIN' OUT

How the Lox broke the contractual ties that bind

It's not every day that a record label allows a platinum-selling artist to leave after one album," says L. Londell McMillan, the Manhattan-based attorney who emancipated The Artist from Warner Bros. in 1996 and recently secured freedom for the Lox.

"Do you know how many artists are twiddling their thumbs waiting to get off contracts?" he says. "This is a very historic deal."

Equally historic was the Lox's refusal to keep quiet about their unhappiness at their former label, Bad Boy Records. Taking a cue from The Artist's "Slave" movement, the trio enlisted the help of "the streets" and launched an unprecedented grassroots campaign, complete with FREE THE LOX T-shirts. What began as an airing of grievances on New York radio station Hot 97 FM grew into an underground movement that culminated at last summer's Hot 97 Summer Jam concert, when the Lox handed out LET THE LOX GO T-shirts to fans and performed in the protest regalia. "Puffy didn't like it one fucking bit," says Jadakiss of his former boss, who happened to be in attendance. "After all that lawyer shit, that was the shit that worked for us—some bullshit T-shirts and going on the radio," says Jada.

After nearly a year of legal wrangling and public outcry, the Lox were finally released from their contractual obligation with Bad Boy. "There was a lot of pain involved in this thing," says McMillan, when asked whether things between the group and the label got ugly. In response to the rumor that the Lox's current label, Ruff Ryders, paid Bad Boy \$2.5 million for the trio, McMillan replies, "That's not true." And though he refuses to quote the price, the Johnnie Cochran of urban music does say, "A lot of things in this case have been blown out of proportion."

Restricted by a confidentiality clause, McMillan chooses his words carefully. "Free-

dom is a beautiful thing. I can't do anything to put my clients back in liability," he says.

Less restricted are the Lox, who have referred to a their former boss as a "paper gangster." "You've got gangsters who will run up in your house, beat you up, and make you open your safe," says Jada. "Puffy can do all that without touching you. He doesn't need violence; he's good with words."

Even better at sampling, Bad Boy's CEO has built an empire on borrowing classics such as Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" (used on the Lox's 1998 single "If You Think I'm Jiggy"). The Lox went along with



the program on *Money, Power & Respect*—not realizing that samples don't come cheap—and didn't earn as much from their publishing deal as they could have, according to McMillan.

"Many artists think that by selling more records you make more money," says McMillan. "If all things were equal in the music industry, that would be the correct assumption. But things aren't always equal."

Adds McMillan: "The problem is many people looked up to Puffy as their role model and leader but not their boss. You just can't assume that your boss has your best interests at heart; [artists] have got to take care of their own responsibilities." *Lola Ogunnaike*

room. "We was never in the midst of all the champagne. We got Henny and cranberry, blowing Dutchies. We the other niggas in the club."

Jadakiss, whose scratchy, wise-guy voice is a far cry from his crisp rhyme tones, takes a toke from a newborn blunt. "Ruff Ryders been taking care of us and giving us money—paying for trips to Cancun and all that while we was still signed to Bad Boy," he says. "Most labels only care about you when you hot. When you ain't hot, you ain't a necessity no more, fuck you, Ruff Ryders, we gonna make it together or we gonna break it together. Niggas love each other. Pay your rent, whatever you need, they gonna hold you down."

"I think it's very important for Ruff Ryders to have all of their family under one roof," says Interscope's president of black music, Steve Stoute. "Financially, it was something we had to consider—because it was very expensive—but they are building their label, and in the long run it's worth it."

4 "Doing our whole album, we was like, 'Fuck it,'" says Styles of the project, which was recorded off and on during the past year. "We did it like we was gonna get off [Bad Boy] either way. We did the album but it wasn't like we were working on the project. We was just livin', bein' the Lox." For Styles, "bein' the Lox" means smoking a lot of weed, speeding in souped-up cars, hanging out, going to the movies, and, oh yeah, working his day job. "Niggas think you reppin' and that's it," he says. "That shit is a job. You gotta know what's going on with your shit. Like this promo shit right here, a lot of niggas don't want to be doing this shit: they don't know the seriousness to it. This shit is a pain in the ass."

The Lox—whose name stands for "Living Off eXperience"—have learned the first 4,079 rules of the music business, and specifically, that the two most important words in contract negotiations may be "fine print." (Note: It's all fine print.) Styles's worldview has been changed by the birth of his infant son, Noah, whose name is tattooed across his neck. "Everybody I'm around is on some reel 'You better be secure for the future' shit," he says of management at Ruff Ryders, which is encouraging him to invest in nonmusic business ventures in addition to the usual endorsement deals and solo opportunities available to artists. "You gotta be business-minded," he says. "If you a young black man and you around all this money, they want you to just let all that shit slide by you. I'm trying to get a piece of this shit and keep it."

5 Puffy Daddy wasn't available for comment. ☒

It's Clear

HE'S GOT IT GOIN' ON.

HE'S GOT THE CLEAR STICK
ANTI-PERSPIRANT THAT GOES ON DRY AND
KEEPS YOU DRY—WITH NO WHITE RESIDUE.
SPEED STICK® CLEAR ANTI-PERSPIRANT.
DO WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO.
LET US DEAL WITH THE REST.
GOES ON DRY, KEEPS YOU DRY™.



act like you know

Now that Hollywood has caught the hip hop bug, MCs are flocking to the big screen in record numbers. But can these microphone masters really act? By Chairman Mao

Illustration by JOHN WILKINSON



It's a cold winter night and the back lot of a towering prewar apartment complex in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, N.Y., is under siege. A film crew of mercenaries armed with floodlights, cameras, and miles of snaking electrical cable has surrounded the building. Someone yells "Action!" and a crane-mounted camera swoops through the frigid Brooklyn air, tracking a trio of actors bounding down a rickety fire escape in mock fear.

"Come on!" the lead escapee barks in a familiar, raspy growl. As he descends the metal steps—his dreadlocks peeking out from under an applejack cap—he's revealed to be none other than hip hop's human tornado, Busta Rhymes.

Director John Singleton orders "Cut!" and the action stops. "Everybody looked like they was goin' for self!" he says, laughing at the awkward choreography. Via walkie-talkie, he tells Busta and company to space their moves better. Two stories up on the catwalk, the rapper nods attentively.

This is a serious job for Busta Rhymes, a.k.a. Trevor Smith Jr. Although the multiplatinum artist has had plenty of practice cavorting for the camera in his music videos, this job requires *real* acting ability. He's been cast in *Shaft* (Paramount), Singleton's retake on the 1971 MGM black-P.I. classic. Busta's character, Rasaan, is a gypsy-cab driver employed by John Shaft (Samuel L. Jackson as the nephew of Richard Roundtree's original "black private dick who's a sex machine to all the chicks"). Busta has acted before—a few appearances on TV programs like *The Steve Harvey Show* (The WB) and a bit part in Singleton's *Higher Learning* (Columbia, 1995)—but the role of Rasaan is by far the biggest of his still-fledgling acting career. Like many of his rhyme companions, Busta's attempting to make a career move that could increase his star power, but not everyone is happy about it.

Back in the day, only the most commercially successful rap artists, like Run-D.M.C., the Fat Boys, Kid 'N Play, and Ice-T, made the leap from lyric licking to moving pictures. Now, it seems everyone from old-school artists to the newest kids on the block want to be movie stars. Some say this Hollywood swingin' is a good thing, just the latest example of hip hop's unrivaled ability to infiltrate and influence other industries. But there are other film insiders who find the trend more than a little disturbing. Not only are these rappers snatch-



Ice-T in New Jack City

ing up already limited roles for experienced actors of color, but there's also the distinct impression that these new film "stars" can't really act. As Sam Jackson quips with a role of his eyes: "Rappers are here to put butts in the seats, not to enhance the story or to be the next [Laurence] Olivier."

If the function of rappers is indeed to fill the theaters, then multiplexes may be overflowing in the year to come. Since 1999, dozens of rap artists have been featured in, or are working on, major motion pictures: everyone from seasoned film performers, like Ice Cube, L.L. Cool J, Queen Latifah, and the \$20 million-per-picture man, Will Smith, to relative cinema newcomers, such as Method Man, Redman, Q-Tip, Ja Rule, RZA, and Raekwon—not to mention hip hop-affiliated singers Mary J. Blige, Erykah Badu, and Aaliyah. Even Spike Lee—who last September on HBO's *The Chris Rock Show* cited the excess of early-'90s "gangsta-shoot-'em-up-hip hop-drug" films as partially responsible for the decline of quality black cinema—hasn't resisted dipping into hip hop's talent pool. For his most recent

project, *Bamboozled* (New Line), he has cast no fewer than four rap performers—Mos Def, Canibus, Charli Baltimore, and former 3rd Bass member MC Serch.

Of course, the relationship between hip hop and Hollywood only makes sense: For many rap stars, acting up is second nature. As music and film critic Nelson George points out, rap music's larger-than-life nature, the braggadocio and storytelling, makes hip hop artists naturals at professional role-playing.

"The great thing about rappers as actors is that hip hop is a creation of persona," says George, who lampooned the inflated self-image of rappers in his screenplay for 1993's gangsta-rap satire *CB4* (Universal). "L.L. has created this persona; Ice Cube has created this persona; Snoop has created this persona—and they're all characters that are perfect for a big canvas. So the best rappers are already great actors in terms of how they project themselves."

Rappers have been immortalized on film for the better part of the last two decades—beginning with the essential old-school cinematic document, 1982's *Wild Style* (Wild Style),

through 1985's fictionalized rags-to-riches story of Def Jam cofounder Russell Simmons, *Krush Groove* (Warner Bros.), to Kid 'N Play's 1990 *House Party* (New Line) and Singleton's groundbreaking street drama, 1991's *Boyz n the Hood* (Columbia). But for the past 18 years, major studios have assumed that films featuring rappers would have limited appeal among mainstream moviegoers. Consequently, these rapsploitation productions have almost always been low-budget affairs. Artisan financed Hype Williams a mere \$8 million to allow *Belly* (1998), his dark tale of crime and redemption featuring DMX, Nas, Method Man, and TLC's T-Boz, even though New Line gave director Brett Ratner \$25 million to make his first feature film, *Money Talks* (1997).

All that is changing now that Hollywood has seen the hip-hop light. In an era where rap songstress Lauryn Hill can win five Grammys,

Talks and *Rush Hour* (New Line, 1998).

"When I was a freshman at NYU Film School in 1986, Run-D.M.C. was huge," says Ratner. "But nothing compared to how rap music influences mainstream America today. There's no difference between a black kid from the projects and a white kid in middle America who's broke. They dress the same; they listen to the same music."

Many film producers are banking that they'll also watch the same movies. And since hip hop has eclipsed rock as the music of the moment, casting a big-name rapper in a film is a great way to lure kids into theaters. "The thought process that goes on with studios is: If you have a rapper in a role, then, of course, the movie will reach those [additional] people who buy their albums," says casting director Robi Reed-Humes, an integral member of Spike Lee's core crew, from *School Daze*

"When we used to watch movies [when I was a kid] and the black guy was similar to something that we thought was cool in the streets, he was a fuckin' hero!" adds Simmons, who has had a hand in producing pictures as diverse as *The Nutty Professor* (Universal, 1996), starring Eddie Murphy, and indie director Abel Ferrara's *The Funeral* (October, 1996). "Now, when [Hollywood producers] make a picture, they really want to get it right."

In a trailer neighboring Busta Rhymes's, Sam Jackson, wearing a gray thermal top and black pants, studies the hopeless situation of the post-Jordan Bulls on a nearby TV set. Jackson established his ultracool quotient by depicting take-no-shit characters like Jules, the Jheri-curl Bible chapter-and-verse reciting assassin in *Pulp Fiction* (Miramax, 1994). However, it's Jackson's long and winding career



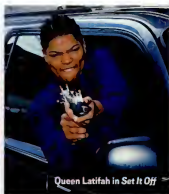
The Fat Boys and Run-D.M.C. in *Krush Groove*



Kid 'N Play in *House Party*



Ice Cube and Busta Rhymes in *Higher Learning*



Queen Latifah in *Set It Off*

"[Rappers] are here to put butts in the seats, not to enhance the story or to be the next [Laurence] Olivier," says Samuel L. Jackson.

MTV's *Total Request Live* is often dominated by microphone checkers, and gritty stars like DMX sell multimillions and occupy the top slots on the *Billboard* pop charts, it's no surprise that Hollywood's once tentative courtship with rap has blossomed into a lusty, commerce-driven romance.

"The main reason the phenomenon [of rappers appearing in movies] exists is because urban culture is pop culture," says Ratner from the New York set of his latest project, *Family Man* (Universal), starring Nicolas Cage. Ratner began his career directing videos for the Wu-Tang Clan, D'Angelo, and Foxy Brown before successfully crossing over to features, including two Chris Tucker-starring comedies, *Money*

(Columbia, 1988) through *Clockers* (Universal, 1995). "And you might get a good soundtrack out of it as well."

But it's more than rappers' star power that is driving Hollywood's courtship, says Russell Simmons, president and CEO of Def Jam. Film producers want to depict hip-hop culture in a credible fashion, and nothing adds authenticity to a project like the presence of a real-life rapper. "Six months ago, I had a conversation with one of the biggest producers in Hollywood, and he didn't know the difference between Chris Rock and Chris Tucker," marvels Simmons. "It's his job to know! You can't just broad-stroke [urban culture]. It's way too specific. They know they need the real thing."

path that has ultimately brought him respect. He struggled as a New York stage actor during the '80s, graduated to bit parts in *Coming to America* (Paramount, 1988) and *School Daze*, broke out as the doomed crackhead Gator in *Jungle Fever* (Universal, 1991), and starred with Greta Scacchi in the somber *The Red Violin* (Lions Gate, 1998).

Looking up from the tube, Jackson dismisses the new wave of rappers turned actors as little more than dilettantes. "I have a lot of friends who are actors who have put in time and effort studying this craft, and they're not out there trying to make record deals so that they can get into another [field]," he says. "[My colleagues] have a healthy respect for [acting]—being able



Ja Rule faces off with Pras in *Ghetto Superstar*; (below) Nas in *Belly*



to convey ideas and emotions to an audience, creating a whole story around the other actors, and making the story something better.

"Busta's got a great energy and a really good and generous heart, and that's very different from a lot of rappers who I have worked around," Jackson says of his *Shafi* costar. "[Other rappers] have tried to present themselves as 'the next great actor' when you know and I know you got this job because hopefully you're gonna contribute some song to this soundtrack and attract an audience in another way."

Reed-Humes is sympathetic to such expressions of resentment, despite the fact that her own casting track record features some of the most respected rapper star turns. She's responsible for Tupac Shakur landing the romantic lead in *Poetic Justice* (Columbia, 1993) and Nubian mother/goddess Queen Latifah making it as a gun-crazy antiheroine in *Set It Off*

(New Line) three years later.

"I know it's frustrating for actors. I get the calls to my office—very irate messages, really," she confesses. "It's their livelihood. In their perception, [rappers are] taking roles away from them. And I can't say that they're wrong."

But for casting director Billy Hopkins, of Hopkins, Smith & Barden, the group that worked with Oliver Stone on Warner Bros.' 1999 hit *Any Given Sunday* (and originally cast Sean "Puffy" Combs in the role eventually played by Jamie Foxx), seeking out and making the most of a pop star's presence has always been exactly the point.

"The first movie I cast was *Desperately Seeking Susan* [Orion, 1985]," remembers Hopkins. "We cast Madonna in it, and people complained. People complained when Courtney Love was in *The People vs. Larry Flynt* [Columbia, 1996]. On Oliver's movie there wasn't an edict saying, 'Go get rappers,'" he

continues. "But quite frankly, I would have brought in the rappers anyway because when you're looking for talent, you have to explore all options."

Making matters worse is the suspicion that rappers are flocking to Hollywood, not for artistic reasons but as an insurance policy against a rap career that might head south. It's an assumption that isn't all that far-fetched. Three of the more popular rappers turned screen performers—Ice Cube, L.L. Cool J, and Queen Latifah—haven't made commercially (much less artistically) relevant records in years. With new rap artists flooding the market every year, established stars are looking to the big screen to maintain their grip on fame and fortune.

"Basically, a lot of cats just look at it like something to further their careers," admits Ja Rule, whose foray into cinema is opposite fellow rapper Pras in the forthcoming *Ghetto Superstar* (New Line). "I don't think [a lot of rappers] really look at acting as what it is. It's an art form in itself."

Of course, Tinseltown has a long and illustrious history of profiting from the fame of musicians. At the dawn of the "talkie" age, vaudeville performer Al Jolson became a screen sensation after belting out "Mammy" (in black-face no less) in 1927's *The Jazz Singer* (Warner Bros.). Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross, David Bowie, Tina Turner, Madonna, and countless others have set the precedent; hip-hop artists are merely following suit. And like their singing predecessors, rappers, too, are faced with one resounding question when they hit the silver screen: Can you really act?

"I think rappers can act," says film critic Gary Dauphin. "But the thing is, they can only act one character." Dauphin is echoing the most frequently aired criticism about rappers who bring the proverbial drama: The roles they take are but small variations of their own on-record personas. Witness Ice Cube's series of stoic Mr. Tuffy's, Will Smith's collection of affable Mr. Nice Guys, or everyone in *Belly* more or less appearing as themselves.

"More they sound like a dis, but a lot of artists are so fuckin' fake that once they lean into an image, they're afraid to step out of that image because, really, as people, they're nobody," says rap/film veteran Ice-T, who went against type portraying a police officer

SPORT

LIFE



Disruptor 10



Disruptor 10



Disruptor 10



Available at Foot Locker.



Life. Sport. The way we see it.

LIFE



SPORT



The Sosa Strength Trainer. Aggressive.

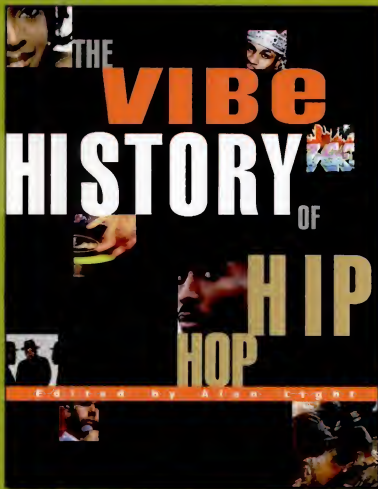
Available at Champs.



CHAMPS

FILA

Trace Your Roots



The *VIBE History of Hip Hop* is the complete story of rap, from its start on the streets of the Bronx to its world-dominating status today. By the editors of *VIBE*—who gave you the *New York Times* best-seller *Tupac Shakur*—this book has it all.

• **The Forefathers:**

DJ Kool Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, and Grandmaster Flash

• **The MCs:**

KRS-One, L.L. Cool J, The Notorious B.I.G.

• **Real Old School:**

Run-DMC, Kurtis Blow, and Whodini

• **Rap's Women:**

Salt-n-Pepa, Lauryn Hill, MC Lyte, and Missy Elliott

• **Hip Hop Nation:**

Breakdancing, graffiti, movies, fashion, videos

• **Modern-day Legends:**

Public Enemy, Russell Simmons, Beastie Boys, and Tupac Shakur

• **Fusion:**

Rap and rock, hip hop and soul, dancehall

• **Complete Discographies:**

Lists every album by every artist featured

Hip hop wasn't built in a day.

In paperback
at bookstores everywhere

Three Rivers Press
www.randomhouse.com

Order today and save 20%

Call toll-free 1-800-426-9922 for credit card orders

Or send your name and address with check or money order for \$21.95*
—a savings of 20% off the cover price of \$27.50—plus \$3.50 for S&H to:
The VIBE History of Hip Hop
P.O. Box 10214
Dept. 481507-248, Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

*Please add applicable sales tax in IA, NJ, NY, PA

Learn where it came from.

Special Bonus in First Edition Only!
FREE 4-song CD with music from

Profilin': The Hits and a new,
unreleased Run-DMC track from their
upcoming album, *Crown Royal*

in *New Jack City* (Warner Bros., 1991) at the height of his band Body Count's "Cop Killer" controversy. "One of the keys that young rappers gotta understand is when you act you're acting. People will allow you to be other shit."

But it looks like rap's current generation of screen performers isn't quite hearing Ice's opinion. In Oliver Stone's football yarn *Any Given Sunday*, L.L. Cool J plays his franchise's arrogant all-star running back—a role comparable to his real-life image as Def Jam's supremely confident flagship artist. In the upcoming action thriller *Romeo Must Die* (Warner Bros.), DMX appears briefly as a tough-talking club owner who scatters troublemakers while barking out threats that sound a whole lot like, yes, DMX. And in the soon-to-be-released *Black and White* (Screen Gems), Raekwon and his protégés, the American Cream Team, portray a Staten Island-bred rap

think any studio is, trying to do a movie with a rapper just because they rap. We're not knocking on doors looking for rappers. We're looking for actors."

"Some people are just naturals, whether they come from rap or they come from washing cars," adds Mike De Luca, president of New Line Productions, the company responsible for one of the greatest fiscal inspirations for the rap-talent search: 1995's *Friday*. Conceived by DJ Pooh, starring Ice Cube, and directed by F. Gary Gray, the flick grossed \$28 million, more than eight times its \$3.5 million budget.

When asked about the future of rappers on celluloid, Sam Jackson concedes that hip hop's kung fu grip on the film industry probably won't ease up anytime soon. "It's not gonna burn out [for quite some

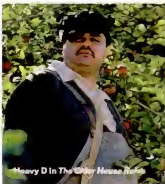
projects as lame and unimaginative as anyone else in Hollywood should hardly be considered a victory for hip hop.

Inevitably, any hopes for hip hop's lasting cultural impact on film requires that more rap artists translate their roles as visionaries in the studio to the screen. Wu-Tang Clan member RZA's cameo in director Jim Jarmusch's absurdist, samurai spirits-meets-Jersey mobsters tale, *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai* (Artisan), may be eye-blink brief, but his moody score for the film perfectly matches Jarmusch's meditative storytelling. It's a fine example of a hip hop presence working organically within a film, and it's probably no small coincidence that this winning colabo came about when a rapper did what he does best—made music.

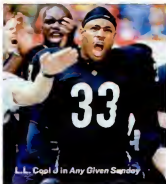
Late at night, during a break in shooting, a fatigued Busta returns to his trailer. He says making music is fine, but he's been there,



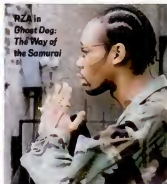
Will Smith in *Wild Wild West*



Heavy D in *The Water House*



L.L. Cool J in *Any Given Sunday*



RZA in *Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai*

"I don't think [a lot of rappers] really look at acting as what it is," says Ja Rule. "It's an art form in itself."

outfit attempting to leave behind their criminal past and succeed in the music industry, not unlike, you guessed it, the Wu-Tang Clan. Not exactly a triumvirate of Oscar-worthy challenges.

Shauna Garr is the producer of a forthcoming Method Man/Redman-starring "edgy comedy" tentatively titled *How High* (Native/ Jersey Shore), about two guys who toked their way to Harvard. The project obviously capitalizes on the duo's reputation as the Cheech & Chong of hip hop. Still, Garr insists that skills—not trends—are the bottom line when it comes to casting a movie: "Method and Red have proven themselves by creating a brand [of humor]," she says. "I'm not, and I don't

time]," he says. "As long as [rappers] are out there and they're making money and there are audiences out there that want to see them, there are always going to be producers who will put them in films."

Especially if putting a rapper in their film pays off at the box office. In late December, Ice Cube's *Friday* sequel, *Next Friday*, was the top box-office draw, grossing more than \$16.9 million its opening weekend. The good news is that a film written, produced, and starring a rap artist was so widely embraced; the bad news is that *Next Friday* is a dismal movie—a formulaic collection of tired gags possessing little of the eccentric charm of its predecessor. That rappers can generate movie

done that. He wants a new artistic challenge. More than that, he wants respect, because this acting game ain't no joke. "You could look fly all day, but if the entertainment doesn't feel or carry some sort of authentic sincerity, it don't matter how pretty that shit look," he says, exhaling a plume of cigarette smoke. "I think I have fulfilled my days of just wanting to see myself [look] fly. I definitely can't front. I lived through that urge at one point. But that's not what I'm looking for now. I wanna be able to establish myself as an actor that is totally set aside from the rap shit."

He sounds like he really means it. Either that, or he's a damn fine actor. **Q**

WILD WILD WEST: BRUCE W. TALAMON; THE WATER HOUSE RULES: STEPHEN VAUGHAN; FRIDAY: JIM JARMUSCH; GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI: ARTISAN



B E C A U S E Y O U
S H O U L D N E V E R O U T G R O W
P I G G Y B A C K R I D E S .

Head & Shoulders gives you
beautiful flake-free hair that no one
can resist getting close to.



D A N D R U F F S H O U L D
N E V E R G E T I N T H E W A Y
O F B E I N G C L O S E .





THE WRIGHT BROTHER

JEFFREY WRIGHT is one of the most talented actors you've probably never heard of. But with his star turn as a Dominican drug dealer in one of the most anticipated films of the year, all that is about to change. **By Greg Tate**

Photographs by **DANA LIXENBERG**

In *Basquiat* (Miramax, 1996), his portrayal of the brilliant African-American painter Jean-Michel Basquiat as a boy-genius ghost figure transcended the obvious genius envy of the film's director, painter Julian Schnabel and even spooked some of the dead artist's best friends. "Jeffrey's performance goes beyond acting," said Michael Holman, a friend of Basquiat, in

But it's more than the actor's ability to transform that inspires Singleton's admiration; it's the way Wright's intellect informs his work. "Jeffrey's a thinker, and because he's always thinking, he'll add little things that intensify

One evening after shooting wraps, Wright and I were having sake and soup in an Upper West Side Szechuan joint, and the actor—tall, wiry, and catlike—is still carrying enough of Peoples's gangster aura to raise hackles on the necks of the waiters who hover by our table. Ignoring the restaurant staff, Wright talks about how this new *Shaff* is more than a black nostalgia trip. "This is a contemporization of *Shaff*. The thread between the old and the new are the name and the music and a black hero at the center of a political and socially urban landscape. From there, it completely diverges from the original. When I first heard about the project, I had a wait-and-see attitude. But when I got the script written by Richard Price, which

"I told him, 'You're bad, one of the baddest cats out here, but you ain't worked with no brothers yet,'" says John Singleton.

Though Wright stars as Ellen Barkin's lover in *Crime and Punishment in Suburbia* (United Artists), opening in March, it may take another brother to push him into the limelight. Enter John Singleton, director of *Boyz n the Hood* (Columbia, 1991), *Poetic Justice* (Columbia, 1993), *Higher Learning* (Columbia, 1995), and *Rosewood* (Warner Bros., 1997). Last year, Singleton cast Wright in his adaptation of the 1971 exploitation classic *Shaff* (Paramount), starring Samuel L. Jackson as New York City private dick John Shaft. The film, which has gone through massive script rewrites and an ever-changing cast—both Will Smith and Wesley Snipes were

Wright knows a thing or two about being shat upon by bigger sharks. The film work he considers his best to date was for a project hardly anyone seems to have seen, *Ride With the Devil* (USA, 1999). Directed by Ang Lee, the Chinese-born art-house director best known for the critically acclaimed *The Ice Storm* (20th Century Fox, 1997), this Civil War-era romance saw Wright playing an ex-slave who, by a precipitous turn of events, wound up fighting for the Confederacy. Accolades for Wright's performance followed the film's release last December. But the two-hour-plus period piece was competing for box-office revenue with Hollywood's holiday fare, including the Tom Hanks vehicle *The Green Mile* (Warner Bros.) and *The Talented Mr. Ripley*

authored both the book and the screenplay for Spike Lee's 1995 film *Clockers*], it really enticed me. Then I heard Sam was doing it, and they had no choice but to sign me up. I was there, in their face like, 'What?'"

"I didn't grow up with the idea of living in an artistic milieu and exercising that artistic flamboyance and freedom that cats at school seemed to have cultivated," he says. "From the time I was a little boy, I wanted to be a revolutionary. Not just for the sake of being rebel-



"When I went into acting, it was because it allowed me to do, in my own way, what Angela Davis and Muhammad Ali had done in theirs."

lious, but because I saw people in my community who were being abused by systemic forces. Even though I was [a kid] during the '60s, I couldn't help but be conscious of what was going on politically in the country."

For Wright, that meant the Black Panthers, the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy, ghettos going up in smoke, and John Carlos and Tommie Smith raising their fists for the world to see on the Olympic medal platform in Mexico City. Eyes wide open, he let the images of heroic social change seep from the TV set deep into his psyche. There, they lay the foundation of rage and commitment that many now see in his acting. "Jeffrey is real intense, real furious," says Singleton. "He's bringing this extra edge

of danger to the role. And that's spilling over into the rest of the picture as well."

The inspiration Wright took from his rebel heroes of the '60s begot awed silence when he met icons Muhammad Ali and Angela Davis as a grown man. "Both times I was speechless," he says. "I won't use the term 'starstruck' because that would diminish what they mean, but I was *struck* because they're heroic figures to me. When I went into acting, it was because it fit my body and mind but also because it allowed me to do, in my way, what Davis and Ali had done in theirs. If there's any theme to the work I've done, whether *Basquiat*, [*Angels in America*], or *Ride With the Devil*, it's trying to portray characters who ride the racial divide in our society, which implies a class rift as well."

Award-winning director Wolfe, who worked with Wright in the 1996 production of *Bring in Da Noise, Bring in Da Funk*, has likened the actor to a jazz musician who'll try out 1,000 variations on a melody. It's a time-consuming process that, at times, has threatened Wright's career. Although he won a Tony for *Angels in America*, Wright says his obsession for exercising all of his options almost got him fired days before the play was set to open.

"Right before preview, George called me at 11 in the morning and said, 'Jeffrey, it's not working.' And I said, 'I know, George. I've got two more days.' I believe that, to a certain extent, if you're given three months to prepare, you take three months; if you're given two weeks, you take two weeks. With *Angels* we had three months of rehearsal, and I needed all three.

"It was a challenge for me to unveil this womanliness and step into the clothes of this gay warrior," continues Wright. "For the first few weeks I would lose my voice. It would crack and dry up on me. All this fear and bias I might have had in my subconscious, I had to break all that down."

But, says Wright, there comes an assurance with exhausting all the possibilities. "In the theater, when cats come in to replace me [in a role], I'll go back and watch them work. Often they've got a lot of ideas," he says with a dismissive wave of his hand. "This is understandable, but what they don't understand is that I've already considered all of them. Eventually they come back home to what's been done."

The short but promising arc of Wright's career suggests that riper and richer screen portrayals of black men lie ahead. Unlike, say Samuel L. Jackson, Wesley Snipes, Denzel Washington, and Morgan Freeman, whose leading-man personas overtake the roles they play, Wright is more of a character actor than a movie star. He projects a deeper human complexity than Hollywood stereotypes of good nigga, bad nigga, funny nigga, stupid nigga. Having recognized the trap in taking up either the burden of nobility or the tragedy of minstrelsy as a black actor, Wright represents the black thespian road less traveled. "As I've taken on the craft of acting, all I've ever tried to do is be truthful with it," he says. "If there's any nobility in the work, I think it's that. And I think that's what genuinely touches people." □



ALL TOGETHER NOW:
Aaliyah and her men (Jet Li
(above and below) and
DMX (bottom right))



TO THE EAST BLACKWARD?

Can a middle-aged Hong Kong martial artist find happiness in the arms of a barely-out-of-her-teens R&B singing sensation? Only in Hollywood. *By Gary Dauphin*

In the new age of global media and instant fame, of "deadly venoms" Sprite commercials and quadri-racial supermodels, traditional categories and boundaries have come to mean next to nothing. The latest wall to come a-tumblin' down is the one that separated the Hollywood and Hong Kong film industries. It used to be that the powerhouse island's big-screen product was relegated to art houses and midnight-movie film festivals once it hit American shores. Today, though, if you're a Hong Kong actor or director looking to make that eastward voyage across the Pacific, your ship has come in.

The East-meets-West movie phenomenon started when a pair of Hong Kong-made Jackie Chan flicks—*Supercop* (1992) and *Rumble in the Bronx* (1995)—were removed from fringe video-store shelves, given new soundtracks by American film distributors (Dimension and New Line, respectively), and successfully resold to heartland multiplexes.

Buoyed by the success of Chan, Hong Kong stars like Chow-Yun Fat and Sammo Hung and directors John Woo and Tsui Hark crossed the big blue in pursuit of Tinseltown's fame and profit. Of the wave of Asian-inflected action flicks that followed, none was as successful as Chan's cop comedy *Rush Hour* (New Line, 1998), which teamed the affable action star with frenetic comedian Chris Tucker—and grossed more than \$141 million.

Given that boffo box office, it's no surprise that Jet Li, Hong Kong's reigning martial-arts king, stars this March in his own major Hollywood production, *Romeo Must Die* (Warner Bros.). Li—who was featured in 1996's *Black Mask* (Artisan) and 1998's *Lethal Weapon 4* (Warner Bros.)—joins postadolescent R&B songbird Aaliyah Haughton in this loose adaptation of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The film, along with *Rush Hour* and the forthcoming *Rush Hour II*, marks the arrival of a new subgenre: the Afro-Asian buddy picture in which a naive but deadly Asian transplant teams up with a streetwise African-American—kung fu and dance lessons invariably ensue.

Directed by Andrzej Bartkowiak and set in the shipping ports of Oakland, *Romeo* opens with Po, the son of a Chinese gang kingpin, paying an ill-advised visit to a black dance club. When Po (Jon Kit Lee) turns up dead soon after, a gang war erupts, and the son of local black gangster Isaac O'Day (played by Delroy Lindo as a wannabe godfather) is tossed out of a high-rise window in retaliation.

Enter Po's brother, Han (Jet Li), who escapes from jail and boards the first flight to the Bay Area. His search for his brother's killer leads him to O'Day's daughter (a surprisingly effective Aaliyah). Their relationship moves from flirtation to friendly affection to mutual grief counseling. Despite the fact that the stars' obvious cultural and age differences (Li's 37; Aaliyah's 21) could have led to some interesting

love scenes, Bartkowiak chose to play it chaste. Consequently, the most significant physical interaction between them occurs when Li uses Aaliyah's body to practically beat an Asian woman to death (he can't hit girls).

With a cameo by DMX and a hip hop soundtrack featuring X, Aaliyah, and Timbaland, *Romeo* is thoroughly of-the-urban-moment in both look and sound. But the oddest thing about the film might just be how it repackages old-school ethnic stereotypes as hip, multicultural fun for street and suburb alike: *Hey kids, Asian people still can't dance and black gangsters are just trying to leave a little summin' summin' behind for their children!* Still, *Romeo* points to a change in La-La Land race relations. Hollywood's perennial supporting actors (read: blacks and Asians) are now pooling their presumably limited box-office appeal and doing for self instead of playing second banana to white stars.

If *Romeo* sinks into box-office obscurity, there will undoubtedly be a round of explanations from Hollywood spin doctors about how people of color can't carry a picture on their own. But if the movie breaks big, expect U.S.-born Asian-American actors to develop foreign accents and Shaolin-monk skills and aging Asian superstars to board that transpacific gravy train hoping to kick it into the next century. Most of all, expect actors, black and Asian, to discover a new ethnic group to sidekick, namely each other. Welcome to 2000. ☐



Curtis Mayfield
kept on pushing
until the very end

IF THERE'S A HEAVEN ABOVE...

Curtis Mayfield

June 3, 1942–December 26, 1999

In the latter years of his life, Curtis Mayfield was like an angel on earth. The pioneering singer/songwriter/producer/guitarist, who died this past December at the age of 57, had been paralyzed from the neck down in a fluke accident in 1990 when a lighting rig fell on him as he was taking the stage for a performance in Brooklyn, N.Y. But he expressed no anger, no bitterness. "The character, they say, is in the head," he told me in 1993. "I have no pity on myself, nor do I look for it."

This kind of plainspoken language was typical of Mayfield's songwriting. From his first hit with his group the Impressions (1958's "For Your Precious Love"), his work introduced a passionate elegance to black pop, helping transform it from "rhythm and blues" to "soul." The songs that followed, both with the Impressions and as a solo artist, created a full portrait of the struggle, the pain, and the triumphs of black Americans in the civil rights era. Songs like "We're a Winner," "Keep on Pushing," and "We People Who Are Darker Than Blue" were as brave as the more celebrated landmarks by James Brown, while the gospel underpinnings of "Amen" and the flawless "People Get Ready" linked directly to the yearnings and suffering of his ancestors.

Years before Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder would make the radical move of writing and producing their own material, Mayfield was doing just that. His influence is massive: Bob Marley bit everything from the Impressions' outfits to their harmonies when he first assembled the Wailers. Rappers, including Ice-T and the Beastie Boys, have sampled Mayfield's songs, and rockers like Lenny Kravitz, Rod Stewart, and Fishbone have covered his hits.

As the 1970s began, Mayfield found a new direction for his career, one that would take him to even greater heights than his earlier work. In 1971, producer Sig Shore and writer Phillip Fenty approached him about writing songs for a movie they were shopping called *Super Fly* (Warner Bros., 1972). Mayfield was concerned about the messages of the film—"In many ways it looked like a cocaine commercial," he said—and so he wrote songs that served as a commentary, a critical take on both



the images on-screen and the life of the ghetto hustlers being depicted. The soundtrack was not only the masterpiece of the blaxploitation era but also a genuine breakthrough in the role that music could play in film. It included two gold singles, hit No. 1 on the pop charts, and sold more than 4 million copies.

After that, Mayfield became a major player in the movie business. He wrote, produced, and arranged the scores for *Clandine* (20th Century Fox, 1974), sung by Gladys Knight & the Pips; *Let's Do It Again* (Warner Bros., 1975), featuring the Staple Singers' mesmerizing title track; and *Sparkle* (Warner Bros., 1976), performed by Aretha Franklin. "One time, I was in downtown Chicago," he said, "and right on State Street, three of my movies were playing at the same time, and they

had my name on all the marquees, lined up. It was quite a sight to see."

But soon after that, like so many of his contemporaries, Mayfield was confronted with the disco takeover of pop music, and, as he said, "for once in my life, I wasn't leading the parade." Although he continued recording and touring, he never regained widespread commercial success. Instead, he moved easily into the role of elder statesman, encouraging rappers who sampled his songs at a time when others of his generation resisted the new music.

After the accident, Mayfield was twice inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame (with the Impressions and as a solo artist) and was honored with a lifetime achievement award at the Grammys in 1995. Then, almost unbelievably, he returned to record the lovely *New World Order* (Warner Bros., 1996) album. He often had to lie on his back in order to have enough strength to record his vocals; it was difficult for him even to sit upright in a wheelchair.

"I live for the music," Mayfield told me in 1993. And he did, until the very end. We were blessed to have him. And though he wrote a song called " (Don't Worry) If There's a Hell Below We're All Going to Go," his signature hit, "People Get Ready," better captures the Curtis Mayfield I knew: "Faith is the key/Open the doors and board them," he sang. "There's hope for all among those loved the most." *Alan Light*



SANAA LATHAN

"Up until this point, I wasn't really choosing roles, I was just trying to get a job," says Sanaa Lathan, 27, the captivating lead (opposite Omar Epps) of New Line's b-ball romance *Love and Basketball*, hitting theaters this month.

To prepare for *Love*, in which Lathan plays a talented college hoopster who dreams of becoming "the first woman in the NBA," she entered a grueling training schedule under the guidance of former Los Angeles Sparks assistant coach Colleen Matushara. "I'm very athletic so I thought it would be easy," Lathan says. "Well, I learned my lesson. It was like trying to be a ballet dancer. I have such an appreciation for basketball players now."

Lime quilted top by
Chanel
Face & Body: Second to
None Foundation in Clay
and lip gloss in Girlie,
both by Imran; fragrance,
Allure by Chanel

THE KIDS AREN'T ALL WHITE

BLACK, LATINO, AND ASIAN—
HOLLYWOOD'S NEW CROP
OF RISING STARS LOOK A LOT
LIKE THE *REAL KIDS* NEXT DOOR

Despite the likelihood that by 2050 more than half of the American population will be people of color, Hollywood has yet to let go of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, plastic-fantastic movie-star ideal (think Matt Damon, Gwyneth Paltrow, and The Leo). Now, after decades of the same blond thing, it seems Tinseltown is getting—dare we say it—multicultural. With a Latino teen heartthrob here and an Asian hottie there, the silver screen is getting more colorful every day.

Featured in low-budget indies and big-time leading roles, these five young actors—**Sanaa Lathan**, **Sandra Oh**, **Terrence Howard**, **Rosario Dawson**, and **Adrien Brody**—are capturing the attention of critics and filmmakers alike. So meet the new faces of Hollywood—real-world talent, without the star trip.

Heidi Sherman

Orange hand-knit
midriff sweater
by Chaiken; black
low-slung pant
by CoSTUME
NATIONAL;
gold chain with
jeweled drops
(worn at waist)
by Slane & Slane
Face & Body:
Soft Effects Eye
Colour Duo in
Twilight Mist,
Rouge Virtuale
Lipcolour in
Coral Dawn, and
Jet-Set Quick
Dry Nail Enamel
in Sunset Plum,
all by L'Oréal

SANDRA OH

Sandra Oh is not a funny person. Or so she professes. Her fifth season as Rita Wu, the wisecracking *Girl Friday* on HBO's *Arrest*, however, gives all evidence to the contrary. "You don't have to have the joke," the twentysomething actress explains, "you just have to know the right setup to make people who are funnier than you funny."

Oh will satisfy her off-kilter acting urge next as Jasmine, the stripper she plays in the upcoming indie film *Dancing at the Blue Iguana* (Moonstone), scheduled for release later this year. "Jasmine has extremely acidic qualities and she has no boundaries," says Oh, the Canadian-born daughter of Korean immigrants. "She's nothing like my character on *Arrest*."

Photographs by ISABEL SNYDER



TERRENCE HOWARD

Judging from his hilarious turn as the ever-smirking Quentin in *The Best Man* (Universal, 1999), you'd never guess that Terrence Howard, 31, spends much of his spare time doing experiments in his home chemistry lab in Philadelphia. "I wasn't trying to be an actor," says the Cleveland native. In fact, he holds a master's degree in physics.

"For other people, acting's a craft. For me, it's a game," says Howard, who goes opposite Martin Lawrence and Nia Long in the heist comedy *Big Momma's House* (20th Century Fox) later this year. One thing Howard is taking seriously is his plan to portray rock legend Jimi Hendrix as soon as the right script comes along. "I'm gonno play Hendrix," he says. "I can do stuff with a guitar people can't even dream about."


Blue short-sleeve
lace shirt by Dolce &
Gabbana; black felt
hat by Makins
Hats Ltd.



ROSARIO DAWSON

It's amazing how hanging out on a New York City street can change a person's life. "I had just turned 15, and I was standing there, talking to a guy," says Rosario Dawson, 20, "and someone came up to me and was like, 'We're doing this movie—do you want to be in it?'" The film happened to be Larry Clark's *Kids* (Miramax, 1995)—you know, the cult sensation.

Three years after her lucky break, Dawson got the gig of her dreams, playing Lala Bonilla, the cheating girlfriend of young basketball star, Jesus Shuttlesworth in Spike Lee's *He Got Game* (Buena Vista, 1998). The Latina talent followed up Spike's joint with the high school drama *Light It Up* (20th Century Fox, 1999), opposite Usher Raymond, and *Down to You* (Miramax), with Freddie Prinze Jr. Next, Dawson plays Audrey, a tenant in N.Y.C.'s funky glam Chelsea Hotel in *Last Word on Paradise* (Independent Digital). "Audrey's a little mature for her age, and I really love that."

A full-page photograph of actress Rosario Dawson. She is sitting on a dark, draped surface, leaning forward with her head resting on her hand. She is wearing a shimmering, sequined, strapless dress. The background is a solid blue color.

Gunmetal silk georgette
beaded halter top and
evening pant, both by
Himaya; sandal by
Fortuna Valentino;
18-karat white gold
and diamond bracelet
by MONDERA.com
Face & Body: Eyeshadow
in Mushroom, Softening
Pencil in Vapor, Powder
Cheekcolor in Mum, and
Lip Lacquer in Flutter,
all by Prescriptives

Black leather jacket and black silk shirt with French cuffs, both by Tom Ford for Gucci; Face & Body; Fragrance, Envy for Men by Gucci

ADRIEN BRODY

"I go for human roles," says Queens, N.Y., native Adrien Brody, 27, of his breakout performance as an ostracized punk rocker in Spike Lee's *Summer of Sam* (Buena Vista, 1999). Brody, the son of a Catholic mom and a Jewish pop, has been portraying sympathetic characters ever since he played Billy, a wayward orphan, in *Home at Last* (PBS, 1988) at age 13. He followed that with a string of critically acclaimed performances, including a star turn in *Restaurant* (Palisades), opposite Lauryn Hill, and as a 1950s Jewish teen dealing with racism in Barry Levinson's *Liberty Heights* (Warner Bros., 1999).

Up next, Brody plays a union organizer in Ken Loach's indie movie *Bread and Roses* (Parallax), about the little-publicized 1995 Justice for Janitors protest in Los Angeles. "I learned a lot about [labor] organizing," Brody says. "I went to AFL-CIO [meetings] incognito. I picketed a major hotel. I had to believe in what I was doing."



Olive twill button-down
shirt by A/X Armani
Exchange; cream
polyester shirt (tied
around waist) by
MECCA USA



V STYLE

KEEPIN' IT REEL

RAPPERS ARE THE HOTTEST COMMODITIES IN HOLLYWOOD. FROM THE SOUND BOOTH TO THE SILVER SCREEN, THESE HIP HOP THESPIANS ARE REDEFINING HOLLYWOOD STYLE—AND STEALING THE SHOW.

By Minya Oh; Photographs by Guy Aroch; Styling by Kadi Agüeros

GLORY starring **JA RULE**. The Murder Inc. frontman reinterprets Denzel Washington's role of Civil War soldier Trip...

COMING ATTRACTION: Ja costars with Pras in *Disco Superstar* (New Line). The movie, adapted from Pras's book, is being produced by Madonna's MADGUY Films. Ja is also working on his sophomore solo LP, tentatively titled *Rule 3.36* (Def Jam).

SOUND BITE: "The reason I really wanted to reenact this scene from *Glory* [where Washington gets whipped by his Federal Army superiors] is because it's such a powerful scene," says Ja. "And it's an important one for black people because it shows not just the struggle and pain but also a time when blacks were more unified because of that pain."

PULP FICTION starring **CHARLI BALTIMORE** and **DJ SCRATCH**.

Rapstress Charli and EPMD turntablist-turned-producer DJ Scratch reenact the roles of Mia Wallace and Jules Winnfield from Quentin Tarantino's film noir.

COMING ATTRACTION: Both Charli and Scratch star in *Bamboozled*, along with Mos Def, Jada Pinkett-Smith, MC Serch, and Damon Wayans. Charli is working on her long-awaited debut album, and Scratch is producing cuts for L.L. Cool J and Busta Rhymes.

SOUND BITES: "I think Spike Lee has a real eye for picking out talent that works well together. When [the cast] first had these preproduction meetings, it was like, 'This is a weird group of people.' Like me and Mos Def and Canibus," says Charli. "But once we really started, we had such an ill chemistry."

"Spike's using a lot of hip hop artists right now, which he's never done," says Scratch. "A lot of actors beef about rappers taking all the acting jobs, but sometimes we're acting more than most actors because we shoot so many videos."



White cotton bell-sleeve
button-down shirt
(on her) by D&G Dolce &
Gabbana; black wool two-
button notch lapel suit and
white cotton dress shirt
(on him), both by
Dolce & Gabbana

NAME DROPPING

V STYLE

Logos aren't new to the hot boys and girls around our way. We're always rocking a Gucci double "G," Fendi double "F," Louis Vuitton's "LV," and a solid "D&G" for Dolce & Gabbana. We're proud to show everybody whose clothes we're wearing—we paid our paper for the right to represent!

Photographs by Michel Nafziger; Styling by Angela Arambulo

(From left): Aqua "FF" logo sweater and cream linen pant, both by Fendi; navy mohair vest with beaded eagle logo and gray mohair flat-front pant with beaded detail, both by Tommy Hilfiger Collection; earrings by Agatha; cream long-sleeve sweater with red logo and tan jeans, both by Moschino Uomo; "GG" canvas trench coat bonded with leather, hot short with leather waistband, and original "GG" medium Boston bag, all by Tom Ford for Gucci; gray studed jersey tank top with diamanté logo and sweatpant with side studs, both by D&G Dolce & Gabbana; earrings by Agatha





MOSCHINO

D&G

D&G

1





(From left): Cotton canvas monogrammed zip-front jacket with leather trim, silk-blend short, and transparent vinyl and leather belt, all by Louis Vuitton; olive sleeveless studded T-shirt with red leather firebird and khaki five-pocket jeans, both by D&G Dolce & Gabbana; multi-colored painted "FF" jacket, pant, and beaded "FF" logo body bag, all by Fendi; silk floral blouse with sequins and blue cotton denim skirt, both by Chanel; earrings by Agatha; white cotton brief and "GG" canvas pant, both by Tom Ford for Gucci.
SEE THE DETAILS

GEAR THE REAL GOODS

HEADS UP!

This season we're hitting you over the head with the latest gear for your dome. Hot boys and home-girls do it with an Emporio Armani 'do rag and Chinese-character cap or a Sean John bar-damne tied right. Don't sleep on these head-banging styles. Tasha Turner

Top row (from left): Black stretch skull cap by Nike; fuchsia suede head scarf by Imagine This; by Kenyeo red Chinese-character baseball cap by Flexfit; bottom row (from left): Khaki bucket hat by Nautica Jeans Company; gray racing visor by FUBU; orange bandanna by Sean John Signature Label. SEE THE DETAILS



SCOOP food for fierce fashionistas

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

A message of individual femininity, hope, and truth is what **NDA, CACHAREL**'s latest fragrance for women, is all about. The round glass bottle with a single pearl floating inside it shines and radiates in the light. The sweet floral scent is a blend of white musk, white peony, fresh greens, a hint of coffee, and coriander—and it keeps you feeling fresh for hours. NDA eau de toilette, perfumed body lotion, and body shampoo are available in fine department stores nationwide.



COLOR ME CALVIN!

The man who has given us the freshest runway fashion is now lacing us with cosmetics to match. Inspired by his signature clothing, **CALVIN KLEIN** has designed a makeup line in a wide range of colors and created a collection of akin-care products and accessories to enhance every woman's lifestyle. Packaged for ladies on the go, the products are small enough to fit almost anywhere. For a store near you, call 800-715-4023.

THE VIVA DIVAS

M.A.C COSMETICS now has two queens on its team. The Queen of Hip Hop Soul, **MARY J. BLIGE**, and the Queen



Bee, **LIL' KIM**, have both been named spokeswomen for Viva Glam III lipstick. (Previous spokespeople include RuPaul and k.d. lang.) The new ad campaign features photographs of the divas by famed lensman David LaChapelle, and all proceeds from the sale of the plum-brown lipstick (\$13.50) will benefit the M.A.C AIDS Fund. All hail to the hip hop queens!

Tasha Turner

sneak peek

SPONGE BY CONVERSE, \$60

WHO: No-fuss, stress-free folks.
WHY: Slip 'em right on—no need to deal with laces—and they're comfortable too!
WHEN: Chillin' in the park on a beautiful spring day.
WHERE: Call 800-638-3688 or go to www.converse.com for store locations.
SEE THE DETAILS
Mimi Valdes



Photographs by ERIN PATRICE O'BRIEN



Let's Do It Again.

Enjoy our quality responsibly.

© 1999 CROWN ROYAL • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) • JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY

CASUAL CHIC

V FACE

KIDADA JONES

The daughter of music legend Quincy Jones and actress Peggy Lipton, Kidada is quickly becoming the Jones to keep up with. Besides working the fashion front as a stylist for designer Tommy Hilfiger, she's a consultant for hairstylist John Frieda's forthcoming ethnic hair-care line. The 25-year-old beauty has also graced the silver screen, with roles in *The Faculty* and the upcoming *Black and White*. Additionally, Kidada's taking on A&R chores at Dad's label, Qwest, and is busy writing screenplays.

Although she's a barometer for all things fly, Kidada is a minimalist. "My style is always comfortable and casual," she says. She's equally self-effacing about her multicultural beauty: "I'm a mutt. More so than ever, there are a lot of cultures coming together, and that's being recognized. I'm representing a little bit of everybody."

THE MANETHING: "My hair is naturally wavy. I had the tips highlighted a golden brown for a softer look, but it almost ruined my hair. Now I use L'Oréal Karastés Bain Satin No. 1 Shampoo and Lait Vital Protéiné Conditioner for deep conditioning." For straighter days, Kidada blow-dries her hair and works a dollop of John Frieda Frizz-Ease Hair Serum throughout for a sleek look.

PRIMARY COLORS: "For me it's about clean skin and little makeup. I can't resist a little lip gloss at night. My fave is Kiehl's Lip Gloss in Raspberry. Dressing up for Kidada usually means a coat of mascara and maybe a hint of blush, like Stila's Chaak Color in Cream.

SKIN SENSE: "I depend on sunblock and water. The sun is horrible for your skin, and drinking a lot of water helps your skin look better. I like Clarins Sun Care Cream-Gel SPF 15—I slather it on my face and hands."

LUXE LIFE: "I love spas. I would take a spa day over shopping. My favorite treatments are hot milk baths and cucumber facials." Janyne Raines



Face & Body: Hyper Real foundation in Gold FX, eyeshadow in Surreal, lipstick in Huetopia, and Lipgloss in Succulent, all by M.A.C

STYLING BY ANGELA ANASKELO MAKEUP BY KIDADA JONES HAIR BY ANDRE PHIPPS/DEEDAN MARTIN AGENCY



tcb

Queen

Rule your hair.

Rule your style.

Rule your shine.

Your Hair. Your Way.

> Available at

Walgreens

© copyright 1999

SOUNDTRACK ON LOUD RECORDS featuring NEW MUSIC from

XZIBIT
RAEKWDN
PRDDIGY DF MOBB DEEP
EVERLAST
THE X-ECUTIONERS
FEATURING
BIG PUN AND KODI G RAP
DEAD PREZ
LV
AMERICAN
CREAM TEAM



IN STORES MARCH 28



LOOK

SATURDAY-NIGHT SPECIAL

100 Films That'll Rock Your World

Movies address many moods. Maybe you've put the shorties to bed and you want to watch something other than *Babe* or *Toy Story* for the millionth time. Or you've had a bad day and want to unwind with some comedy or romance. Or perhaps you've always wanted to place the thousands of screen images you've absorbed over the years into some organized context, but you've never had the time or wherewithal. That's why we had our writers critically riff on 10 handy cinema genres and the 10 essential films in each, why they matter, and what you might've overlooked.



Al Pacino crosses the line for family honor in **THE GODFATHER**.

LOOKSATURDAY-NIGHT SPECIAL



Robin Givens sets Eddie Murphy up for the kill in **BOOMERANG**.



Willis looks for the exit in **DIE HARD**.



There's something about **CARRIE**.

ACTION

May contain: speed, style, and brains (some splattered). May lack: subtlety, dialogue, and women. Still, the action genre is far from the sole property of Dolph Lundgren—especially in its golden age. That begins with **BULLITT** (in which crazy-driving Steve McQueen fights crime and gravity on San Francisco hills), extends through **THE FRENCH CONNECTION** (starring equally vehicular narc Gene Hackman), and peaks with **DIRTY HARRY** (starring Clint Eastwood and the John Holmes of ballistics, the .44 Magnum) and **DELIVERANCE** (in which Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, and their pals meet demonic hillbillies on a canoe trip gone way South). Two 1970s gems, **3 DAYS OF THE CONDOR** and **MARATHON MAN**, pit resourceful regular guys (Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman) against sophisticated assassins—rogue CIA agents in the former; Nazi war criminals with sadistic dental tips in the latter. Those two films paved the way for the great **DIE HARD**, in which a barefoot Bruce Willis battles high-rise terrorists and spawns almost as many inferior sequels as **LETHAL WEAPON**, in which cop on edge Mel

Gibson and family man Danny Glover take on a drug ring and other clichés—and win. **Lethal Weapon**'s violence overkill is only excelled by the master, John Woo, in his '90s Hong Kong epic **HARD BOILED**, in which a cop-hitman team turn .45 automatics into ballet props. Gunplay never looked as cool and arty, with the possible exception of **HEAT**, in which Al Pacino and Robert De Niro square off as supercop and robber in high-gloss, high-tech Los Angeles. The movie also boasts the most adrenalized bank robbery on celluloid.

Chris Norris

BLAXPLOITATION

Veteran outlaw filmmaker Melvin Van Peebles once said that the release of **SHAFT** marked the moment the Man had co-opted the potentially radicalizing power of commercial black cinema, thus spawning this low-to-no-budget genre. But private eye John Shaft was reconfigured by the urban imagination into a genuine folk hero on par with the venerable Stagger Lee. Other heroes emerged from the early '70s with a mythic life beyond their movie incarnations: Super Fly, the Mack, and Foxy Brown. Though

SUPER FLY concerns spiritual redemption, its popular appeal lay in cars, clothes, cocaine, and Curtis Mayfield's soundtrack. **THE MACK** has been required viewing for nearly 30 years, your cool incomplete unless you had the movie poster on your bedroom wall. A fitting companion to *The Mack* is **WILLIE DYNAMITE**, starring *Sesame Street*'s Roscoe Orman as the most outrageously dressed pimp ever who cracks under the combined pressure of a pimp's union, the cops, and the ghost of his mom. The flip side of mackin' brothers is honky-castrating **FOXY BROWN**, which features the impressive charms of Pam Grier, out to avenge her boyfriend's murder by the mob. **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM** comes closest to representing the savage humor of novelist Chester Himes, expanding the genre more overtly into comedy. Horror melded with blaxploitation in **BLACULA**, whose hero leaves one wondering why homeboy didn't have better sense than to ask Count Dracula to end the slave trade in the first place. Another film in the same vein is Bill Gunn's little-seen but highly acclaimed **GANJA & HESS**, about a tribe of African blood-

suckers. And if there's a film from this era worthy of a big-budget Hollywood remake, it's **THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR**, based on the popular Sam Greenlee novel about a black CIA agent who turns street gangs into revolutionary guerrilla cadres. But the greatest blaxploitation hero of them all is urban icon Bruce Lee, who best personified the revolutionary aspirations of inner-city moviegoers in **THE CHINESE CONNECTION**.

Darius James

COMEDY

Good comedy is some funny shit: simultaneously omnipresent and rare, impossible to describe, difficult to quantify (and unmistakable when you trip across the real thing). Some great comedy is a matter of special performances, like what a mad, incandescent, brilliantly tortured Richard Pryor provided by going **LIVE IN CONCERT**, or the cracked spectacle of Peter Sellers's multiple personalities in the Cold War surrealism of **DR. STRANGE-LOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**. Some great comedies are a matter of imagining new, unexpected situations—from the old-school, perfectly



Rappin' on the stoop in KRUSH GROOVE.



Need we say more? SHAFT.

timed, cross-dressing yuks bouncing between Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, and Marilyn Monroe in **SOME LIKE IT HOT** to the new-school affirmative-action gamesmanship of Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd's **TRADING PLACES**. Fish out of water are always plenty funny: from Gene Wilder and (again) Richard Pryor trying to fake their way through prison in **STIR CRAZY** to the white man who turns into a blustering Godfrey Cambridge overnight in **THE WATERMELON MAN** to the black (-power) cowboy of **BLAZING SADDLES**, his '70s-era righteousness somehow blown back to the Old West by Mel Brooks. And mood is 70 percent of many comedy battles—the smoked-out meander of the first **FRIDAY**'s story was a perfect counterpoint to Chris Tucker's shrillness, while nerdfest **THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY**'s tale of finding love in the ashes of high school humiliation turned the tools of gross-out slapstick into bodily fluid-assisted high art. Of course, no list of comedies is complete without **MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL**, which, like all true greats, fits no category except its own.

Gary Daughin

GANGSTER

I beg your pardon, but in Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn, N.Y., a Saturday night is a sacred social event, when men who regularly sit in the darkness stand up at high moon to dance with dead friends. For those who don't trick or treat or settle their beef at the end of a turbulent week, you can peep my special made-man movie list—for those who are calm and orderly in their lives yet violent and vengeful in their hearts. In **PUBLIC ENEMY**, James Cagney flawlessly exemplifies the deep-rooted desire to live outside of the law in order to write policy. *Public Enemy* also offers the moral that thugs should never get promoted. **KING OF NEW YORK** is the best low-budget gangster flick in the last 20 years. Lesson: Gangsters aren't necessarily bad guys; they do bad things, but for damn good reasons. To that end, I rate **UNDERWORLD, U.S.A.** (made in the days you can trust) a V, for vendetta. **F.I.S.T.** harks back to when Sylvester Stallone (a.k.a. Johnny Kovak) was for the people! A gritty, earlier version of *Hoffa*, its lesson is: Sometimes you have to bend to the stick. For the impetuous and unreason-

able, I recommend **SCARFACE**—the most referenced film in hip hop. But take heed: Don't get high on your own supply! **GOODFELLAS** is a snitch's love story, while **BUGSY** shows us the poorest man isn't the one without wealth, it's the one without a dream. *Both*, however, pay a heavy price. What can I say about **THE GODFATHER TRILOGY: 1901-1980** except that it's the dark history of American capitalism? And if *The Godfather*'s a primer for professionals only, then **MEAN STREETS** is for the aspiring neophyte. But **ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA** has it all! Any movie with a score by Ennio Morricone is nothing to speak ill of. This is for men of respect who know that just because you grew up with a guy, it doesn't make him your friend.

The Consigliere™

HIP HOP

What is a "hip hop movie"? Obviously, as with any genre, it's a film whose central ideas are conveyed through the genre's conventions. Thus, movies like the seminal **WILD STYLE** and its less imaginative followers—**BEAT STREET**, **KRUSH GROOVE**, and **BREAKIN'**—are hip hop

movies because the world of hip hop and its characters are their explicit subject matter. So, then, are wack-juicy movies like *Tougher Than Leather* and *Who's the Man?* Though not primarily about hip hop, both are saturated with hip hop personalities. (When released, one of *Who's the Man?*'s chief bragging points was that it had practically a neighborhood of hip hop artists in it. Clearly, *this* is a hip hop movie.) But how about the poetic **BOYZ N THE HOOD**, the high-octane **NEW JACK CITY**, **MENACE II SOCIETY**, **JUICE**, and **SET IT OFF**, or even chucklefeists *House Party* and *Friday*? Here, though a touch more fuzzy, the answer is yes, because, as with the aforementioned films, their creators are primarily intending (through casting, narrative, music, etc.) to reach an audience that voraciously consumes hip hop. Conversely, this is why the kaleidoscopic **BELLY** is a hip hop movie, but the similarly themed *Scarface* is not. Despite many hip hop fans' sacred devotion to the latter film, it wasn't made for you. You just sampled it. Which leads to a notable irony: While you were sampling, you were being sampled too. The hip hop movie may be the sole genre in

LOOK SATURDAY-NIGHT SPECIAL



Marlon Brando gets an offer he can't refuse in **THE GODFATHER**.



Soldiers give it their all in **FULL METAL JACKET**.

fatal decline among these VIBE 10, as films that focus on hip hop—aimed at like audiences—have ceased to be made as hip hop itself diffuses into the larger, whiter culture. That explains *Bulworth*, *Any Given Sunday*, and shark sonata *Deep Blue Sea*, in which L.L. Cool J has a significant role—but hip pop doesn't.

Harry Allen

HORROR

People think horror flicks are about fear, but the great ones are about punishment—punishment for being different, punishment for doing whatever we're not supposed to do. We like watching because we're not the ones getting sliced and diced. As **PSYCHO**'s unmarried but sexually active Marion Crane or the endless horny teens of the **HALLOWEEN** clones can tell you, fornicators are *always* in danger in horror flicks. Your guilty pleasure is someone else's (permanent) guilty sentence. In **EVIL DEAD**, kids intent on shacking up in abandoned houses get their just desserts (the girls get it worse, of course). But sometimes just being young and special can get you in trouble, as it does little Danny (Danny Lloyd) in **THE SHIN-**

ING or Regan (Linda Blair) in **THE EXORCIST**. **CARRIE**, the after-school special of first menses, provides one of the most memorable images of the genre—with an assist from a bucket of pig's blood. Meanwhile, race relations go beyond medieval to supernatural in **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, where shotgun-wielding rednecks can't tell the difference between nigras and the undead. Speaking of rednecks, what was **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE** but toothy revenge for inbred hicks? Think about that the next time you joke about trailer parks. Of course, some great horror flicks are scary just for the hell of it. **A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET** series's janitorial horror, Freddy Krueger, is as much an old-fashioned Grimm's fairy-tale villain as he is a suburban horror, and baroque monstrosities like **HELLRAISER**'s Pinhead waft through the frame like opium dreams lensed through an S&M prism. In the end, though—or maybe the beginning—good horror is like the negative image of good porn: Instead of mirroring your desires and getting you off, it gets you off by killing everyone who gets off like you do.

Gary Dauphin

MUSICAL

Before the advent of music videos, the traditional way to fuse story and song was the musical. Like opera, musicals carry the plot on the shoulders of a damn fine tune and some equally fine footwork. So **WEST SIDE STORY**'s songs speak to racial and gang tensions and elevate the tale of doomed love to the level of a societal thesis; **THE WIZ** filters fantasy through a gritty urban point of view; and Francis Ford Coppola's **COTTON CLUB**—ostensibly a gussied-up gangster melodrama—examines the racism of Prohibition-era Harlem nightlife. **SPARKLE** is a rags-to-gowns story made memorable by a soulful Curtis Mayfield score—and while **CAR WASH** isn't a musical in the strict, stop-everything-and-burst-into-a-number sense, the blasting of AM radios permeates the action and pushes the story along. (Both movies were written by Joel Schumacher.) Likewise, the violent core of Jamaican drug and music cartels is illuminated by the pulsating backbeat that drives **THE HARDER THEY COME**, underscoring the choice for a vital narrative element rather than mere filmic window dressing. That's why

without all that dancing-on-taxicab-hood stuff **FAME** would be a somewhat dreary tale of overachievers. Similarly, Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro's postmodern **NEW YORK, NEW YORK** romance comes alive only when the big band swings, depicting the star-crossed couple's plight as a clash between musical styles. **PURPLE RAIN** has a laughable Freud-by-numbers plot that's transformed into pure rock brilliance by the concert performances, while **THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW** turns its Busby Berkeley—on-ecstasy transgender farce into a communal celebration of transgressive camp—final proof that you can't go wrong with a little song and dance.

Amy Linden

ROMANCE

Nothing lures us to the movies like the promise of the unattainable, and *nothing* in the movies seems more unattainable than love. We will sit for hours just to see love redeem perennial hound Eddie Murphy in **BOOMERANG** or ghetto-fabulous automaton Richard Gere in **AMERICAN GIGOLO** or even skuzzball loser/kidnapper Vincent Gallo in **BUFFALO '86**. Romantic

Cellular Case No. 746

Sept. 3, 12:08pm: Miami, Florida

THE ORBIT
CAFE



"She said she was Teresa.

She knew all the things
Teresa knew. But I think I know
what Teresa sounds like.
And that wasn't Teresa."

It's about time somebody cleared things up around here.

It's always nice to hear a familiar voice, isn't it? That's why Sprint PCS built the only all-digital, all-PCS nationwide network from the ground up, serving more than 280 major metropolitan areas. It's so clear, it'll sound like the person you're talking to is the person you're talking to. Imagine that. 1-800-480-4PCS or visit www.sprintpcs.com



The clear alternative to cellular.™

Sprint PCS®

©1999 Sprint Spectrum L.P. All rights reserved. Sprint, Sprint PCS and the diamond logo are registered trademarks of Sprint Communications Company L.P., used under license. Sprint PCS Phone is a trademark of Sprint Communications Company L.P.

LOOK SATURDAY-NIGHT SPECIAL



Prince takes the stage in **PURPLE RAIN**.



Richard Pryor is **LIVE**.



Harrison Ford has a really bad day in **BLADE RUNNER**.

thrillers may ostensibly be about record pirating and corrupt cops (**DIVA**), IRA terrorists who've run afoul of a transvestite (**THE CRYING GAME**), or FBI agents who in their Nazi-hunting zeal pimp weak-willed sisters (**NOTORIOUS**)—but beneath it all, like the ultimate Hitchcock MacGuffin, that yearning for love we identify with is what truly keeps us riveted. Both **TRUE ROMANCE** and **ROMEO + JULIET** have the hyperventilated giddiness of a well-armed first date, underscoring the risk of any amorous leap of faith. And in **CHOOSE ME**, a Teddy Pendergrass soundtrack coolly buffers a loony bunch of desperately lonely people, reminding us that we all deserve to be looked upon mercifully when it comes to the game of love. However, the most sweepingly romantic movie of all time remains **CASABLANCA**—in which, against the backdrop of WWII, a multinational cast and the fate of the free world swirl around the triangle of Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid—because we need to acknowledge that love does feel *this* important.

Robert Morales

SCIENCE FICTION

A funhouse reflection of our dreams about the future, science fiction holds a mirror up to our hopes and anxieties about who—and what—we are. Slavery proves its longevity in **BLADE RUNNER**'s parable about the cost of free labor. In **ALIEN**, a crew of wage-slave galactic strip miners are sacrificed to retrieve a slimy, malevolent killing machine, and in **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** astronauts die as pawns in a Machiavellian alien plot—while human deceit drives servile computers insane in both films. Long before the V-Chip, James Woods's conversion into a human VCR in the mind-warping **VIDEO DROME** showed what was coming, but Keanu Reeves's escape from life as a Duracell in **THE MATRIX** holds out some hope that our lust for high-speed Internet access won't necessarily make us all just wetware in the machine. Fear of being reduced to a lab experiment is also the central theme of the postapocalyptic anime film **AKIRA**, while **STAR WARS** and **MAD MAX** show us a future so far-flung that our greatest achievements are either in decay or utterly destroyed. Can't find an apartment? There's plenty

of living space in the future of **12 MONKEYS**—all you need to do is unleash a plague on mankind. But possibly the best solution for urban overcrowding had to be **WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT**, in which the horrors of urban sprawl are solved through the gentrification-through-genocide expansion of Hollywood into innocent little Toontown. The future can be a dark place if you're different.

Rob Simpson

WAR

What is it good for? In the right hands, brutally poetic filmmaking. Peep the great works of two giants: Francis Ford Coppola's **APOCALYPSE NOW**, with its stunning photography and unforgettable freaks (the air-cavalry psycho, the colonel/cult leader), depicts Vietnam as America's ultimate bad trip, and Stanley Kubrick's **FULL METAL JACKET**, which just as convincingly portrays the war, from boot camp to firefights, as one long process of systematic dehumanization, one that makes the strong and weak two different kinds of crazy. *Jacket* needs bookends Kubrick's WWII-era **PATHS OF GLORY**, in which a failed

suicide mission is punished by execution. Michael Cimino's **THE DEER HUNTER** does it more straightforwardly, showing how blue-collar toughs could blast their way out of a Vietcong torture camp and still be irreparably damaged. Hollywood outsider Robert Altman dealt with both Vietnam and Korea: dramatically in **STREAMERS**, a barracks play of murder and race relations, and satirically in **M.A.S.H.**—like the sitcom but gorier and funnier. Action lyricist John Woo probably had the last word on America's "bad" war with his epic of Hong Kong battle profiteers, **BULLET IN THE HEAD**. But even America's "good" war provides sufficient moral shadiness for both Spielberg's Holocaust nightmare, **SCHINDLER'S LIST**, and Germany's U-boat thriller, **DAS BOOT**, to portray both sides as victims. And if you're feeling smug about U.S. foreign policy, view **THREE KINGS** to see the special lunacy enabled by smart bombs, cell phones, and late-century greed—in other words, the Gulf War. Conflict, madness, terror, and death: War's got all the elements. It's the supreme metaphor—way better on-screen than off.

Chris Norris

A photograph of two African American female tennis players standing on a tennis court. The player on the left is wearing a red and white Reebok tennis top and a white jacket, holding a tennis racket. The player on the right is wearing a white tennis top. Both are smiling. The photo is framed by a rough, black, hand-painted border.

True Players

don't use drugs.

When you mess around with drugs, you end up getting played.

The real winners in life don't use drugs.

And anyone who tells you different is just giving you played-out information.

Office of National Drug Control Policy
Partnership for a Drug-Free America®

www.freevibe.com





POLITICALLY ERECT

If you think cigar-wielding Big Willie Clinton is a sex freak, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Rump-shaking **Luther Campbell**, purveyor of perverted rap, wants to be President. Ladies, hang on to your panties. *By Shaheem Reid*

Way before Def Soul recording star Sisqo envisioned girls in thongs, rap icon Luther "Luke" Campbell was featuring big-body mummies sporting dental-floss bikinis in his videos and live shows. His music was so titillating that in the early '90s, Campbell and his group, the 2 Live Crew, were arrested and charged with breaking obscenity laws after performing hits from their album *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* (Luke Skywalker, 1989) at Florida's Club Futura.

Now, the don of dirty rap is out to broaden his hip hop horizons. He has just inked a multi-million-dollar deal with Urban Box Office Network to launch *www.lukeworld.com* (where you'll be able to chat with Campbell and purchase uncensored versions of his defunct pay-per-view TV series, *Luke's Pep Show*). The Miami native is also heading for Hollywood. His new movie, *Luke's Freak Fest 2000* (Luke Films)—about a group of college students in search of sex and money while on spring break—is due to premiere on pay per view in April. An accompanying soundtrack hits stores March 14.

That's not all. Uncle Luke, 38, says he wants to paint the White House doo-doo brown. That's right, Campbell wants to be the supreme shot caller, the President of the United States. But is the country ready for the man who brought us songs like "Head Head and More Head" and "Bust a Nut" to lead the free world? You be the judge.

What's up, Luke? I see...

Yeah, I'm running for President.

What? Are you serious?

Yeah, I'm serious. We're not being represented by the politicians that are so-called representing the people. I'm the perfect person. I can't lose. I just gotta get a good team of advisers around me.

I always knew a rapper would run for President one day, but I didn't quite envision you. If you could pick a fellow hip hop artist to be your vice president, who would it be?

Chuck D would be somewhere in my cabinet. But my vice president would have to be DMX. Being that he's a younger head and I'm an older cat, we would be universal. He's got that big New York market. It's great from a political standpoint.

Will you change your image to gain votes?

I'm going to try to make Luke a little more Hugh Hefner. If I have a party where girls are touching each other, it's gonna be done with so much class ain't nobody gonna be nerved out.

You've had small parts in movies like The Player's Club (New Line, 1998) and Ride (Miramax, 1998), in which you've pretty much played yourself. Will you be stretching as an actor anytime soon?

I think I could play a preacher.

Members of the congregation, we are gathered here to pop that coochie. I said, paaaaaanaaaaaaap, paaaaaap that coochaaaaayyyyy!

I think I could do it, man. But I would work

for free with Denzel Washington. I'd learn so much from him; I'd be on a whole other level.

You've had some interesting relationships with Hollywood types. In 1990, George Lucas sued you for using the name Luke Skywalker. And one of your biggest hits, "Mr So Horny," samples a bit of dialogue from Oliver Stone's Platoon (Orion, 1986). Now, your new movie features Chicago pimp Bishop Don "Magic" Juan from HBO's documentary Pimps Up, Ho's Down (1999).

I respect Bishop—he's the Don Dada.

So who gets more ladies?

I'm a universal player. I got 'em in Japan, France, Holland, and the Philippines. I even helped him put his mackin' on the Internet.

Because you're constantly surrounded by so many women, a lot of people will be surprised to hear that you're getting married. How did you convince your woman that she's your one and only?

What I have in my fiancée right now is someone who wants to know who Luther Campbell is and can see past Luke. I haven't called a girl my woman since I was 16 years old. And that was some high school love. All the girls I had children with I never called my woman. I always said the girl who I called my woman [would be the one] I could take home to my mother.

He loves his woman and he loves his mama. How could we not vote for Luke?

"VIBE magazine endorses Luke for President." This could start some shit, man. ☐

LOOKTECH

CLICK FLICKS

Filmmakers and fans log on to the new era of electronic cinema. By Craig Barboza

Breaking into Hollywood has always been about connections, connections, connections. In the old days, that meant becoming son-in-law to the studio chief or sorting mail at Creative Artists Agency. But today, the only hookup you need is a high-speed T-1 link to the World Wide Web. Hotshot executives don't boot up for just e-mail and box-office updates anymore; increasingly, they're logging on for fresh ideas and future talent. Why spin through the indie festival circuit when you can point, click, and download the next *The Blair Witch Project* on your PC?

Once dubbed "the information superhighway," the Internet is rapidly becoming a major source of entertainment, as well. There are now over two dozen websites devoted to producing digi-flicks. We're talking tons of movies, most of them available at no charge, made outside of the studio system by filmmakers with limited résumés. The content includes a range of subject matter, from *Black People Hate Me* and *Hate My Glasses* to *Saving Ryan's Privates*. Some flicks barely merit the time it takes to download them, but you just might spot some bold, fresh work

"The Internet is a new pipeline for undiscovered talent," says Ken Wong, CEO of Pop.com, an upcoming entertainment site from DreamWorks and Imagine



Entertainment.

"It's a great equalizer."

The driving force behind these "click flicks" is the wave of new and low-cost digital equipment that has set off an explosion in moviemaking. What was once an

exclusive medium of big bucks and high concepts is now entirely accessible. "All you need today is the desire, a story, and a couple thousand dollars," says Skip Paul, CEO and cochair of IFILM.com, a hot-house for aspiring shot callers. "You got kids in Baltimore walking out of their houses with digital camcorders, shooting a movie, editing with special effects on their laptops, sending it online, and in lightning speed the world is

amateurs have copped deals as a result of their exposure on the Web. The dark comedy short *Sunday's Game*, about a Russian roulette-playing clique of senior citizens, earned filmmaker David Garrett, 30, and Jason Ward, 26, a six-figure development deal with Fox TV Studios within a week of its launch on IFILMPro.com. "Normally, when you make a short there's a studio hierarchy to go through," says Garrett, a UCLA law-school graduate. "Putting your movie on the Web cuts out that middleman. It gives you access to top-level executives automatically. You don't have to work from the bottom up anymore."

There is, of course, a downside to screening movies on the Net. In addition to poor image quality, viewers often face long waits during transmission. And there is little to no dough to be made at this point because most sites don't pay filmmakers for their movies.

"The biggest [advantage] is exposure," says Christa Collins, 28, whose short comedy about a bickering black couple, *She Smokes*, attracted a distributor after it was shown online. What you want to do, she says, is "get your film seen by somebody who might dig your work and wonder what else you can do." For many young would-be moviemakers, the booming Internet film scene is a cyber-stepladder out of obscurity.

While no one yet has registered a breakout hit, a handful of hustling

SITE BITE

WHO: THE HOLLYWOOD STOCK EXCHANGE

WHERE: www.hsx.com

WHAT: An engrossing make-believe stock exchange where you buy and trade shares in your favorite movie projects, Hollywood celebrities, and even music

stars. Make all the right moves, build up your Hollywood dollars, and use them to buy real movies, CDs, and merchandise. The Hollywood Stock Exchange even offers stock news: For example, in late January, Mary J. Blige's Grammy nomination prompted a 32.6 percent gain in

her stock (MARYJ) from about 10 Hollywood dollars per share to \$15.87!

WHY: With a free membership, you automatically get 2 million in Hollywood dollars to play with—enough for hours of fun practice for couch brokers.

T. Malik



Make
your
next
move...

VIBE

Subscribe today & save 63% - 10 issues only \$11.95

Send in the attached card or write, VIBE P.O. Box 59580 Boulder, CO 80322-9580
or call us at 1-800-477-3974

LOOKTECH

DREAMS OF FILMING A DIGITAL FLICK

Professional-quality camcorders put the director's chair in any novice's reach

As an aspiring filmmaker, I've always followed the latest camcorder trends. I shot my first amateur music videos with a heavy, clunky Panasonic S-VHS camcorder about twice the size of my head. The sound was limited to cruddy mono, and the shaky picture looked flat and ugly because of unflattering lighting and poor image-resolution quality. Later, I relied on my trusty Hi-8 camcorder for cheap but decent-quality shoots. The resulting film was hardly good enough to broadcast at family functions,

though, much less on MTV.

But finally, there's hope for Scorsese wannabes and baby Spike Jonzes like me. The new breed of "prosumer" digital camcorders, like the top-of-the-line Canon GL1 Mini-DV, enable the film-crazed everyman (provided he or she can cough up \$2,699) to produce broadcast-ready video good enough to blow 1999's *The Blair Witch Project* back to the forest it came from. Did you see Wim Wenders's 1999 *Buena Vista Social Club*, featuring all that gorgeous camerawork and those rich,



saturated colors that painted Cuba in all its glory? All shot with digital cameras, baby.

You can't fit the GL1 in your pocket, but with its 3 CCD image sensors (those tiny digital camcorders only have 1 CCD), you can duplicate that *Buena* expressive detail and accurate color reproduction. And for the Hype Williams in all of us, you can even dub audio from external sources, like a CD player, directly

onto the videotape.

My favorite features are the GL1's strobe effect, which turns my shot into a pixilated blur (seen in Hong Kong films like 1994's *Chungking Express* and in Lauryn Hill's "Ex-Factor" video), and the digital-photo feature that allows me to take perfect snapshots and download them to my PC. The GL1 renders all my excuses like, "I just don't have the money, time, or technical capability," moot. Now if I can just convince Leonardo DiCaprio to read my script. *Christopher Kab*

Movie Magic

Whether you're a film buff or an amateur digital director, you'll give two thumbs up to these high-tech toys

Makin' Movies With Your Mouse: Apple iMac DV Personal Computer (\$1,299)
Apple first revolutionized the home-computing scene in 1998 with its super-easy,

economical, and stylish iMac. This year, the iMac is smaller and faster—and its latest DV model has inspired Hollywood videobes. This new version is like a movie studio in a box. Just plug in your digital camcorder to one of DV's two FireWire ports and transfer your *Freelink* footage onto the 64MB hard drive. Use the preinstalled iMovie software to edit your movie, record your own voice-over, or add background music using downloaded MP3 files. When you're finished, transfer your masterpiece onto a VHS tape or just e-mail it to your eager friends. For \$200 more, get the DV Special Edition (pictured) with twice the RAM, a bigger hard drive, and, of course, that extra-fly gray color.

Carryout Cinematics: Sharp Moviegoer DV-L70U Portable DVD Player (\$1,399.99)

Jet-setters and celebs are undoubtedly scrambling to upgrade last year's hottest toy, the portable DVD player, for Sharp's DV-L70U model—its first entry in the portable DVD scene. The new version weighs only 2.37 pounds, the battery lasts three hours, and, most importantly, at seven inches wide, the Movie-goer LCD screen is the largest available. All the better to enjoy the incredible, practically 3-D picture of your favorite DVD during that cross-country flight. *T.M.*



1. JAMES MORTENSON



Bamflex!

.com

When Fashion and Music Collide

**ACCESS
BEYOND THE
VELVET
ROPE.**

Experience the highest quality video on the Internet!

**fashion
sports
music
news
stars
events
net radio
contests**

Whose gonna drive away with a new Lincoln LS or Navigator? Will it be you?

LOG ON to www.BAMFLEX.com and enter to WIN!



LINCOLN



THE TAKEOVER

Featuring The Smash Hit Singles



"Just Because"
F.A.T.E.

Produced By: The Characters

From The Self-Titled Debut Album In Stores Spring 2000!



"New-Ah"
Rowdy Razh

Produced By: D-Moet

From The Forthcoming Debut Album Coming Spring 2000!

Album In Stores February 2000
Executive Producers: Sha-Kim, Queen Latifah, Debra D, Tate & Latee



For exclusive Take Over artist's info log onto www.flavorunitent.com

©2000 Warner Bros. Records, Inc.

Copyright © 2000

REVOLUTIONS

MYA

'FEAR OF FLYING'

UNIVERSITY/INTERSCOPE

BY ANN POWERS

It has never been easy to be a teenage queen. All eyes are on you long before you're ready for it: Lecherous strangers leer at your morphing body, and your guardians question every step you take toward independence. Put-upon girls have turned to pop for succor ever

since the Shirelles raised the question "Will you love me tomorrow?" Male heartthrobs get the young ladies' pulses racing, and female role models show them how to manage the excitement. Now we're deep into another culturewide frenzy for everything pubescent, and the record biz is providing a new set of danceable pointers for first dates and make-out sessions. Brandy, Monica, Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, and Mya tell today's ingenues how to live.

Mya Harrison has distinguished herself from her doe-eyed peers by mastering a bit of all their strengths. The tap-dancing prodigy, now an honorary teen at 20, broke through by providing the

sweetness on Pras's "Ghetto Supestar"; her 1998 debut included collaborations with Sisqo and Silk the Shocker that played on her hip hop credibility while keeping her grounded in self-directed pillow talk. On *Fear of Flying*, the starlet has decided to show off her range, to the point where her versatility seems like a parody, as if she and her crew of top-notch producers attempted to wipe out the competition by transforming Mya into each of her rivals in turn. The changes add up to a grand tour through the ever-changing moods of female adolescence.

Fear of Flying hangs together thematically rather than musically. With nearly a dozen producers



MARC DAMPTE

ego trip's

THE BIG PLAYBACK

THE SOUNDTRACK TO
HOW THIS SINK OF BAD LIPS

Featuring

Da Resurrection Of 12 Rare & Out-Of-Print '80s Hip Hop Classics

From Run-DMC vs. K-Rok, Marley Marl featuring MC Shy, Wilson Force, Grandmaster Caz,
Positiva K, Lord Shallop, MC EZ & Trapp, The Juice Boys, MC Mitchell & More!

ALBUM IN STORES
APRIL 11TH



showing off their skills around the singer's malleable vocals, the album's sound veers from swooning quiet storm to hard-edged Timbaland homages to chart-chasing cheerleader romps. Mya's tone doesn't have the exquisite wistfulness of Brandy's, but vocally she's assured enough to avoid overexertion, which makes her much nicer to listen to than the robotically intense Britney Spears. Bouncing through the dance-floor-ready "Takin' Me Over" or waxing dramatic in the Whitney Houston-ish "Ride & Shake," Mya tackles difficult melodic and rhythmic twists without ditching a nicely conversational tone. She comes off like the universal best friend she wants to be—sexy enough to be popular, but neither a princess nor a slut.

Proper behavior on the dangerous ground of courtship is the subject of *Fear of Flying*—from up-tempo numbers like "Best of Me," a Swizz Beatz-moderated duel with that dog Jadakiss, to the inspirational ballads that close the album 18 tracks later. As the songs, several cowritten by Mya, steer her through romantic turbulence, she remains more focused on how young women treat themselves and one another than on the Clearasil-commercial heroes who populate the album's love songs.

"Best of Me" establishes the combative mood: Mya's not supposed to be messing with this bad boy, and as he snarls out lines like "You just stay pretty / While I'm runnin' the city," you wonder why she's even tempted. The song "Girls Like That" draws her attention to something more interesting—the charms and foibles of her equally entangled sisters. Floating on a snippet of flute that sounds like it drifted in from Sesame Street, Mya coyly passes judgment on material girls who aren't smart enough to know the difference between purchasing power and real independence. A sly closing rap from guest Lil' Mo makes the moral of the story clear: "You got your own bank account / You

PROPER BEHAVIOR ON THE DANGEROUS GROUND OF COURTSHIP IS THE SUBJECT OF FEAR OF FLYING.

got your own ATM card / If you try to make it happen for yourself / One love," she intones as the angelic chorus skips away.

Mya would never set herself up as superior; it just wouldn't go with her star-next door style. So "Takin' Me Over," a likely hit from Christine Aguilera producer Robin Thicke, begins with Mya acting like the girls she just finished dissing, holed up in the bathroom with her hair products as Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes, her club-hopping partner for the evening, yells, "Just say no!" As limber in her emotional range as she is in her vocal one, Mya jumps lightly from judgments to confessions. She berates her lover's persistent ex in "Telephone Games," then in "Whatcha Gonna Do," structured around producer C. Tricky Stewart's driving, Beethoven-meets-Timbaland chord changes, she buries that lover in the depths of her mistrust. The TLC-sounding "How You Gonna Tell Me" has her telling a gal pal to spare her bad advice, while on "Can't Believe" Mya's a heartbroken harpina who could have used a good talking to. Such shifting viewpoints help justify the album's moves through the spectrum of current hip-hop-soul styles. Mya's young voice remains the constant, the sound of someone learning who she is, and not always the easy way.

It's tempting to be skeptical about girly girls like Mya, so fetchingly styled by an expert team of pop savants. But the girl-group mode she's working in has always been about that struggle between corseted femininity and young women's own unkept feelings. Mya is receiving a good education from the male producers she's chosen, but she's obviously choosing her own subjects. Maybe that's why this sweetheart calls her publishing company Art of War.

BOOM SHOTS

Ralph Ellison's invisible man knew he was unseen because people simply refused to see him. Such willful blindness paves the way for human brutality. That's why executioners blindfold the condemned—not to spare the prisoner from looking death in the eyes, but to avoid seeing the prisoner's eyes.

Before you can see, first you must look, which is precisely what **BOUNTY KILLER** challenges listeners to do in the most controversial and timely record of a career characterized by urgent pronouncements. The tune in question is last year's "Look." Released in Jamaica on the Madhouse label (and in the U.S. as a hidden track on Bounty's latest CD for VRT Records, *5th Element*), it was promptly banned by local radio stations but became an underground hit in heavy rotation at the dancehalls.

Set to a menacing kick-snare groove called "The Bug"—a fitting soundtrack for Y2K angst—"Look" is a blast of ghetto misery served up by a black survivor who grew up near a Kingston garbage dump and earned his food foraging for scrap metal.

"Look into my eyes," Bounty intones, "Tell me what you see? / Can you feel my pain? / Am I your enemy? / Give us a better way / Things are really bad / The only friend I know / Is this gun I have."

It makes sense that a song like "Look" would be written on an island where well-fed vacationers rub elbows with hungry locals. But such extreme contrasts of economic status are painful to witness anywhere, and the brutal observations of this bitter ditty ring true in every ghetto zone from Indiana to Indonesia.

Penned by a prolific author known only as "The Stranger," these lyrics are more hopeful than hateful, clinging to that narrow sliver of goodwill between a search for solutions and civil unrest. "Listen to my voice, this is not a threat / Now you see the 9, are you worried yet? / You've been talkin' 'bout you want the war to cease / But when you show us hope, we will show you peace." As other shiller voices call for "more fire," cultural gatekeepers and bigger heads would do well not to keep their eyes wide shut.

HEAVY ROTATION:
MORE REGGAE FLAVOR

BEENIE MAN

Art & Life (Virgin)

SEAN PAUL *Stage One* (VP)JOE GIBBS & THE
PROFESSIONALS*African Dub All-Mighty Chapters 1 & 2*,
3 & 4 (Joe Gibbs)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Triple Spin 2 (VP)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Rare Reggae From Studio One
(Heartbeat)

DO YOU SAY YOU HAVE A
BURNING SENSATION?

CAPLETON
MORE FIRE

THE NEW ALBUM IN STORES APRIL 2000

VP RECORD DISTRIBUTORS: 89-05 136th STREET, J
AMAICA, NY 11435 TEL: (718) 291-7058 FAX: (718) 658-3573
VP FLORIDA: 6022 S.W. 21st STREET,
MIRAMAR, FLORIDA 33023 TEL: (954) 966-4744 FAX: (954) 966-8766
WWW.VPRECORDS.COM

WHAT OLD DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOK INTO THE PIT?

FOR A FREE NEWSLETTER
INFO@BLACKROCKCOALITION.ORG
1.212.713.5097
PO BOX 1054, COOPER STATION
NYC 10276



ILLUSTRATION BY MARIA CASTILLO © 1998



GHOSTFACE KILLAH 'SUPREME CLIENTELE' RAZOR SHARP/EPIC

The year
Wu-thousand's
top-shelf MC



It seems like an eternity since Wu-Tang Clan member Ghostface Killah certified himself as a superior MC—kicking lyrics of steel on Raekwon's sleeper classic, *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx...* (Loud, 1995), and his own CD, the bulletproof Ironman (Razor Sharp/EPic, 1996). But mixed reviews of recent solo offerings from clan members GZA, Method Man, Inspectah Deck, U-God, Ol' Dirty Bastard, and RZA have some doubters whispering their speculation of Wu's demise. Fortunately, like his laser-toting cartoon alter ego Tony Starks, Ghost seves the day with the neysayer-silencing *Supreme Clientele*.

Championing the cause of Wu dominance, *Supreme Clientele* exemplifies Ghost's lyrical dexterity. While his thunderous light-speed delivery hasn't changed much, his jagged wordplay is at its zenith.

One minute, he breeks down street-survival tactics on "We Made It" ("I ain't tryin' to waste my career on y'all / Even scuffle with you, waste gear on y'all / But if I got to go out / You know I'ma show out"), then he takes you on a rough ride down memory lane as he reminisces about adolescent crushes on "Child's Play": "Pretty little Sally sat up by the tree trunk... / She had a ass like Deborah Cox / Fece like Lauryn / Weist like a Coke bottle scorin'." Then there are those Ghostface-isms we love. You know, like on the muddy track "One," where he brags about his "rhymes made of gerlic."

But it's this banger's luscious linguistics and potent production that support its claim of supremacy. Everybody will be catching Saturday-night fever when they hear "Cherchez LaGhost," Ghost's brilliant remake of Dr. Buzzard's Original Sevenennh Bend's 1976's classic "Cherchez La Femme/Se Si Bon." But for those of you used to those subterranean street-sweeping beats, "Buck 50," featuring Method Man, Redman, Masta Killa, and Cappadonna, is pure delight.

There are a couple of blemishes, however, that sometimes stifle what could have been a flawless surf on the sound waves. The album's skits, like "Clyde Smith" (where a prison inmate dissas rapper 50 Cent), are way too long. If only these were removed or cut down a couple of minutes, *Supreme Clientele* truly would be superior. But as long as the fast-forward button works on the CD player, it's smooth sailing. So will the Ironman and his clan ever decline? Ghost says it best: "You think I fell off the ledge / The legendary Ghost Dini might be dead / Never!"

The Blackspot

MICHAEL LEWIS

SCRITTI POLITTI 'ANOMIE & BONHOMIE' VIRGIN

On *Cupid & Psyche 85* (1985) and *Provision* (1988), Scritti Politti's crystalline Warner Bros. albums, the British band (made up of Green Gartside and an ever-changing crew of musicians) forged a potent rhythmic rarity: brainy white pop with the authentic limber snap of black dance music. Certainly, they're the only music group in history to use the word "pharmacopoeia" twice in a lyric and make it sound funky. Scritti's fourth album, *Anomie & Bonhomie*, continues in that emotive vein.

After taking 11 years off to recharge, Gartside and company are back in vintage form with cuts like "Umm," "Born to Be," "First Goodbye," and the emotionally colapsed "Brushed With Oil, Dusted With Powder." Gartside's wistful tenor unfailingly binds arcane language into shimmering, wry songs of love, lust, and bittersweet longing.

Me'Shell Ndegeocello and rappers Mos Def and Lee Majors split mike time with Gartside on several tracks. Departing from the R&B cliché of rapper-rhymes-after-the-second-chorus, Gartside often seems content to provide harmonious accents behind the MCs' punchy flows.

But even hip hoppers can't overshadow Scritti Politti's return. After all, you never know when the group will pop up. Fortunately, they've left us an offering to savor until we meet again.

Harry Allen



DEL THE FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN 'BOTH SIDES OF THE BRAIN' NERVO



Unless you're a follower of the underground hip hop scene, Del the Funky Homosapien probably dropped off your radar some time ago. Back in the early '90s, Del and the Oakland-based Hieroglyphics crew wreaked havoc in the West—garnering reps as some of hip hop's meanest mike marauders.

Now back with *Both Sides of the Brain*—his first solo album since his 1993 sophomore release, *No Need for Alarm* (Elektra)—Ice Cube's weird little cousin peppers his latest with unashamed references to geek pop culture and his brand of quirky humor.

Deltron-Z, as he calls himself on *Brain*, charts his mother ship toward the funk landscape of his cult debut, *I Wish My Brother George Was Here* (Elektra, 1991). "Press Rewind" is a sci-fi rhyme battle in which Del sets his lasers to stun opponents ("Dela-tocious / Hella atrocious with vocals").

Backed by kinetic beats that keep his circuits powered, the funky man has reinvented the signature '90s Hiero production style of deep bass lines under laid-back loops and flipped it into complex arrangements of staccato drum programming, metallic jungle-style bass waves, and layered voices.

While only time will tell whether Del will be the MC champ of the cosmos, his dope *Both Sides of the Brain* should be filed under no-brainer.

Brent Rollins

W I B 177

Saucony.
The Original Running Shoe
since 1898.



Shadow

SAUCONY

Loyal to the sport

800-365-7282 • sock-a-knee.com

**We send you
FREE STUFF**

**You tell us what
music you buy**

Here's your chance to talk back to the music industry. We are an independent research company and we want to know what pre-recorded CDs, cassettes, or vinyl records you buy so we can keep recording artists and companies informed about the music you like.

Here's how it works. As a member of our Music Panel, you'll receive some postage-paid postcards. For each pre-recorded CD, cassette, or vinyl record you buy, you just fill out some information on the card and mail it back to us. It's that simple.

To thank you for your help, we'll send you a FREE GIFT every few months.

Fill out this coupon and mail it in today to make your opinions count.

U.S.A. RESIDENTS ONLY (EXCEPT ALASKA & HAWAII)

Mail to: HTI Music Panel, Dept. J
P.O. Box 9351
Uniondale, NY 11553-9741

Your name

Address

City

State

Zip

E-mail address

OH, WORD?

THE EARLY BIRDS GET THE WORD
ON UPCOMING RELEASES.(All information subject to change
at the artist's slightest whim.)

◆ After hearing the exquisite abstract player poetry of **GHOSTFACE KILLAH's** new album, *Supreme Clientele* (Razor Sharp/Epic), I wasn't expecting much else from hip hop this year. So who knew that my sneak peek at **BIG PUNISHER's** sophomore album, *Yeeeah Baby!* (Loud), would blow me away like it did. After rockin' the boricus and morenos and everyone else for that matter with his 1998 megahit, "Still Not a Player," and platinum-plus debut album, *Capital Punishment* (Loud, 1998), Pun brings more pain to the underachievers of the rap game with a whole new arsenal of sick flows. Just when we were expecting more of Pun's breathless machine-gun delivery, the silo of rap slows down to a singsong delivery on the first single, "It's So Hard," produced by **YOUNG LORD** and featuring **DONELL JONES** on the hook. The pace fires up to four alarms with "World Famous," on which Pun and **M.O.P.** tear up the thunderous track like serial killers hittin' their murderous stride with a vengeance. Add the salsa-rap Latino pride of "100 Percent," featuring singer **TONY SUNSHINE** (an artist on Pun's own Foundation Records), and you may never recover from *Yeeeah Baby!*.



Big Pun



Kelly Price

◆ If you've had your fill of R&B's teenybopper songbirds and their sweet pixie voices, fasten your seat belts for the musical brick house that is **KELLY PRICE's** The spring release *Mirror Mirror* (Def Soul) is the follow-up to her well-received 1998 debut, *Soul of a Woman* (Island), and her first work since breaking ties with her former label, Ronald Isley's Island imprint. T-Nek Records. On her new album, Price finds herself on that roller-coaster of love she so eloquently rode on her debut single, "Friend of Mine." On "Married Man," produced by **SHEP CRAWFORD**, Price mulls the perils of being the "other women." She also gives us the definitive cover of Shirley Murdock's 1986 classic ballad, "As We Lay," refreshing the sweet shame of the extramarital affair. When paired with **METHOD MAN** on the up-tempo cut "Like You Do," Price sings the praises of love's better days. And this time around, she not only writes her material but also produces four songs. On the Price-led title cut, it takes a 34-piece Atlanta orchestra to match her lung power. Soaring without ever straining, Price's voice binds listeners to this new collection of power ballads.

DA BRAT 'UNRESTRICTED' SO SO DEF



Watching Da Brat in the video for her 1994 debut song, "Funkdefied," it was obvious she was going to become a star. She was a feisty little thing who couldn't contain all that cherisma in her five-foot-plus frame. Remember how your eyes were fixated on her as she pranced around in those baggy jeans and barrettes rhyming, "Puttin' it down puttin' it down ain't no thang to me / And ain't too many hoes that can hang with me"?

Six years later, her claim is true. Not too many "hoes" in the rap game have been able to match her stats. Besides being the first solo female rapper to go platinum, she has blessed the mike alongside such elites as The Notorious B.I.G., Mariah Carey, and Dru Hill. Although her *Funkdefied* follow-up, *Anuthatantum* (So So Def, 1996), wasn't as funky as we had hoped, Jermaine Dupri's So So Def capos has remained a hip hop fan favorite by "puttin' it down" with her incessant vocal cameo.

On *Unrestricted*, the amplified breakneck rhythms—produced primarily by JD—blend with the rapper's signature Brat-tat-tat Uzi flow. Armed with her pungent neo-feminist strength, the Chi-town honey busts off lyrics like smoking six-shooters.

"Runnin' Out of Time" sets the album's tone of delightful chaos. The pairing of the rhymeslinger with R&B powerhouse Kelly Price is a hip-hop-soul double-team, as Price helps Brat explain to her scrubbish boyfriend that their relationship is on borrowed time. Then the rap inferno gets blistering hot on the ghetto-girl anthem "All My Bitches," on which Brat salutes all the sisters who have stood by her side. But for those who have abandoned or hated on her, she boisterously screams, "Fuck you!" On the song of the same title, the rapper rides a resonating steel-pan bass line all the way to playataville and shuts 'em down.

Fellas, don't worry. She raps for y'all too. "That's What I'm Lookin' For" is a shout-out to Brat's thugged-out version of "Mr. Right." Her new artist 22 (he's signed to her production company, Throwin' Tantrums) makes his debut on the Spanish guitar-tinged hip hop belted "What's on Ye' Mind." Meanwhile, Producer Deric "D-Dot" Angelettie sneaks in the maniacal track "Hands in Da Air." Over the cut's high-pitched horn inflections, Brat and guest Mystikal excite with sputtering vocals.

Not much has changed about Da Brat since 1994. Yes, the baggy jeans have been replaced by sexier gear, and she sports fewer barrettes and more baguettes. But you can still count on her to "put it down." —Elon D. Johnson

BLACK ROB



LIFE STORY

THE ALBUM

Featuring the hit singles,

WHOR!,

SPANISH FLY,

I DARE YOU,

& PD WORLD TOUR

MARCH 7, 2000

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: SEAN "PUFFY" COMBS FOR BAD BOY ENTERTAINMENT INC.

www.badboyonline.com

CIRCUIT CITY

Price • Selection • Service
Available At All Circuit City Music Locations



Black Rob © 2000

Copyright © 2000



BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY 'BTNHRESURRECTION' RUTHLESS

In the three years since Bone Thugs-N-Harmony's double album, *The Art of War* (Relativity), rumors hung heavy that Bone's beef with Eazy-E's widow, Tommie Woods-Wright—and her approach to runnin' e label—would stifle the group's career. The word was that they'd rather not record at all than line the pockets of the executive they called "the Black Widow."

But Bizzy, Krazyie, Layzie, and Wish Bone stayed cocked, dropping two platinum-plus Mo Thugs Family albums (on their own label, Mo Thugs). Add Bizzy's feverish solo joint, *Heaven's Movie* (Relativity, 1998), and Krazyie's indo epic, *Thug Mentality* 1999 (Relativity, 1999), and the title of Lake Erie's favorite sons still belongs to Bone (especially considering the Browns' 2-14 season). Heck, their 1996 hit "The Crossroads" even tied the Beatles' 1964 song "Can't Buy Me Love" as the fastest-rising pop single in music history.

Now, after taking time to think things over, the fleet-mouthed foursome is ready to record as a group again. Chockful o' Mossberg shotguns and modified Swisher Sweet cigars, Bone's *BTNHRESURRECTION* is a harmonic convergence of the highest order.

REVOLUTIONS
2010

The group has the registers (both vocal and cash) ringing, from Krazyie's profundities ("The world would be a better place / If everybody took a break and we all just got wasted") to Bizzy's tenor tenets ("There's always something you gotta give up / If you want everything you want").

Production-wise, of course, Bone supply bounce by the ounce. Check the belligerent battlefield drums of the pugnacious "Soujiahs Marching" and the morbid synth strings and ghostly bass line of "Show 'em."

But Bone breathe the most life into *RESURRECTION* when they're laid-back with their huggery. Never has a hip hop ect been so melodic, and when they slow things down, their strength is truly moving. First, there's the light relief of the l-got-a-new-duck hymn, "Ecstasy" (including Krazyie's lines, "I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin' self" and "I was trying to call my dick / But it couldn't hear me"). Then the lazy, hazy "Weed Song" and "Change the World" (which uses the bass line from Prince's "Little Red Corvette") float by sweetly.

These thugs deed? Far from it. *BTNHRESURRECTION* is a musical expedition that proves a Calgon bath ain't got nothin' on Bone when it comes to taking you away.

Peter Relic

DRAG-ON 'OPPOSITE OF H2O' RUFF RYDERS/INTERSCOPE



The Ruff Ryders family has finally unleashed its fire-breathing rhyme animal known as Drag-On. The 20-year-old's first full-length, *Opposite of H2O*, marks his graduation from guest appearances on various family members' joints to a starring role with his own LP.

Although the rapper had already dropped 1999's run-to-the-dance-floor singles "Spit These Bars" and "Down Bottom," living up to the double "R" standard of success set by crew members DMX and Eve seemed a daunting task.

H2O, however, makes the point that all the street buzz Drag's been enjoying this past year is richly deserved. Scorching the speakers on the gruff "Get It Right," featuring DMX, and the string-heavy "Here We Go," featuring Eve, Drag—in battle mode—delivers his best performances.

When in the company of his fellow Ruff Ryders, Drag is on, but he's somewhat erratic when he goes it alone. At times, the spastic cadences of Swizz Beatz's production overwhelms Drag's rhyme style. The slow, murky sound scapes for his tales from the dark side, "Snipe Out" and "Groundhog Day," slow down his versatile flow and dampen his flames.

But elsewhere, the fire is fanned fast and furious, like on the synth-infested "Niggaz Die for Me." And while every track on *Opposite of H2O* may not be to die for, Drag proves he's no flash in the pan.

Datron Thomas

REVOLUTIONS
2010

69 BOYZ '2069—THE ALBUM' HOME BASS

A ball's worst nightmare. The club is closing and a hot young thing is ready to back that ass up all the way to the nearest hotel. But you've been Big Willie at the bar all night and your pockets are now on E. On their new album *2069—The Album*, Jacksonville, Fla.'s 69 Boyz address this (the album's highlight, "Stick It Inn") and other issues that can haunt a player if his game isn't tight.

Released on frontman Thrill D Da Playa's indie label, Home Bass Entertainment, the 69 Boyz' third LP covers everything from hoochies suffering identity crises (the symphony-powered "Hood Rat") to not having enough dick to sling to all the chickens round town (the frenzied call-and-response gigolo anthem, "Imma Ho").

Then, just when the Boyz have your butt bouncin' up and down like a six-to-fo' Chevy, they take a break from partying to reflect on family. On "Joy," an ode to their beloved mamas, Thrill rhymes, "You're the one that let me party on Saturday night / Then woke me up on Sunday to get your spirit right." Who says southern bass artists don't care about lyrics?

And who says the 69 Boyz have their game down pat? Everybody—when they hear the group's latest. *2069* has the beats and rhymes to make listeners dance till they stink up every club from Orlando to Amsterdam.

Leah Rose



BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY: MARK LUBIN/ON; DRAG-ON: MICHAEL BENJAMIN; 69 BOYZ: DAVID L. SEGAL

1. LOUIS ARMSTRONG

2. DUKE ELLINGTON

3. COUNT BASIE

4. BILLIE HOLIDAY

5. JO JONES

6. CHARLIE PARKER

This is our
heritage.This is our
culture.This is our
music.This is
jazz.**Get Hip!**

www.jazzreach.org

JAZZREACH WOULD LIKE TO GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE FOLLOWING SUPPORTERS FOR HELPING TO MAKE IT'S 1999 FALL SEASON OF EDUCATIONAL OUTREACH PROGRAMS POSSIBLE.

Recordings by all artists available at

CDNOW
cdnow.com
an expanded store
Your Music. Your Store.

NOKIA
Estonia and Poland



The Louis Armstrong
Education Foundation

The Timothy Hall
Foundation



ITAMA



luz claborne

KENNETH COLE
New York

24. DANILO PEREZ
23. REGINA CARTER
22. RENEE ROSMES
21. CASSANDRA WILLSON
20. JACKY TERRASSON
19. BRIAN BLADE

13. HERBIE HANCOCK

14. TONY WILLIAMS

15. PAT METHENY

16. JOSHUA REDMAN

17. BRAD MEHLDAU

18. KENNY GARR

CHECK THE RESUME

THE GIANT KILLER: TOMMY "TINY" LISTER JR.

Many remember Tommy "Tiny" Lister Jr. as Zeus, the World Wrestling Federation grappler who sought to destroy Hulk Hogan in 1989. Others know him as the snarling neighborhood bully Deebo from the 1995 comedy *Friday* (New Line) and its smash sequel, *Next Friday* (New Line). While Lister hung up his ring attire several years ago, he has since carved out a rather nice place for himself on the big screen. Since 1985, he has appeared in 48 films and 35 TV shows.

Besides working with A-list Tinseltowners like Marlon Brando, Bruce Willis, Samuel L. Jackson, Faye Dunaway, Meg Ryan, and Robert De Niro, the Compton, Calif., native is the spokesman for Wittnauer Watches, a black-owned watch manufacturer, and he recently joined the list of celebrity models for the FUBU clothing line.

What's up next for the 6-foot-5-inch Atlanta resident? Plenty. For a change of pace, he plays a "sensitive" hitman and father of three girls in the upcoming action flick *Circus* (Columbia), with comedians Eddie Izzard and Brian Corley. And in the dark, futuristic comedy *Little Nicky* (New Line), with Adam Sandler, he plays the son of Lucifer.

While everyone who's ever seen Lister's work knows he has no problem raising hell on-screen, most moviegoers are surprised when they learn that he's a devout Christian. To what does this churchgoing tough guy attribute his success? "[At this point in] my career I don't audition for films," he says. "They just pay me my respect and put me in the movies. I don't network or kiss anybody's ass—except Jesus Christ's."

HERE, THE CHOCOLATE MAN OF STEEL REMEMBERS SOME OF HIS FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD JOBS:

NO HOLDS BARRED (New Line, 1989)

"I starred with Hulk Hogan, and he broke my nose. It was an accident; he missed his mark. When two men who weigh over 300 pounds are fighting, something gets broken. Our fight scene took five days to film. By the fifth day, I felt like a wimp. I felt like straight Jell-O because of all the fighting."

DON JUAN DE MARCO (New Line, 1995)

"I had a lot of fun working with Marlon Brando. When he first walked on the set he came up to me and said, 'So you're supposed to be this big badass,' and he started

play-fighting and punching me in the stomach. People think I'm this tough character, but I'm just acting. The real 'Tiny' eats milk and cookies and watches [Nickelodeon's] TV Land all day."

FRIDAY (New Line, 1995)

"The funniest thing was when I rode the bicycle. They were yelling cut, and I was still chasing the crew. All the kids who were on the set watching were running and screaming. I got so into the character I couldn't help myself. The crew called Ice Cube to try to keep me in control, but it was all in fun. The hardest thing was shooting

Next Friday and *Circus* at the same time. I had to fly 20 hours round-trip from filming *Next Friday* in L.A., to shoot *Circus* in London and then fly back to L.A. for *Next Friday*. I was so mentally fatigued."

THE FIFTH ELEMENT (Columbia, 1997)

"I had a hard time doing scenes with Gary Oldman. He's French, and I never was a master of the English language, so he had a hard time understanding me. [To top it off,] I didn't get my lines until just before my scenes were being shot. Usually, you get the script at least two months before filming. They were so top-secret."



The guy ya lov
to hate: Tommy
'Tiny' Lister

TINY'S OTHER BIG HITS:

RUNAWAY TRAIN (MGM, 1985)

ARMED AND DANGEROUS (New Line, 1986)

BEVERLY HILLS COP II (Paramount, 1987)

HOMER & EDDIE (Kings Road, 1989)

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (Columbia, 1992)

POSSE (Polygram, 1993)

THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD (Miramax, 1995)

A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE & HATE (New Line, 1996)

BARB WIRE (Gramercy, 1996)

GANG RELATED (MGM, 1997)

JACKIE BROWN (Miramax, 1997)

I GOT THE HOOK-UP (Miramax, 1998)

THE PLAYERS CLUB (New Line, 1998)

WISHMASTER 2: EVIL NEVER DIES (Artisan, 1999)

STEELY DAN 'TWO AGAINST NATURE' GIANT



Donald Fagen (left)
and Walter Becker

Hip hop heads have long been down with Steely Dan, thanks to the subtly funky, jazzy sophistication and synecopation the group brought to hits like 1974's "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" and 1977's "Deacon Blues." The rap nation made its love for these '70s FM-rock icons official, however, when Lord Tariq and Peter Gunz dropped their 1997 smash, "Deja Vu (Uptown Baby)," which rode a chunky loop of Dan's 1977

song "Bleck Cow" all the way to Platinumville.

Now, after a Rip van Winkle-like hiatus (21 years to be exact), Steely Dan is back with *Two Against Nature*. And although they now look like unhealthy middle-aged professors, the group's masterminds, Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, musically are in their prime.

Songs like "Jack of Speed" demonstrate that this is the only band around that truly understands how James Brown's scratchy grooves and the Eagles' 'lite-rockin' appeal aren't mutually exclusive. These OGs flex their trademark dark wit like it never went out of style: Indeed, the noirish homicidal tale underpinning "Gaslighting Abbie" proves that murder and mayhem aren't the exclusive domain of gangsta rappers.

So go ahead and call it a comeback. *Two Against Nature* makes it clear that there's nothing unnatural about Steely Dan's return. **Mott Dieth**

BLACKALICIOUS 'NIA'

QUANTUM PROJECTS

Blackalicious—MC The Gift of Gab and producer Chief Xcel—are the granddaddies of the not-Too Short strain of San Francisco Bay Area hip hop. The *Melodica* EP (Solesides, 1994) placed them at the head of the burgeoning global independent/avant scene, responsible for the creation of lyrically intricate and downright soulful hip hop.

On their first full-length work, *Nia*,



The Gift of Gab (left)
and Chief Xcel

Gab and Xcel identify themselves as the lost children of the socially conscious soul stirrers of the '60s and '70s. "The struggle is the blessing," exclaim the pair (along with guest vocalist Erin Anova) on the album's intro. It's an ecstatic declaration that asserts the affirmative power of music in consciousness elevation. On "Shallow Days," Xcel's mellow guitars and tom-tom drums underlie Gab's gifts: "I won't contribute to genocide / I'd rather cultivate the inner side."

Elsewhere, independent hip hop pedantry reigns: "Deception" is the best cautionary tale since Prince Paul's *A Prince Among Thieves* (Tommy Boy, 1999), and "Cliff Hanger" appears to be a New York-jiggy parody until it evolves into an Excalibur-esque epic of power and humility. For most artists, one of those would be enough; for Blackalicious, one is incomplete without the other.

Jon Caramanica

TINA TURNER 'TWENTY FOUR SEVEN' VIRGIN



Some people you just can't fathom criticizing, one of them being Tina Turner. Miss Tine has always been larger than life, an iconic figure of R&B spirit and rock 'n' roll attitude who possesses one of the finest and fiercest female voices ever. And since the details of her life with ex-husband Ike blew up in *Whot's Love Got to Do With It* (Buena Vista, 1993), Turner has reigned as stunning proof that there's life after abuse. But while she has triumphed in her personal life, professionally it's been a different story.

For a transcendent moment, with her take-no-prisoners comeback album, *Private Dancer* (Capitol, 1984), Tina Turner the Symbol and Tine Turner the Singer came together in perfect harmony. But while the lady still kicks out the jams and does her thing (yes, I know she's 61), her once mighty, soulful alto now belts out watered-down, synth-heavy R&B/rock anthems seemingly made for a European audience.

One could debate for days why Turner doesn't sound as good as she once did. She may have a distaste for the raw, bluesy music that made her a star (and it's easy to dig why she'd want to distance herself from anything like-ike). Yet somewhere in her there still lives that ferocious force that's been untapped for years.

The producers behind Turner's current collection, Brian Rawling and Mark Taylor, gave Cher her smash hit "Believe." So es one might expect, much of *Twenty Four Seven* is filled with survive-through-the-fire, crawling-from-the-wreckage, up-tempo "I will survive" ballads suitable for discos and *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. Like Cher, Turner can make even such generic fire exciting, and on the slickly acoustic guitar-laced "Whatever You Need" and the compelling "Go Ahead," with its mournful overtones and vocals that send shivers up your spine, Turner takes the material to exhilarating heights.

But as amazing as Tina Turner is, she must be judged not as a survivor but as an artist. As the latter, she's not well served by her choice of material.

Amy Linden

SMOOTH REVOLUTIONS

CHAIRMAN'S CHOICE

In case you couldn't guess from the title of their collabo, "Aged Whiskey Aged Remy" (Billy the Kidd Presents, 323-663-3717), **DEFARI**—whose overlooked debut album, *Focused Daily*, came out in late 1998 on Tommy Boy—and **BARBERSHOP CHUCK HUSTLE** are members of Los Angeles' talent-filled Likwit Crew. The hip-hop drunkies' latest delivers simple pleasures straight with no chaser: its haunting minor-key piano sounds like the sequel to Defari's own irresistibly stripped-down indie release of last year, "Say It Twice." Competitors can't knock Mista Chuck's hustle when he dares, "You came into the game for respect—I'm in this shit for the belt," but Roseanne fan Defari scores higher when he asks, "Rare styles—you want more again [read: Morgan], you fair child?" [read: Fairchild] in homage to TV's favorite female-friendly female neighbor, Bottoms up!

For a dose of what Chuck's group, **BARBERSHOP MC's**, is into, check the self-explanatory "Music, Money & Women" (Rah Rah Entertainment, 213-382-6546)—in which a collection of groovy flutes is bolstered by straighter-than-6-o'clock thoughts like, "Understand—I'm so hype, man. I don't even need a hype man / Just give me a motherfuckin' mike stand."

Contrary to his moniker, fellow Cali rhyme sniper **TURBIN** doesn't seem much into fashion statements. His "Wide Open" (Certified, www.certifiedrecords.com) is mile-a-minute battle verbiage that receives more than ample support from producer Architect's scrunching horn bleats and tenaciously turntabled Craig G. quotables.

Sound too intense? **Atlanta group MASS INFLUENCE** have been issuing intriguingly ruminant hip-hop thoughts since their '97 single "L.I.F.E. to the MC"—the mellowest beat-box song you may ever encounter. The mad (ideal)izm continues pleasantly enough on the group's debut LP, *The Underground Science* (which includes "L.I.F.E."), but it really takes off on MI's concurrent non-LP single release: "All Out" (Nonstop Music Works, www.nonstopmusicworks.com) rides a buoyant Latin-flavored acoustic guitar and piano arrangement that could be an underground answer to Eve's "What Y'all Want." The lyrics, however, are all artful elevation. "I lay my life on the line for beats and rhymes." MC Audsey announces seconds into the song. Yes, rap fans, the South still got something to say.



Mass Influence (from left):
Cognitz H2O, Audsey

HEAVY ROTATION

KALI WILD
"Mission Impossible/Pitfall Pt. 2"
(Myman/TRC, 650-877-7330)

**DJ REVOLUTION FEATURING
RASHEED & CHIEF KAMACHI**

"Forever"
(Blackberry/III Boogie,
323-876-3486)

BUMPY KNUCKLES
"Bumpy Knuckles Baby"
(Magnum, 212-271-1990)

YOUNG BLEED
'MY OWN' PRIORITY

No pressure

With the exception of his appearance on the funk-in-the-trunk party anthem "How a Do Dat," from 1997's *I'm Bout It* (No Limit/Priority), Young Bleed has lived his hip-hop career in relative obscurity.

But, believe it or not, this may have worked to his advantage.

Although his innovative debut, *My Balls and My Word* (No Limit/Priority, 1997), was critically acclaimed and quietly went gold, Young Bleed is hardly a household name. Not that he wouldn't have enjoyed the perks that come with selling a gazillion records, but his low profile allowed him the freedom to record his sophomore LP, *My Oam*, without worrying about pleasing everybody. The result: His triumphant entrance into the big time.

My Oam finds Bleed fearlessly examining the correlation between his life as a hustler and the afterlife. On "Bless 'Em," he delivers his street gospel over an exotic rolling-drum track, tingling piano keys, and a vicious bass line, as he hurls ambitious lyrics like, "Ain't nothin' like preservation on a hot day / I'm chillin' with villains fulfilling prophecies that Glocks pay." Later, Bleed provides the best explanation for his name as he pours out his heart against the guitar-seduced, grinding bass line of "No Disrespect."

Now all Bleed needs is for the world to take its proper dosage of No Doz from his giant bottle. Then he can rightfully take his place at the round table among fellow southern lyrical men in shining honor Scarface, OutKast, and others.

Miguel Burke



rizes California's infamous "three strikes" law—and assembles a diverse and rugged musical cast for the film's soundtrack.

For the most part, Pooh's ensemble remains devoted to bludgeoning bass lines and declarations of male bravado—capturing that "G" feel. New Orleans's Silkk the Shocker shows his California love on the angst-filled call to arms "Where Day At," while the Likwit Crew get their grind on in pursuit of money on the ornery "Where Da Paper At." Still don't know where these Golden Staters are coming from? Ras Kass breaks it down Thuggin' 101 style on "West Coast Mentality" ("Niggas be in Hollywood thinkin' it's all good / But everything south of Whirlshire, it's all 'hood').

What would California be without those low-ridin' party beats? Long Beach's ambassador Snoop Dogg shows his 1999 resurgence was no fluke as he teams up with The Eastsidaz on the elastic "G'd Up."

We all know that a good soundtrack sometimes outshines the film. But if DJ Pooh is able to orchestrate his flick even half as well as he did the soundtrack, 3 Strikes will be as big a hit as Friday.

Abby Addis

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'3 STRIKES' PRIORITY

Friday cowriter and hip-hop superproducer DJ Pooh (L.L. Cool J., Tupac, The Dogg Pound) makes his cinematic directorial debut with 3 Strikes (MGM)—an urban comedy that satirizes

get it on

CHECK HERE FOR TODAY'S HOTTEST GEAR:

AVIREX
800-2-AVIREX
AVIREX STORES
NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES
JIMMY JAZZ
GREATER NEW YORK

BLOOMINGDALE'S
212-705-2000
GREATER NEW YORK
LOS ANGELES, CA
TYSONS CORNER, VA

DADA FOOTWEAR
213-625-7373
THE FINISH LINE
FOOT ACTION
FOOT LOCKER
NATIONWIDE
HIBBETT SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM, AL
LADY FOOT LOCKER
NATIONWIDE

ECKO UNLIMITED
732-432-5400
CANAL JEANS
GREATER NEW YORK
HECHT
EAST COAST REGION
KAUFMANN'S
NATIONWIDE
MR. RAGS
NATIONWIDE
UP AGAINST THE WALL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ENTRIG
212-268-5757
CITY SPORTS
CHICAGO, IL
DICE SPORTSWEAR
NEWARK, NJ
LAST STOP
SILVER SPRINGS, MD
SUNSHINE BLUES
PHILADELPHIA, PA
TONY'S SPORTS
CHICAGO, IL

ENYCE/LAOY ENYCE
800-48-ENYCE
DEMO STORES
NATIONWIDE
DR. JAY'S
GREATER NEW YORK
GET A CLUE
SACRAMENTO, CA
KAREN SPORTSWEAR
CHICAGO, IL
SHOE GALLERY
MIAMI, FL

FUBU, THE COLLECTION
212-273-3300
THE BUCKLE
DILLARD'S
FOOT LOCKER
KAUFMANN'S
MACY'S
NATIONWIDE

GILLETTE MACH3
800-GILLETTE

LUGZ
FOOT LOCKER
JARMAN
SHIEK'S

PELLE PELLE, INC.
800-279-3949
CITY BLUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA
DOWNTOWN LOCKER ROOM
WASHINGTON, D.C.
BALTIMORE, MD
DR. JAY'S
GREATER NEW YORK
THE LARK
CHICAGO, IL
MENSLANO
CARSON, CA

MARITHÉ & FRANÇOIS GIRBAUD
THE ATRIUM
GREATER NEW YORK
BLOOMINGDALE'S
GREATER NEW YORK
DAYTON'S
CHICAGO, IL

MACY'S
GREATER NEW YORK
RICH'S
ATLANTA, GA

MECCA USA
BLOOMINGDALE'S
GREATER NEW YORK
CROSSROADS
LOS ANGELES, CA
NEW YORK CITY CLOTHING
ROCHESTER, NY
TONY'S SPORTS
CHICAGO, IL
ZEBRA CLUB
SEATTLE, WA

TRIPLE 5 SOUL
212-231-2404
BLOOMINGDALE'S
NATIONWIDE
FRED SEGAL
LOS ANGELES, CA
MR. RAGS
NATIONWIDE
UP AGAINST THE WALL
WASHINGTON, D.C.
URBAN OUTFITTERS
NATIONWIDE

WILLIE ESCO
O.E.M.O.
NATIONWIDE
DR. JAY'S
GREATER NEW YORK
FOOT LOCKER
NATIONWIDE
KAUFMANN'S
MACY'S
EAST AND WEST COAST

For more information, write to VIBE/Get It On,
215 Lexington Ave., 8th floor, NY, NY 10016.
VIBE will forward your request to each of the
designers you name. It is the responsibility
of the designers to respond to your requests.



VIBE on the download



AVIREX

Avirex is the real deal in authentic American sportswear and outerwear. It's designed for hip urban dwellers and music industry icons.
www.avirex.com



BLACK AND WHITE

Screen Gems presents in association with Palm Pictures an exhilarating look at race, sex, and hip hop, featuring an eclectic cast and a pulsing soundtrack from Loud Records.
www.sony.com/blackandwhite



BLACK CINEMA CAFÉ

Exclusive month-long screenings of some of the world's top independent African-American films.
www.blackcinemacafe.com

bloomingdales

BLOOMINGDALE'S

One-stop shopping for your urban gear—Triple Five Soul, Sean John, Marithé & François Girbaud, Phat Farm, and more. One site. Our site.
www.bloomingdales.com

WHEREHOUSE.COM
www.wherehouse.com

CHECKOUT.COM

Visit checkout.com for the inside scoop on music, movies, and games including exclusive interviews with your favorite artists, digital downloads, and all the latest titles for sale.
www.checkout.com



DADA FOOTWEAR

Athletic Footwear Company. The illest in the game.
www.dadafootwear.com



ECKÖ UNLIMITED

The most culturally relevant design house of the 21st century.
www.eckounlimited.com



ENTRIG

Urban upscale.
www.entrig.com



FLAVOR UNIT

www.flavorunitent.com



FUBU, THE COLLECTION

www.fubu.com



GILLETTE MACH3

A revolutionary triple-blade shaving system for the closest shave ever in fewer strokes with less irritation.
www.mach3.com

GUESS.COM

The Guess? Online store carries a wide range of clothing for women, men, and girls, as well as footwear, jewelry, underwear, and those world-famous sexy jeans.
www.guess.com

HELMUT LANG

Men's and women's tailored clothing, casual wear, denim, khakis, shirts, ties, shoes, bags, belts, and fragrance.
www.helmutlang.com

HELMUT LANG



K-SWISS

For all your hard work, K-Swiss introduced a new line of trainers to help you get into the zone.
www.kswiss.com



LORILLARD TOBACCO COMPANY'S YOUTH SMOKING-PREVENTION PROGRAM

Sponsored by the Lorillard Tobacco Company's Youth Smoking-Prevention Program.
www.buttoutnow.com



MARITHÉ & FRANÇOIS GIRBAUD

www.girbaud.com



MECCA USA

Denim-driven men's and women's collection.
www.meccausa.com



RAWKUS RECORDS

Home of the new hip hop classics...Rawkus houses acts like Mos Def, Pharoahe Monch, and Kool G-Rap.
www.rawkus.com



SKECHERS USA

Skechers USA, Skechers Sport and Skechers Collection for the VIBE guy stylin' day and night.
www.skechers.com

SKECHERS:

TRIPLE 5 SOUL

www.triple5soul.com



VP RECORDS

No. 1 reggae record label in North America.
www.vprecs.com



WILLIE ESCO

Esco season has begun.
www.willieesco.com

SIGNS O' THE TIMES VIBE ASTROLOGY BY THELMA BALFOUR



Martin Lawrence, April 16, 1965
Eddie Murphy, April 3, 1961

ARIES

March 21–April 19

NEXT SIX MONTHS: Venus, the love planet, is in your sign now. Meetin' and greetin' has never been your problem; you love the attention. Only now you're doing it with the purpose of finding a new love or igniting an old flame. You're exuding a powerful attraction vibe now, but don't think that you're all that—at least not right away. Instead, let patience and consideration dominate your focus. Impulsive decisions in love or in business will bite you in the butt later!

FAMOUS ARIES: Diana Ross, Peabo Bryson, Mariah Carey, Celine Dion, Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds, Al Green, Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, Redman, Q-Tip, Billie Holiday, MC Hammer, Chaka Khan, Da Brat, Colin Powell, Biz Markie

TAURUS April 20–May 20

Guess what? You're the bomb diggity this month! So now is the time to get over the scrub or pigeon who wasn't even close to being all that. Thanks to Pluto's influence, you're about much more than looks, so get ready for the next level. Take the time to search for the inner person. And hey, if you do, it's on!

GEMINI May 21–June 20

If being the center of attention means taking charge of those projects that demand your attention, then that's what's gotta happen. The community calls, even though most think you're so removed you can't be reached. During the full moon on the 18th, like the song says, "Love will find a way." Now pay attention!

CANCER June 21–July 22

You must have a stash of cash—in a cookie jar or inside the mattress. A Cancer with the rent and utilities paid is a happy one. If "Employment Blues" is your everyday song, look for a job the last two weeks of the month. During the full moon on the 18th, family matters simply cannot be avoided.

LEO July 23–Aug. 22

You can't please everybody, especially when it comes to family. With Saturn in your 10th house of careers, it's best to stick and stay. Any impulsive job change will be wack right now. Keep finances in check. Your credit cards are beginnin' for a break. And yes, we know, that all-important outfit is off-important!

VIRGO Aug. 23–Sept. 22

Creative leafing should be your focus this month. You've been held up in the office too long, and travel this month is ideal. Pluto's in your fourth house, so it's a good time to deal with family issues. Bits the bullet and deal with it. Virgos are sometimes so stuck on details that they miss the big picture. Right now you need some R&R and TLC with your B-A-B-Y.

LIBRA Sept. 23–Oct. 22

Money is at the heart of what's up with you this month. But don't let it come between you and your honey. Your indecisive nature can be wack when it comes to making crucial decisions. Sit down, talk it over, and keep the blaming to a minimum.

SCORPIO Oct. 23–Nov. 21

Saturn's presence in your seventh house suggests problems with your mate or with the law. In either case, caution and communication are key. A loved one may need reassurance from you. Your reclusive and secretive ways don't make it easy to get to the bottom of things, and keeping it all in will cause an explosion later.

SAGITTARIUS Nov. 22–Dec. 21

You're about as tactful as gangsta rap, but this month, your honesty works on the job and with your mats. The cycle of Neptunes creates a drive to learn new things. Take some courses or embrace new ideas.

CAPRICORN Dec. 22–Jan. 19

It's party time thanks to Jupiter's presences in your fifth house of creative pleasures. Because finances are looking up and Uncle Sam's payment is minimal, you're ready to relax. April is a good month for traveling. Enjoy it!

AQUARIUS Jan. 20–Feb. 18

The sap may be rising this month, so exercise caution when making new friends. Aquarians have natural charisma. Self-esteem problems may keep you from achieving your goals, but Jupiter's April cycle will give you the edge you need.

PISCES Feb. 19–March 20

Pack your bags, it's time for a change of scenery. You need to clear your head and plan your strategy for the year. You have several issues to deal with, like whether you're returning to school, long-term plans with your mate, or whether you need to quit your job. Always listen to your inner voice.

Thelma Balfour is the author of Black Love Signs (Fireside, 1999) and Black Sun Signs (Fireside, 1996).

VIBE CALENDAR



CHECK FOR THIS

These are hot, so add them to your calendar of events.



MARCH 2000

HOOK! .COM

Hook! .com, the source for everything hip-hop is now live. Buy the hottest WEARZ around when our e-commerce launches in March.



MARCH 2000

COLUMBIA TRISTAR HOME VIDEO
Don't miss these action-packed films, Blue Streak and Bats! Available now on VHS and DVD!



MARCH 13 - New York, NY
MARCH 20 - Washington, D.C.
APRIL 10 - New York, NY
APRIL 17 - Washington, D.C.
BLACK CINEMA CAFE

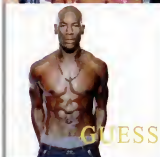
Exclusive monthly screenings of the world's top independent African-American films. For more info, email blackcinemacafe@hotmail.com
Coming soon to Atlanta, Fall 2000



MARCH 18 - Hudson's Northland in Detroit, MI

MARCH 23 - Macy's Herald Square in New York, NY
DKNY JEANS

DKNY Jeans is giving you a chance to meet Brandy in person. For more details call: 800-637-4239



MARCH 25 - Detroit, MI

GUESS?

Hear Tyrese's sultry R&B hits on Saturday, March 25, 2000 at 3:00pm when Hudson's and GUESS? present a special performance by the MTV Jams host in the GUESS? Men's shop on the main floor at Eastland Mall in Detroit, MI. You'll meet Tyrese and get his autograph while our guest DJ from WJLB FM 98 spins some tunes to get you moving.



MARCH 26 - Jacob Javits Center, New York, NY

VIBESTYLE The only men's fashion & music trade show.



APRIL 16

DADA

2000 Dada All-Star Classic
For more information call Damisha Jones, 213-625-7373

THE DETAILS

COVER STORY: "SOUL MAN"

COVER: White cotton ribbed tank \$35 and white linen pant \$218, both by **Emporio Armani** available at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide.

PAGES 102-103: Black pinstriped suit \$790 by **Emporio Armani** available at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide; mushroom silk charmeuse shirt with French cuffs \$670 by **Tom Ford** for **Gucci** available at select Gucci boutiques.

PAGE 107: White cotton ribbed tank top \$35 by **Emporio Armani** available at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide; red wool felt zoot hat \$50 by **Bailey Hats** available at J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C. (for more information, please call 800-622-1911).

VIBEFASHION: "THE KIDS AREN'T ALL WHITE"

PAGE 141: Lime quilted top \$665 by **Chanel** available at Chanel boutiques and Bergdorf Goodman department stores nationwide.

PAGE 142: Orange hand-knit midriff sweater by **Chalken**; black cotton low-slung pant \$284 by **CoSTUME NATIONAL** available at CoSTUME NATIONAL, N.Y.C. and L.A., Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and Chicago, and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; gold necklace with jeweled drops (worn at waist) by **Slane & Slane**.

PAGE 143: Blue short-sleeve lace shirt \$753 by **Dolce & Gabbana** available at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and Marshall Field's department stores nationwide.

PAGE 144: Gunmetal silk georgette beaded halter top and evening pant, both by **Himaya** available by special order (for more information, please go to www.himaya.com); 18K white gold and diamond bracelet by **MONDERA.com** (for more information, please call 800-MONDERA or go to www.mondera.com); sandals by **Fortuna Valentino**.

PAGE 145: Black leather jacket \$2,240 and black silk charmeuse shirt with French cuffs \$670, both by **Tom Ford** for **Gucci** available at select Gucci boutiques and Saks Fifth Avenue stores (for more information, please call 800-234-8224).

VIBESTYLE: "KEEPIN' IT REEL"

PAGE 148: Olive twill button-fly pant \$78 by **A/X Armani Exchange** available at A/X Armani Exchange stores nationwide; cream polyester shirt (tied around waist) by **MECCA USA**.

PAGE 148: Black lightweight wool suit and white dress shirt, both by **Karl Kani**; tie by **Dolce & Gabbana**; glasses by **Gucci Eyewear**.

PAGE 149: White cotton bell-sleeve button-down shirt \$180 by **D&G Dolce & Gabbana** available at D&G Dolce & Gabbana, N.Y.C. and L.A.; black wool two-button notch lapel suit and white cotton dress shirt \$193, both by **Dolce & Gabbana** available at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and Marshall Field's department stores nationwide.

VIBESTYLE: "NAME DROPPING"

PAGES 150-151: (From left) Aqua "FF" logo sweater \$550 and cream linen pant \$395, both by **Fendi** available at Fendi, N.Y.C. (for more information, please call 800-FENDI-NY); navy mohair vest with

THE DETAILS

beaded eagle logo and gray moiré flat-front pant with beaded detail, both by **Tommy Hilfiger Collection** available by special order; earrings by **Agatha**; cream long-sleeve sweater with red logo \$280 and tan jeans \$280, both by **Moschino Uomo** available at Moschino boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A., Vizuri, Philadelphia, and Outline, Baltimore; "GG" canvas trench coat bonded with leather \$3,755, hot short with leather waistband \$590, and original "GG" medium Boston bag \$860, all by **Tom Ford** for **Gucci** available at select Gucci stores; gray studded jersey tank top \$320 with diamenté logo and sweatpant with side studs \$280, both by **D&G Dolce & Gabbana** available at D&G Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A.; earrings by **Agatha**.

PAGES 152-153: (From left) Cotton canvas monogrammed zip-front jacket with leather trim \$1,640, silk-blend short \$450, and transparent vinylend leather belt \$250, all by **Louis Vuitton** available at Louis Vuitton, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; olive sleeveless studded T-shirt with red leather firebird \$200 and khaki five-pocket jeans \$150, both by **D&G Dolce & Gabbana** available at D&G Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A.; multicolored painted "FF" jacket and pant \$5,000, and "FF" beaded logo body bag \$390, all by **Fendi** available at Fendi, N.Y.C. (for more information, please call 800-FENDI-NY); silk floral blouse with sequins \$900 and blue cotton denim skirt \$390, both by **Chanel**; earrings by **Agatha**; white cotton brief \$60 and "GG" canvas pant \$480, both by **Tom Ford** for **Gucci** available at Gucci stores nationwide.

GEAR: "HEADSUP!"

PAGE 154: Black stretch skull cap by **Nike** \$22 available at Nike Town stores nationwide (for more information, please go to www.nike.com); fuchsia suede head scarf \$42 by **Imagine This by Kenya** (for more information, please go to www.imaginethisbykenya.com); red Chinese-character cap \$15 by **FlexFit** available at Oasis stores, N.Y.C.; khaki bucket hat \$26 by **Nautica Jeans Company** available at select Macy's and the Marshall Fields department stores nationwide (for more information, please call 877-NAUTICA); gray racing visor \$22 by **FUBU** (for more information, please go to www.fubu.com); orange bandanna by **Sean John** available at Macy's, Bloomingdales, and Carson Pirie Scott department stores nationwide (for more information, please call 888-804-7525).

Sneak Peek: Sponge \$60 by **Converse** (for more information, please call 800-428-2267 or go to www.converse.com).

VIBE® magazine (ISSN 1070-4701) is published monthly (except for combined December/January and June/July issues) by VIBE/SPIN Ventures, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **Postmaster:** Send address changes to VIBE magazine, Box 9560, Boulder, CO 80526-9560. Regular subscription rate is \$11.95 per year. Foreign subscription rates are: Canada \$30.00; all other countries \$30.00 payable in advance in U.S. funds. GST# R125100309, Vol. 8, No. 3 Copyright © 2000 VIBE/SPIN Ventures. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be copied or reproduced without permission from VIBE. Subscription requests, address changes, and adjustments should be directed to VIBE, Box 9560, Boulder, CO 80526-9560, or call 800-477-3974. Please print name and address clearly. VIBE cannot be responsible for unsolicited materials. VIBE is a trademark of VIBE/SPIN Ventures.



To order your back issues of VIBE send issue date or cover description and \$7 per copy (check or money order made out to ISI-VIBE) to:

ISI, 30 Montgomery St. Jersey City, NJ 07302 Att: Back Issues. Or call 1-800-544-6748. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

VIBE MAGAZINE CLASSIFIED APRIL 2000

INSTRUCTION

"Full Sail is a place where a person with dreams of working in this industry can find a way to get in. I know first-hand, because I hired Derrick, a graduate, thanks to Full Sail."
-Stevie Wonder



Full Sail
National World Education

School of: Audio • Show Production
Film/Video • Digital Media
Game Design • Computer Animation

800.226.7625
www.fullsail.com

3300 University Blvd Winter Park, FL 32789
Financial aid available for those who qualify.
See program descriptions. Accredited by ACCET.

www.artinstitutes.edu

Creative Careers for Creative Minds



Computer Animation
Culinary Arts
Fashion Design
Multimedia & Web Design
Online Media & Marketing
Industrial Design
Technology
Graphic Design
Interior Design
Photography
Video Production

• Create an exciting & rewarding future at one of these 18 locations

- Atlanta, GA
- Boston, MA
- Charlotte, NC
- Chicago, IL
- Dallas, TX
- Denver, CO
- Fort Lauderdale, FL
- Houston, TX
- Los Angeles, CA*
- Memphis, TN
- New York, NY
- Philadelphia, PA
- Pittsburgh, PA
- Phoenix, AZ**
- Portland, OR
- San Francisco, CA
- Schaumburg, IL***
- Seattle, WA

*Individualized job search assistance
**Financial aid available for those who qualify

The Art Institutes®
Accredited Leader in Creative Education

300 Sixth Avenue, Suite 800 Pittsburgh, PA 15222-2598

1.800.592.0700

Not all programs offered at all locations. ©The Art Institutes International, Inc. 1999. The Art Institute of Los Angeles, CA is a branch of The Art Institute of Pittsburgh. ®The Art Institute of Phoenix, AZ is a branch of The Colorado Institute of Art (CIMA).
***The Illinois Institute of Art Schaumburg is a branch of The Illinois Institute of Art Chicago.

You love music and want to make it a career

We teach people who love music how to make it a career

Let's talk.



Recording Engineers
SSL, Neve, Production. Hands on. 6 month program

Singers, Keyboardists, Guitarists, Bassists, Drummers
Learn, Perform, Write Songs, Record. Programs from 3 months - 2 years

NEW! DJ WORKSHOP
Questions?
1-800-255-PLAY or (323) 462-1384

PSYCHICS

Stars Shine Brighter With Kenny's Psychic Advice



As Seen on TV

Do What The Stars Do!
Learn today what your future holds for love, family, money

Get some **STAR POWER** of your own!

Call Now
Kenny Kingston Psychic Hotline
7 days - 24 hours
1-900-454-2126
3.99 per minute
1-800-615-4585

Adults and Entertainment Only. Gift Card Media Inc. 305-576-1558

Find Love & Happiness



Psychic Loveline

ASTROLOGY
CLAIRVOYANT
NUMEROLOGY
TAROT

Talk Like in the BEST Psychics in Matters of the Heart. Get Answers From Psychics Who Care

1-800-981-4153
Credit cards on credit. AS LOW AS \$1.19/MIN!
1-900-976-1222
FIRST 2 MIN FREE! 12 MIN. AFTER
\$4.99. 18+. ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY.

LIVE PSYCHIC READINGS
Answers revealed to all questions. No CC required. 011-6787-1121 Int'l. 1st

POWERS • OF • THE • STARS

LIVE READINGS!
LOVE • MONEY • RELATIONSHIPS
NO CC NEEDED. NO FEES! NO CALLERS CONNECT

011-6787-1151
Int'l. 1st. 12 MIN. AFTER \$4.99

FREE

Psychic Readings!

AMERICAN MOST TRUSTED PSYCHIC NETWORK OFFERS YOU FREE ADVICE.

What your true Psychic Reading reveals can shock you, inspire you and make a huge impact on your future. Find the true answers to love, money, and more from a 100% psychic today.

1-800-397-3463

12 MIN. FREE! 12 MIN. AFTER \$4.99
CREDIT CARDS ON CREDIT
1-800-859-2895

AMERICA'S BEST PSYCHIC SOURCE

Astrology • Clairvoyants • Tarot Numerology

Have the life you always dreamed of with amazing insights from gifted psychics

AS LOW AS \$1.93/MIN
1-800-404-8302
CREDIT CARDS ON CREDIT
1-900-370-6001
FIRST 2 MIN FREE \$4.99/MIN. AFTER
24 HOURS. 18+. ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY.

THE PSYCHIC Romance SPECIALISTS



Try our elite group of gifted Psychics specializing in your personal questions about romance, love and mysteries of your heart. Our Specialists will empower and help guide you to the true happiness you deserve.

FREE 2 MINUTES! \$4.99/MIN. AFTER
1-900-786-9935

1-800-577-5752
AS LOW AS \$1.93/MIN.
FIRST 2 MIN FREE! 12 MIN. AFTER
\$4.99. 18+. ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES ONLY.

AS SEEN ON TV KENNY KINGSTON PSYCHIC HOTLINE

THE MOST IMPORTANT PHONE CALL YOU'LL EVER MAKE

Kenny Kingston is the most sought after psychic in modern times. World famous psychic.

and they seek his guidance. Now you too can know what's ahead. Take control of your own destiny. Talk to your own personal and experienced psychic today.

Don't be afraid. Call now.

1-900-454-2099
24 hours. 1st. 12 MIN. AFTER \$4.99
1-800-482-7681
24 hours. 1st. 12 MIN. AFTER \$4.99

MOTHER LOVE'S Love Psychics

Nationally known **TALK SHOW HOST** is Love in Your Secret

1-800-218-2442
1-900-976-0781

FREE Tarot Cards

With every reading

Call Now • Toll FREE
1-888-732-4733

CELEBRITY PSYCHIC NETWORK

3 MINUTES FREE!

Just Ring In
Simpsons Size
1-800-232-0052

Irene Hughes

THE MOST ACCURATE PSYCHIC IN AMERICA

1-800-256-1089

LA TOYA JACKSON'S PSYCHIC NETWORK

Rated #1 Psychic Line in America

1-800-999-8000
1st. 12 MIN. AFTER \$4.99
1-900-737-2737

CHEECH & CHONG

V PROPS

They blazed more cheeba and broke more laws than two politicians named George Bush. And, like a pair of potty-mouthed Frank Sinatras (albeit one Chicano Sinatra and one Chinese-Scottish-Irish Sinatra), Cheech & Chong did it their way during a mile-high 15-year career together.

They met by chance in Canada in 1968. Ex-college student Richard "Cheech" Marin (near right) of Watts, Calif., found himself north of the border, working a delivery-truck gig in Vancouver while ducking the Vietnam draft. One day he wandered into a strip club where he encountered (and later joined) a topless improvisational-comedy revue headed by crazy Canuck Thomas Chong (far right), who also played guitar in a rock band called Bobby Taylor & the Vancouvers.

In 1971, Cheech & Chong released their self-titled debut album—the first of four gold platters on Ode Records. The title of their third joint, 1973's Grammy-winning *Los Cochinos* (Spanish for "the filthy pigs"), captured the doobie-lovin' duo's sense of humor. Their raunchy, rebellious routines focused on pee, poop, po-po, and pot, introducing such classic characters as the butt-sniffin' dogs Ralph & Herbie, shrieking schoolmistress Sister Mary Elephant, uptight narc Sergeant Stadanko, and three-time U.S. Open masturbation champion Harry Palms ("Next, I go to Hong Kong for the Fiets of Fury tournament").

Their most famous creations, however, remain Pedro de Pacas and Men, stars of the blockbuster 1978 hit *Up in Smoke* (Paramount). The gruesome twosome's cinematic debut would be followed by five more full-length theatrical releases—a string of dumb and dumber escapades prefiguring similarly high-minded fare like *Beavis & Butthead* and Ice Cube's *Friday* films. Indeed, hip hop artists are frequently inspired by the two comics. (See Radman and Method Man's 1995 "How High" video, a spoof of Cheech & Chong's 1981 Columbia Pictures movie, *Nice Dreams*.) During the past few years, Chong has appeared on Cypress Hill's *Temple of Boom* (Columbia, 1995) and Dr. Dre's *Chronic 2001* (Aftermath/Interscope, 1999), while Marin collaborated with rap-rockers Korn on a remake of C&C's top 10 relic from 1974, "Eerache My Eye."

Cheech & Chong split in the mid '80s, but their legacy endures. Marin is one of the few Mexican-Americans to have portrayed a Mexican-American on the silver screen—his 1987 film *Born in East L.A.* (Universal) and its Springsteen-send-up theme song are both comedic landmarks. Through a succession of wide-ranging roles—from the voice of Banzai, a hyene in Disney's 1994 animated supasmash *The Lion King*, to goif caddy Romao Posar in Warner Bros.' 1996 Kevin Costner vehicle, *Tin Cup*, to his current gig as Dat. Joe Dominguez on the CBS cop show *Nash Bridges*—he has spent the last decade fighting his dope-smoker image.

Meanwhile, Chong sticks to his bong. In over-fried fare like *Half Baked* (Universal, 1998) and *Best Buds* (Coyote, 1998), he has continued to embrace the lifestyle that made him rich and infamous. And, of course, one should never forget that Chong is the father of the oh-so-lovely Ree Dawn Chong. That alone makes him a great, great man, man. *Gabriel Alvarez*





thetruth.com



January 30, 2000 4:36 p.m.
1200 body bags were dropped off
in front of a major cigarette company
as a reminder of how many people
tobacco kills every day.

ROCKS. TONIC. JUICE. MAGIC.



BACARDI LIMÓN

Ron Bacardi Limón, Bacardi and The Bat logo are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited. Bacardi Limón is a trademark of Bacardi & Company Limited. 40% ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF). RUM SPECIALTY 80% ALC. BY VOL. (160 PROOF). Drink Responsibly. Visit Club Bacardi at www.bacardi.com.